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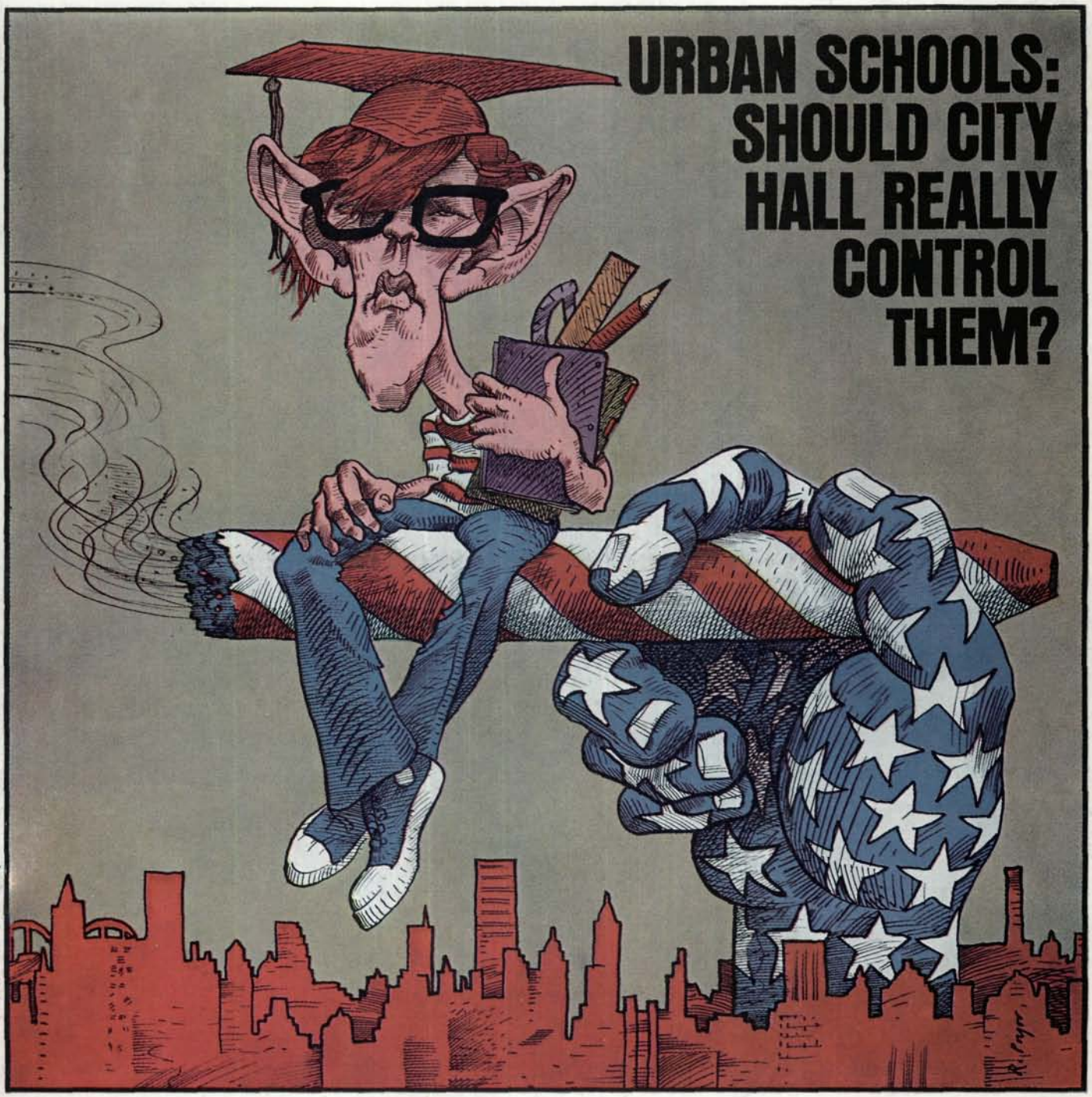

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IS ABOUT THE SCOPE OF ADVENTURE

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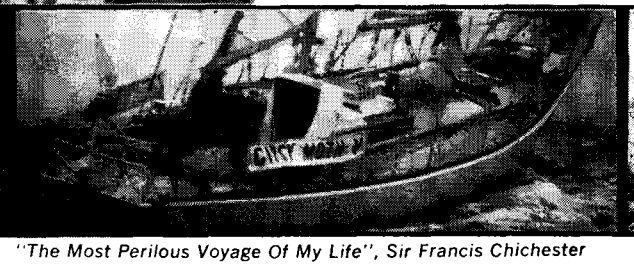
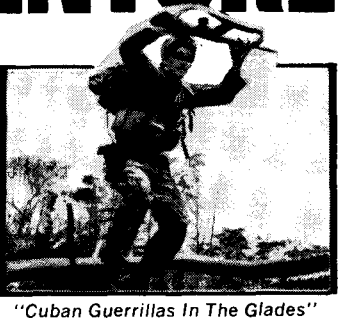


"The Most Perilous Voyage Of My Life", Sir Francis Chichester



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Saturday Review

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You can save Sung Soon for $15.00 a month. Or you can turn the page.

Sung Soon Choi.
A ten year old Korean boy.
Living with his parents and two brothers in a mud and straw thatched house. No electricity. No water. No medical care. Trying not to let on to his family how hungry he is when their meager food is passed around.

If you ever thought of helping a child like Sung Soon, now is the time to do it. For only $15.00 a month, you can sponsor a child like Sung Soon. So that he can continue his schooling. So that his parents, through an interest-free loan, can start raising chickens. To help themselves earn more than the twenty-five dollars a month they now earn.

That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Helping people—indeed, helping entire communities—to help themselves. So that the villagers in Sung Soon's town can even start to raise cows to benefit everyone.

And for you, there are many rewards. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive a photograph. And progress reports. And, above all, knowing you are reaching out to another human being.

That's how Save the Children works. But without you, it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

A Dear John Vliet Letter

Mayor John Vliet Lindsay
City Hall
New York City

Dear John:

First, my congratulations on your choice for the Democratic nominee for President of the United States—you. I'm betting on you. This has nothing to do with political parties or issues like war, unemployment, ecology, welfare, or moving the New York Giants football team to New Jersey.

It's the odds. All my life I've been a long-shot bettor. I have this compulsion thing where I'd rather lose on a 100-to-1 shot at a race track than win at odds of 6 to 5. I have a feeling, Mr. Mayor, we are kindred souls.

That doesn't mean I give up a race without a cheer. You should hear me rooting my horse in when he's running tenth in a ten-horse race, ten furlongs behind the pack in the stretch. I don't pick my horses on their past performances. (You like that?) I choose a horse that is tall, sleek, handsome, high-stepping, and photogenic. Sound familiar, Mr. Mayor? I needn't tell you that my horses never wind up in even a photo finish.

By now you are asking, "Haven't I got enough troubles? Why is this guy jinxing me by betting on me?" Two good questions. And the answer is "A fixed race." I've always dreamed I would one day be in on a sure thing and clean out the race track. Instead of vice versa.

Now you're asking, "How do you fix a Presidential race?" I'm glad you asked. The answer is "Money." Remember, it takes money to make the mayor go. (Ha, ha.) Money-wise you will be in a bind. In 1968, $10-million was spent on television alone. And that's where my vaunted know-how comes in. I can show you how to get the greatest TV exposure for one-tenth that amount. Interested? Listen carefully.

What most poor Presidential candidates don't understand is that with a fund of only $1-million it's imperative to spend TV money wisely. A one-minute commercial on top-rated *All in the Family* will cost $65,000, they tell me. Same for Flip Wilson. Five times on Flip and five on Archie—$650,000. But you get thirty-five million viewers each time.

You have $350,000 to go. Forget Lindsay buttons and bumper stickers. In our pollution and snarled traffic I don't think New Yorkers have seen a button or read a bumper in years.

Now I'm going to show you where to spend the balance and tap a whole new wellspring of voters—the millions who watch old movies. Although commercials on movies are much cheaper, you can get a 100 per cent audience response. As you know, viewers are fed up with all those commercials that chop up a movie so badly that you can be seeing Elizabeth Taylor in a hot love scene when suddenly you see her taking a cold shower with Dial soap and wishing everyone else did. By the time you've realized it isn't Liz, it's difficult to get back to the movie plot.

Believe me, Your Honor, when I tell you the big issue in this year's campaign is not winding the war up and down, or the up-and-down price-wage scales, or down with unemployment and up the Establishment. The voters are looking for a leader who will wind down those commercials during old movies.

I suggest, therefore, you appear in one-minute spots on every old movie and say simply, and humbly of course, "My name is John Lindsay. I promise you that all these interrupting commercials will be withdrawn on a date certain—like the day I'm sworn in as President." Roger and out. And you're in, Mr. Mayor.

Of course you can't hope for as much free TV time as the President gets, because he can make world-shaking news, like going to China and Moscow, and TV is there. You won't have enough money to go traipsing around to those Communist countries. However, as a suggestion, you might try one such country only ninety miles off the Florida coast. I doubt you can get a visa, but if you're lucky you can fly there highjack-class. Or, if it comes to the worst, you can row over, hopefully before Fidel becomes king of South America.

In closing, one comment: I don't understand why you *want* to be President. Consider a recent story in *The New York Times* concerning Michael Brody, heir to the Jelke fortune, who, it is alleged, phoned the White House and announced he was going to kill our President. He was apprehended and released on $10,000 bail. A few weeks later, he was charged with burning down his house in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He was arraigned on an arson charge, and bail was set at $100,000.

Now really! We know there's a housing shortage in our country, but that disparity in bail is ridiculous. Still want to be President, John? □

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Birth of a Salesman

Commercial television now seems on the brink of turning the American child into its surrogate salesman—pitchman to parents for not only children's products but also those intended for adults.

Recently Action for Children's Television (ACT) petitioned the Federal Trade Commission to ban advertising of vitamins and other drugs on children's and "family" programs, on the grounds that such ads are unfair and misleading. In checking with various agencies on the issues raised by the petition, it became clear to me that children are the targets of TV advertising for not only vitamins, cereals, and candy but also frozen dinners, bread, shoes, and even Arco gasoline, which offers free plastic Noah's ark figures with purchases. The reasoning underlying this trend in TV advertising was suggested by conversations with spokesmen for Sauter Laboratories (a division of Hoffman-LaRoche) and Miles Laboratories, two manufacturers that heavily advertise children's vitamin products on television.

Sauter Labs recently introduced Chocolate Zestabs, "the world's first and only coated chocolate vitamin," to TV audiences. The Sauter Labs people saw nothing wrong with encouraging children to take chewable vitamins daily in view of the fact, "supported by massive studies," that most children do not get a properly balanced diet.

Miles Labs sells Chocks, "a grownup, chewable vitamin for the Chocks Generation (25 million 7-12 year olds)," over TV. Miles Labs executives see the youngsters to whom they advertise as participating in an "educational process" that will make it easier for a mother to supplement her child's diet.

The FTC could throw a formidable roadblock in the way of such advertising by enacting ACT's proposed vitamin and drug ban. The national organization has also asked the FTC to ban ads for toys and food products from children's television, asserting that children are not mature enough to make adequate consumer judgments and should be protected from exploitation. But, in the minds of some observers, a vitamin ban would set the commission on "a slippery slope"—where would the banning of other products end? The Federal Communications Commission also sees the situation as a slippery one and has therefore declared itself incompetent to evaluate health issues, passing the buck to the FTC. "We don't want to be a mini-Congress ruling on such delicate matters," declared one FCC official. And yet, the nation itself faces a potentially grave problem if the gravitational pull of commercial television on the young mind continues to grow stronger. Children are persuadable; children are the heaviest television viewers; children can badger their parents long after the TV pitchman has been silenced. In a 1984 nightmare, I can see TV forgetting the adults and going exclusively after the children.

With regard to vitamin ads, it would seem that Sauter Labs has made a tactical error in the vitamin industry's continuing battle with consumers and doctors who vigorously oppose advertising appeals directed at children. By making vitamins look and taste like candy, the makers of Chocolate Zestabs have crossed the delicate line dividing the wholesome from the harmful. Iron-fortified Zestabs are advertised. An overdose of vitamins without iron can cause extremely unpleasant effects; but iron, as asserted in the ACT petition by Jay Arena, M.D., president of the American Academy of Pediatrics, "can be a toxic substance, and it is a tragic reflection on our society that manufacturers should be urging children to ingest a toxic substance without any of the usual safeguards in such cases."

Sauter Labs denies any toxic dangers in its Chocolate Zestabs and asserts that its bottles come with tops it claims are difficult for children to remove. It is certain that it is doing nothing illegal; but the subject is at best controversial. ACT cites one case in which a mother took her child to a hospital after the child ingested an overdose of iron-fortified pills; the physician said that only a few more pills would have thrown the child into shock with fatal consequences. By representing vitamins as candy, manufacturers increase the chances that children will take more than necessary; and since Zestabs with iron are available, the danger from overdosing is also increased. An FTC staff is about to make a recommendation to the commission on the whole subject of advertising to children on TV. The pushing of "candy" vitamins with their possible poison dangers should make the commissioners cautious. Before hesitating at the slippery slope of overregulation they might contemplate the danger of child poisoning and the equally as ominous prospect of hypnotized children being pied-pipered into the roles of the nation's chief salesmen. □

(Advertisement)

POE POE POE POE POE POE POE. No, I haven't locked into a ravenish stammer, POE[7] is actually the title of a new book we have just published. It is by Daniel Hoffman and grew out of a lifelong fascination with the paradoxical genius who invented the detective story and the science fiction tale and in whose art there is such a complex and frightening vision.

Daniel Hoffman's entanglement with Edgar Allan Poe began when as a high school student: "I really began to read Poe when just emerging from childhood. Then one was entranced by such ideas as secret codes, hypnotism, closed systems of self-consistent thought. That was the time of life when one couldn't help but surrender to the insistent clangor of a rhythm, the gong-like resonances of rhyme. Who could but thrill, then, with the *inexplicable eagerness*, to each successive paragraph in tales of unimaginable terror—to motifs of premature entombment, of motiveless malignancy, the murder of beloved persons, the relentless self-exposure of the criminal who revels in his guilt as he had revelled in his revenge? Returning to the *loci* of these pubescent shocks and thrills, I found that what I first had found in Poe remained, but, even more to my surprise there was often a complexity of implication, a plumbing of the abyss of human nature, and a strange webwork of consistency among the poems and tales. Much, much more than the shuddering boy had ever dreamed of."

Much, much more indeed. Hoffman, says *Publishers' Weekly*, has written an "extraordinary study of the doom-clad author . . . an extremely resonant study-in-depth that makes compelling reading and exalts Poe's genius as few contemporary writers have done."

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

POE POE POE POE POE POE POE ($7.95), by Daniel Hoffman, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at the Benjamin Fox Pavilion, Foxcroft Square, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19[illegible]

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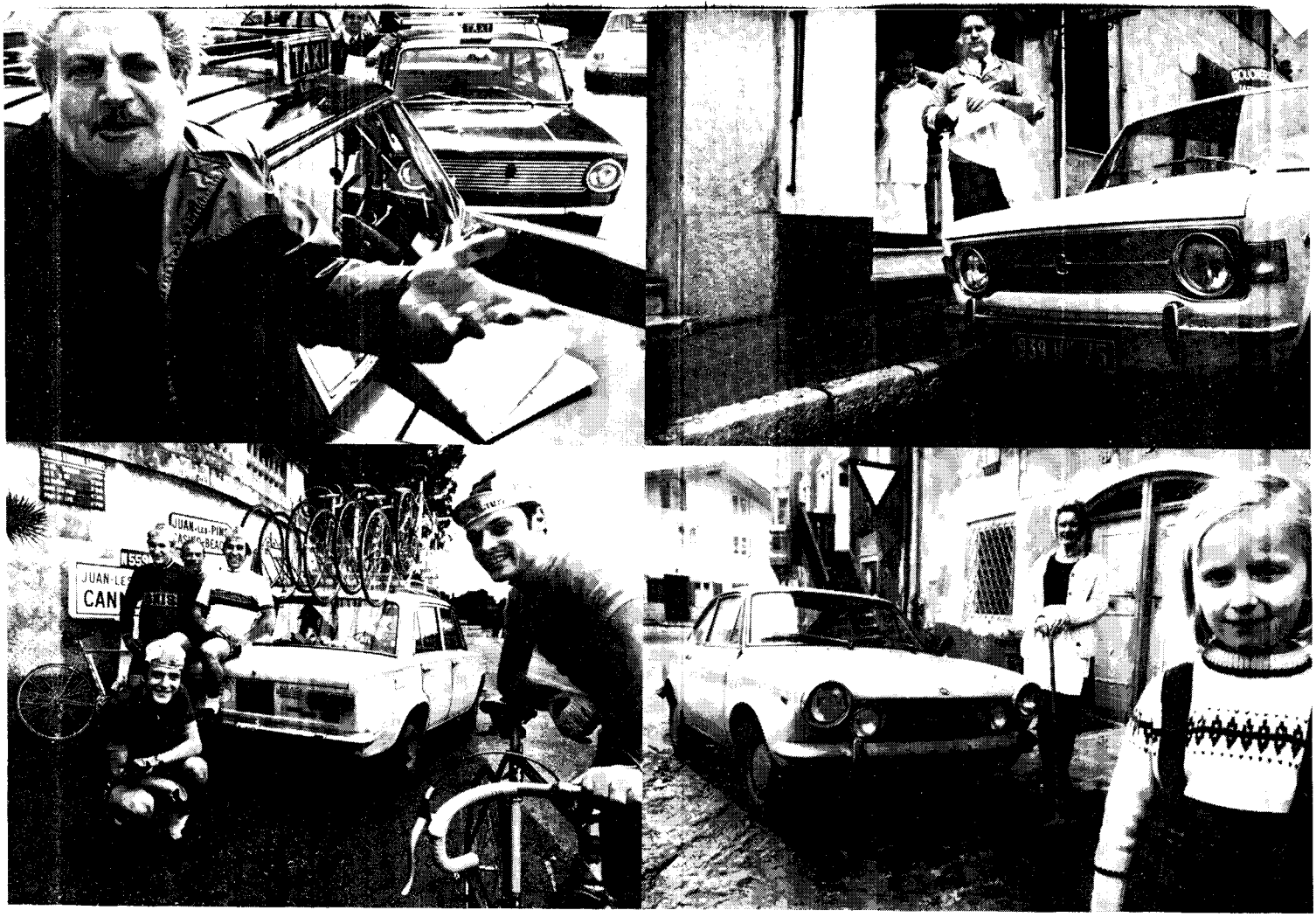

IN EUROPE, WHERE THEY'VE BEEN BUYING SMALL CARS FOR THREE GENERATIONS, THEY BUY MORE FIATS THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

For every Volkswagen sold in Italy, 6 Fiats are sold in Germany.

For every Renault sold in Italy, 2 Fiats are sold in France.

For every Volvo sold in Italy, 9 Fiats are sold in Sweden.

All this becomes even more meaningful when you consider that, over there, they have fifty different kinds of cars to choose from.

And that their choice is based on sixty years of driving these various cars under conditions that run all the way from the sub-zero winters of Sweden to the Alpine roads of northern Italy to the traffic jams of Paris to the no speed limit driving of the German autobahn.

Now, if you've been trying to decide between the dozen or so small cars sold here in the States, the above facts should make your decision easier.

After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Dear N:

Thanks for your letter and poem. It's good to hear that Mary is radiant and that the baby, having had a look at the human race, can't stop howling. Once any of us has had a look, it's only reasonable to want to go back. "Back out of all this now too much for us." That's Frost's line, and I take it as one of the great opening lines of twentieth-century poetry. Your new fatherhood seems to have filled you with an urgency to get back out of all this now too much and to start a new sort of life. I recommend every soul-risk a man can take. When you hint, however, that you are going to drop all else and make your way as a poet, I worry, and not because the baby's milk may have to be supplied by the welfare department. I worry because I think your enthusiasm is deluding you.

I have read the poem. Suppose I told you it is great, that you are a genius, and that the literate world has been waiting for your coming. Would you believe me? If you have the least thought of answering "yes," you're a hopeless case. Yet the fact is every writer wants to be told something like that. There is this ego facet to us all, and when a poet says, "Tell me what you think of this poem I have written," he means, "Oh, praise me! Praise me!"

Ego is a basic animal attachment and no more to be apologized for than one's legs. It takes a humping lump of ego for any man to assume he can write a poem toward something like mortal consequence, and your poem, God knows, strains not only to the limits of mankind but into outer space.

The initial arrogance of taking oneself seriously enough to write such a poem can be sublimated and made useful only by finding in the act of the writing something more important than one's ego. The medium—form and language—is that more important thing. Even great poets, when they are away from the medium—out of it, so to speak—can become cantankerous and egotistical asses. But when a poet is absorbed by the medium, it is as if he is waiting for it to speak. He *listens* the poem into being—*from* form and language *into* form and language. He is less the originator of the process than an attendant upon it.

You don't know what I'm talking about, do you? You have had a child—a miracle to your house—and you have been moved by the miracle of your feelings. Yet you not only hint at changing your whole way of life but offer me a sample justification for the change and ask me to approve your plans by praising the poem. And you do ask for praise. You say, "I really haven't tried much poetry before, but I've worked hard at this poem and it feels *right*!"

Yes, the italics and exclamation point are yours. So is that lie about how hard you have worked. The baby was born ten days ago. Allowing one day for dizzy joy and two for mail delivery, you just possibly might have worked hard for a full week (meaning a few hours a day) at finding emotional equivalents for something like the entire universe.

Son of man, what you are talking about is not work but only excitement. Good. Let life throb. But what you have written cannot possibly justify a decision to chuck all and to remake your life as a poet. What you have written is obviously bad, and how can I explain its badness to you, as I must if I am to keep you from making a life-size mistake? If I say that, having chosen to write metrically, you are hobbled by your metrics—will that mean anything?

If I say that, having chosen to rhyme, you rhyme not your lines but only their last words, straining those words into place for the sake of the rhyme rather than letting them fall into idiomatic place within the line's own tension—will that mean anything?

If I tell you that your words do not knit their overtones into one another, or that your metaphoric structure has no sequence, or that when you try a metaphor you show your distrust of it by immediately restating your metaphoric intent in overt prose—will any of that make sense?

Or look at some specific phrasings: spinning void, aching loneliness, life's fruition, echoing infinities, the confines of my heart, in love forever new. Were I your freshman English instructor and were you to use such phrases in a theme, I would certainly underline them and write "trite" or "inflated" (or both) in the margin.

I am not talking about the validity of your feelings. I am saying poetry not only must start from feelings but must then communicate those feelings by translating them into equivalents. All men feel. Poets not only feel but communicate. Let me go a step further and say that the joy of your new fatherhood is important to the poem only when you have made it important not within yourself but within the poem.

Vergil's Fourth Eclogue is about the birth of a child. By now the child, the father, the occasion, and the poet as well have disappeared from everything but the poem. Today, only the poem itself exists, and nothing that called it into being has any importance except as the poem gives it.

I do not say you must outdo Vergil. I do say you must write what is fit to be on the same bookshelf, if only in its darkest inch. I also say that even that darkest inch belongs, properly, only to a person who accepts the poem's authority as equal to the authority of his unformed human feelings, who is language-sensitive, and who puts a lifetime of joyously difficult devotion into developing his starting talent.

I have to tell you that you do not qualify. You are not a poet. You are not even a listener to poetry. It is not possible to listen to Mozart responsively and later to imagine that one can make music on an ocarina. It is not possible to have read the English poets responsively and to assume that your phrasing is an equivalent of true feeling.

Don't think badly of me. I am trying to warn you away from a disastrous gamble. Or I am some sort of theologian with a duty to tell you that you have sinned, but with no hope of redemption to offer you. Not in poetry. It isn't for you. Try clay. Try stone. Try wood. Try paint. Try dance. Try acting.

Every man, I think, could find some medium within which he is wiser and better ordered than he is outside it. Yours must be somewhere. It just happens not to be poetry.

The urge to look for a medium that will equal his feelings may be the best of any man. I don't want you to stop looking—only to stop looking here because there is nothing here to look for.

Long life and good finding to the child, the father, and the mother. □

WIT TWISTER #255

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The route of his — — — — — —
obscured by cloud,
Great Moses takes his — — — —
— — far from the crowd
And with his God — — — — — —
a timeless rite
To wake his people from their
lawless night.

John Pryor

(Answer on page 76)

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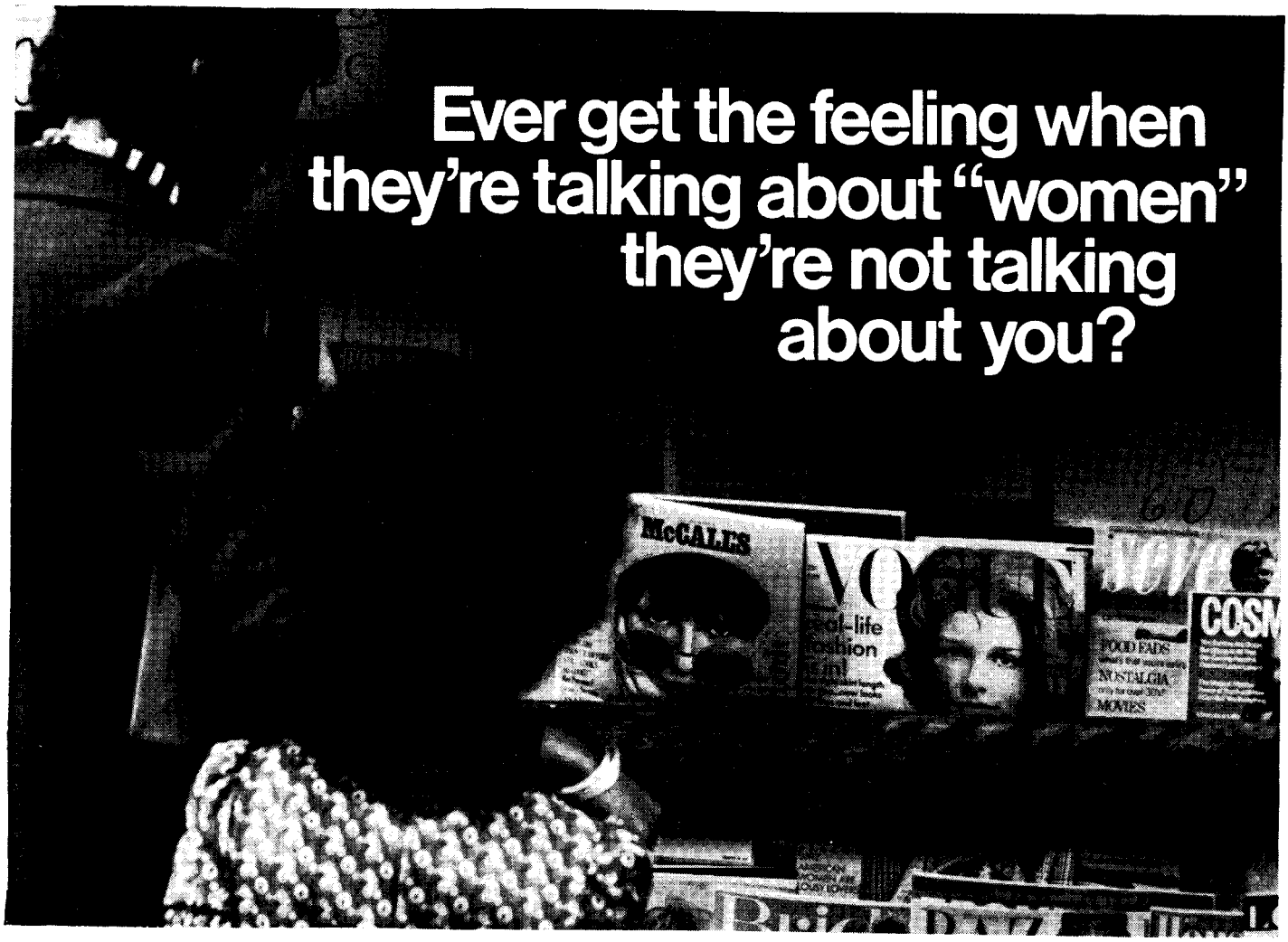

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- One Problem Every Woman Needs Answers To.
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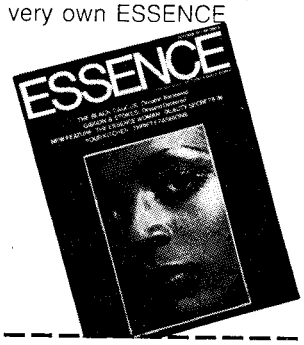

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So You Think Howard Hughes Is a Mystery Man!

The other morning at breakfast, having steeped myself in the Howard Hughes controversy (Was the man talking to reporters on the phone really Hughes, or wasn't he?), I put down the *Times* and said to my wife, "How do you know the man you order meat from every day is really your butcher?"

"What do you mean, how do I know?" she said indignantly. "I talk to him on the phone every day. I know his voice."

"You mean you know the voice of the man you talk to every day," I said. "But how do you know he's your *butcher?* When did you last *see* Mr. Kirchenbaum?"

That stumped her. "Well, there was a morning three or four years ago," she finally said. "I was on my way to the beauty parlor. And I stopped in to get out of the rain—"

"What did he look like?" I demanded.

"I don't remember. Sort of fat . . . Middle-aged and red-faced. . . ."

"That could be anybody! It could be me!" I said triumphantly. "The man you talk to is probably an aide. With his prices, Kirchenbaum can afford a staff, four doppelgangers, and an answering service. Matter of fact, the real Kirchenbaum is probably down in the Bahamas with the real Howard Hughes right this minute—buying him breakfast! Or maybe selling him an autobiographical movie, *Thumb on the Scale. . . .*"

"All I know is, I order meat and we *get* meat. That's good enough for me," my wife snapped, spilling coffee on my leg and leaving the table.

Nevertheless, I remained skeptical. A stubborn soul, next day I rigged up a costly and elaborate phone hookup, enabling six ladies, friends of my wife and Kirchenbaum customers all (but none of whom had set eyes on the chap in years), to talk at the same time to the Mystery Man. Here is a transcript of some highlights of the conversation.

My Wife: Good morning, Mr. Kirchenbaum. I hope you don't mind, but a lot of us are going to be talking to you at once this morning. . . .

Mystery Man: How come, honey? What's going on? You girls forming a commune or something?

My Wife (whispering): That's Mr. Kirchenbaum, all right. He has a *great* sense of humor.

Me (whispering): Be quiet.

First Friend: Good morning, Mr. Kirchenbaum. This is Mrs. Stanley. How are your ham hocks this morning?

Mystery Man: First rate, Mrs. Stanley. How are yours?

Mrs. Stanley (dissolving into giggles): Of *course* that's him! Hasn't he got *charisma?*

Second Friend: This is Mrs. Norris. I'd like to order a nice brisket for four people. Trim the fat off, please. And, Mr. Kirchenbaum [cagily trying to trap him], I'm wondering how you look these days in that handsome straw hat of yours.

Mystery Man: Quit kidding. I haven't worn a straw hat in twenty-five years. Why don't you drop in and catch me some morning? Right now I'm wearing a red blazer, a sea-green turtle neck, and violet loafers. Crazy!

Third Friend: Mrs. Bindle here, with bad news. My husband said to tell you that last night's corned beef was definitely too salty.

Mystery Man: Tell him to stay away from those Third Avenue restaurants and try eating home for a change. Ha, ha, ha. By the way, how was the Norrises' dinner party Saturday? I hope the guests didn't get too loaded to enjoy the pot roast.

Mrs. Bindle: Oh, my God. Was that pot roast? I thought it was calves' liver!

Things went on like that for quite a while. At the end of a half hour, when the Mystery Man rang off to attend to a customer (male . . . freelance poet) who had strayed in, the vote was: five "definitely Kirchenbaum"s, one "I'm not sure. You can't trust anybody these days," and one "*Pot roast?* I'll never mix bourbon and Beaujolais again!"

Our talk must have raised some doubts at the other end, too, because the next day I got a note from the Mystery Man, beginning:

Dear Sir:

How do I know that the chuck-steak fancier you've been living with all these years is really your wife? As far as I'm concerned, she's just a voice on the phone. . . .

Arnold M. Auerbach

"Did you tell the Postal Service to stop bringing us obscene mail?"

How Dry I Am!

Not too long ago Richard Armour publicly mourned the accidental passing of his fountain pen. Perhaps it's just as well. Had it not been untimely crunched underfoot, it would by now have succumbed to death by starvation.

To survive, a fountain pen must be nourished with ink. None of this wishy-washable, anemic blue stuff, either, but good, rich, black ink, coursing through a broad point to produce an abundance of emphatically healthy words. A letter so written cannot be denied or relegated to the bottom of the pile. It must be answered immediately and affirmatively.

No one questions a check heavy with black ink. Observe the fat figures, the firm signature. The maker is obviously prosperous—rich, even.

Observe, inversely, the die-away airs of the average ballpoint: the reluctance to begin—the cryptic dateline of

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"ember"; the hesitancy to continue—is that "ours" really "ours," or is it "yours," "hours," "fours," or "course"? Small wonder we have a communications problem. Behold the brittle and crumbling signature. Clearly the work of a guilt-ridden forger.

Yet, I am on the verge of surrender to this inept instrument. My good and faithful bottle of #32 Permanent Jet Black ran dry last week. In my innocence I put "black ink" on the grocery list, only to discover that, while I may purchase clothing, china, towels, cutlery, fertilizer, booze, garden tools, and magazines (and an occasional loaf of bread) at the supermarket, I cannot buy a bottle of ink. Only slightly disturbed, I tried the drug store. One can buy clothing, china, towels, etc. (along with aspirin), but not ink. Surely the dime store??? No ink.

Alarmed, I widened the search area to encompass more distant shopping centers. The clerk at "Books-Stationery-Greeting Cards" regarded me as a relic of the fossil age. In large department stores supercilious, blue-haired ladies, themselves verging on the fossilian, informed me distantly that "there is no call for ink."

I call for ink. Despairingly, pleadingly—but by now in the furtive whisper usually reserved for the purchase of pornography—I call for ink.

E. V. Girand

Warning from Maine Rivers

Where Kenduskeag joins Penobscot
Where the lumber schooners lay,
There is froth upon the water
That goes dancing to the bay:

Dancing, dancing to the rhythm
Of detergent's gay ballet

When the tanker from Aruba
Pumps her oil and heads back south,
She reports the Bangor River's
Fairly frothing at the mouth:

Bubble, bubble she's in trouble
She is frothing at the mouth

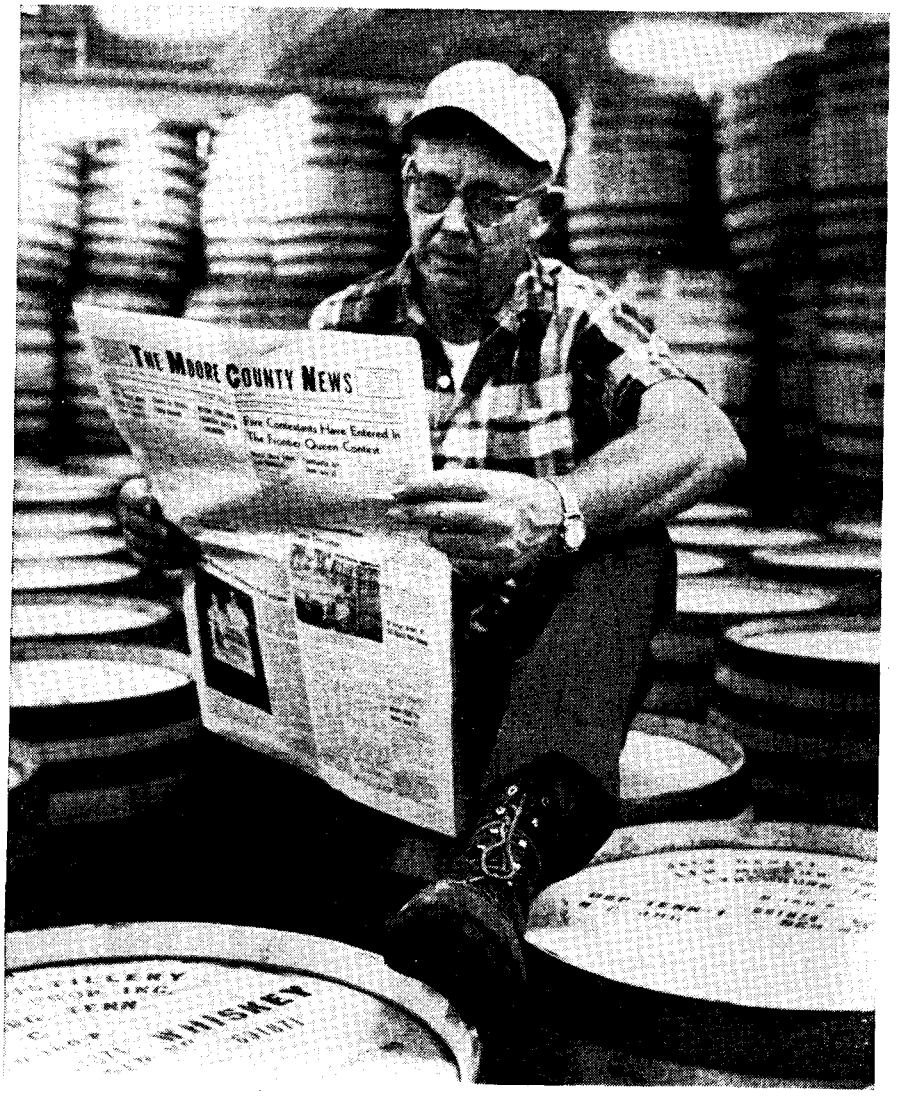
When Joe Pollis guided Thoreau
He scooped water in his hat
From the crystal-clear Penobscot
And he drank it quick as scat:

Hepatitis, meningitis
If we did a thing like that

Man has kicked away his birthright
Now we find, to our despair,
We have fouled our lakes and rivers
We have fouled our very air:

It is time to face the music
It is time to be aware

Francis W. Hatch



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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Going Home

Sometimes you don't appreciate a town where you lived until you go away and then return much later on a visit. St. Paul, my home for almost twenty-four years, and Honolulu, where I spent the next four, open new doors and bring fresh insights each time I go back. But such a journey can be a drain on the soul when you have left warm associations behind and when you try to see both places in the space of two weeks, as I did over the winter holidays. You experience something of a culture shock passing Christmas in the frozen whiteness of Minnesota and greeting the New Year under the starry calm of a mid-Pacific night.

One thing I notice on each trip back to Minnesota is that people indeed speak with an accent. Growing up in the Midwest, we always prided ourselves on our pure speech, while chuckling at the boy with a drawl who came up from Missouri in the sixth grade or the kid on our high school basketball team fresh from New Jersey who pronounced tournament so it came out toy-nament. To a returning native the voices sound harsher, the vowels more flattened. Coffee is cahfee, thought is thaht, yeah is yah, and if you get up to Hibbing on the Iron Range, a friend might ask in early evening: "Jeet jet?" All he wants to know is if you've had your dinner.

Sharper ears than mine can pick up the German and especially Scandinavian tones still lingering from the heavy Northern European migration of the late nineteenth century. Indeed, a Norwegian woman I met in Hawaii on the second half of my journey said she had run into sales clerks in Minnesota who broke into Swedish or Norwegian on hearing her accent. Certainly the faces are Nordic and the hair blond, particularly in Minneapolis, which has probably the largest Scandinavian population of any city in North America.

Friends of mine who saw other parts of the world long before I did used to come back to Minnesota with the comforting intelligence that the prettiest girls on earth could be seen at Seventh and Nicollet in Minneapolis any day at 5 p.m. I remember a University of Minnesota football player coming back from a trip to Chicago—400 miles away and the edge of our world—and telling us what bad complexions the big-city girls had. Nicollet Avenue has since been turned into an attractive mall with trees and sculptures. And it just might be that the girls have passed the test of time and perspective. Somehow they look best in winter, all swathed in scarves and flushed with the cold. Perhaps it is their natural habitat.

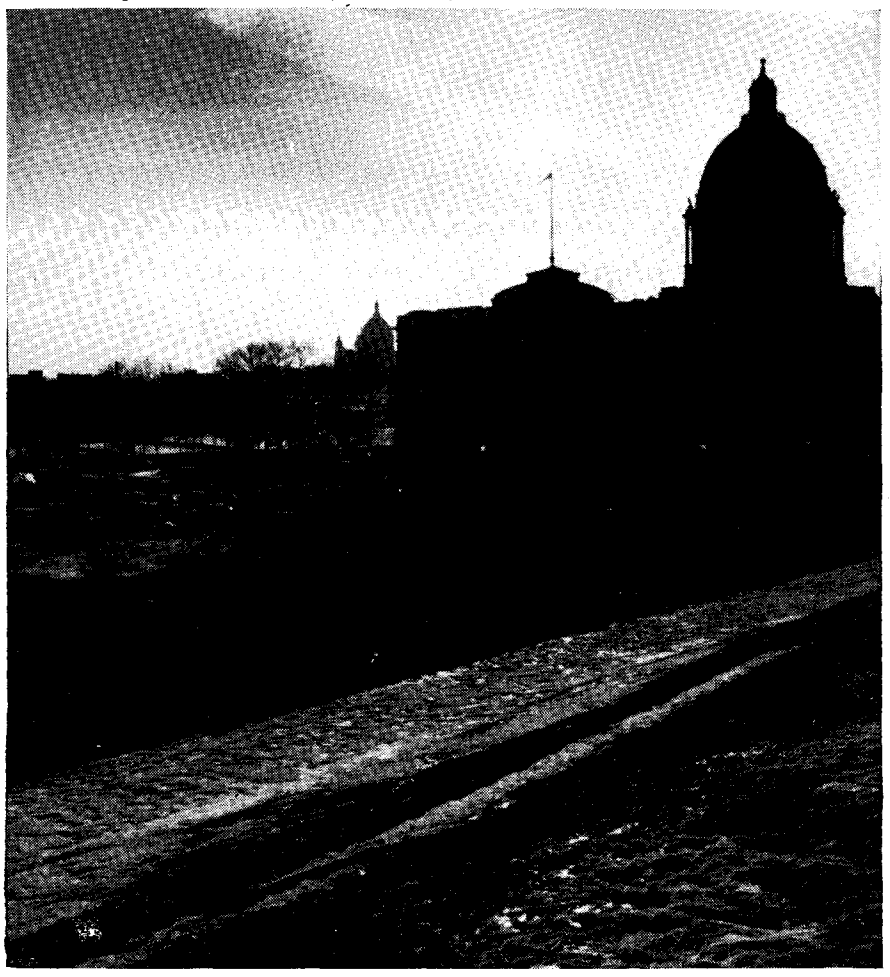
Everyday customs are different, and each time you must readjust. Take coffee-drinking. In the East they flood your cup with milk; out West people take it black. In St. Paul and Minneapolis you can have it either way, but without fail the waitress will make a move to pour as soon as you sit down. Not every Twin Citian appreciates that custom. My mother has logged forty winters in Minnesota and still holds out grimly against early pourings.

If you have the idea that the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis are a single entity working together for a common cause, forget it. True, the Mississippi is all that separates the cities in most areas, and where the river curves peculiarly only a street marks the border. In recent years a freeway has torn its way across both cities, providing an even surer link. Yet St. Paul and Minneapolis continue to exist apart as they always have—and you choose your side. The dilemma in our family was that we lived in St. Paul but usually worked and went to school in Minneapolis and, if the truth be known, had more friends and fun across the river. All this, of course, only pointed up our universality.

After almost a decade away, I still lack the perspective to compare the two cities. My heart is in St. Paul, which is, after all, my hometown. But Minneapolis—newer, more vigorous, less tradition-bound—has the action. Two newspaperman friends of mine who grew up in Minneapolis surprised me this trip by registering minority opinions in favor of St. Paul. Said Jim Talle, now a reporter for the *Minneapolis Star*: "I like St. Paul because it has winding streets, good restaurants, and nice people." Said Phil Lee of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*: "St. Paul is friendlier, easier to get around, a nicer place to live. Downtown can be covered easily on foot. The city is still a little tight morally, but it has its joints."

For my part, St. Paul intrigues me more today than it did when I left in 1963. It has something more quaint and traditional and possibly more ethnic about it than Minneapolis. The skyline has been dented by all shapes and sizes of new buildings in recent years, a surprising development considering the

St. Paul: Capitol and Cathedral (in distance) on a winter afternoon.



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severe economic straits we always thought St. Paul was in. But the hilly profile is still dominated by three long-standing institutions. They were pointed out to me one afternoon by Meridel LeSueur, an author, family friend, and remarkable woman of seventy-two years. "My father used to say that only in St. Paul could you come to the horizon and see the three controllers of the city's destiny—the Cathedral, the First National Bank, and the Capitol," she said. "St. Paul is frank about itself; there is no secrecy."

I had walked through the bank to avoid bad weather, I had visited the Capitol on grade school field trips and later on college journalism assignments, but the Cathedral—huge and imposing on a hilltop—I had seen only from afar. My brother, Joe, home on holiday from his teaching job at the University of Washington, had been inside just once, for a Mass honoring the slain President Kennedy. Catholic institutions—churches, schools, seminaries—in a Catholic city like St. Paul were always forbidding places to non-Catholic children. Now, five days before Christmas, we walked up the snow-caked steps and entered the massive Midwest copy of St. Peter's in Rome. In the dimness we noticed a small group of worshipers occupying the front pews. Lying before them on a bier was the purple-robed figure of a church official. From a box on the aisle we picked up a tiny printed circular that identified him as a monsignor who had served the Catholic Church in St. Paul since 1925. We approached the altar and stood uncertainly among the mourners. Then we slipped past the white coffin, glancing hastily at the waxen face before tiptoeing outside.

How two boys growing up in Minnesota could avoid a single stab at that curious wintertime pursuit, ice fishing, I don't know, but on the afternoon before Christmas we finally decided to have a go. Driving west from the Twin Cities, we pulled onto frozen Lake Minnetonka near a cluster of fishing shacks that looked to Joe like a village of outhouses. An old man named Bill Laumann, speaking with the accent of his Austrian background, stood above a little round hole waiting for the two-foot-long pole to bend. We shivered in the biting wind whipping across the lake, but Laumann, draped in a heavy Army parka, seemed inured to the elements. He said he had a fish house on a nearby lake but chose to stand outside on this corner of Minnetonka called Lafayette Bay because the fishing was better, and he had four little sunfish to prove it. He let us use his auger to drill holes in the eight-inch-thick ice, a surprisingly easy chore, and then we both dangled the line for a while, without success. Laumann, a retired carpenter, said he had fished through the ice every day since November and would return every day until the spring thaw.

Nearby, inside a windowless "dark house," a fifteen-year-old boy was standing a different kind of ice-fishing vigil. He let us in through the sliding door. We leaned over a large oblong hole in the corner and looked into the luminescent green water where an unfortunate suckerfish wriggled on a line, acting as a lure for passing northern pike. Beside the hole was propped a seven-prong spear, a devilish device the boy would use to impale the unsuspecting pike. So far that day he had been shut out. We wished him continued misfortune and left.

All that was missing from my week's stay was a heavy snowfall, and then it came on the morning I was to leave for Honolulu. Nothing recalls my youth more poignantly than waking up to find a deep snow filling the backyard, weighing down the lilac bushes, and muffling the sound of passing cars on the street. The radio said the temperature was eight above zero—a fact that had Minnesotans observing in their studious weather-vane way, "That's too cold for it to snow so much." On the way to the airport I couldn't help feeling twinges of guilt and sadness—for having such a ready escape route to the sands of Hawaii while winter closed in on Minnesota.

Once on the plane, though, I could sense that Minnesota wasn't about to let me go. We sat on the ground for almost an hour-and-a-half before the runway was cleared for takeoff, and by then I doubted there would be time to catch my Chicago-Honolulu flight.

Only an hour away, Chicago showed not a trace of snow. Instead a chill rain was falling on the brown, barren countryside around O'Hare. As we taxied to the gate it was already twenty minutes past takeoff time for the once-a-day American Airlines flight to Honolulu. But the stewardess, priming me and another Pacific-bound passenger for a last-second rush through the sprawling corridors of O'Hare, told us we might make it if outgoing flights were sufficiently delayed. We were first out when the door opened. My running mate, a twenty-three-year-old St. Paul girl en route to her marriage in New Zealand, led the way. In my defense, I was wearing heavy boots and carrying an overstuffed bag, but she might have set the pace through two vast terminals anyway, with those long, ground-chewing strides. Only a St. Paul girl, I thought. Gasping and laughing, we pulled up at the departure lounge just before the gates closed.

In the mid-1960s you had to change

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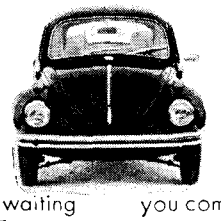

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Honolulu: Local girls and haole visitor taking a Hawaiian break.

planes or at least put down on the West Coast before flying on to Hawaii, but now the islands are a single nonstop, if lengthy, flight away from the East and Midwest. From JFK it's an eleven-hour sit, but because of the time difference you leave at 1:30 p.m. and get in at 7:30 the same day. What deters Easterners from visiting Hawaii is the air fare: $430, round-trip excursion. My nine-hour flight from Chicago somehow zipped by in short takes: the white-dusted plains of the Dakotas, the deeply drifted Rockies, the last continental peaks of Washington, and finally, 2,400 miles to the southwest, a blazing sunset over the islands.

Airport hula girls used to greet all planes, drape passengers with orchid leis, and hand out cups of pineapple juice at the baggage-claim counter. Now tourists arrive in such droves that the best you can do is get into step with the stampede and hope your suitcase finds you at the hotel.

Each time I come back to Hawaii I am prepared for the worst. From far away you hear that a Nader Raider has uncovered corruption and despoilment in the 50th State and you read in *Life* that the environment has been permitted to slip so badly that Blue Hawaii isn't blue anymore—and "not even very green." Yet when I awoke that first morning at seven o'clock—a perfect, peaceful hour if you're not driving the freeways to work—the maligned old island of Oahu looked as good as ever. Mynah birds were squawking in Kapiolani Park, the sun was just peeking above the crusty outline of Diamond Head, and dew sparkled on the lawns. Minnesota was still with me—but terribly far away at the same time. This was wintertime in Hawaii, but the temperature would reach eighty during the day and drop over night to a brisk sixty-eight.

Honolulu is obviously undergoing the pains of growing into a modern industrial city. Its small-town, provincial ways, still in evidence, perhaps keep it from speeding too rapidly toward becoming a mid-Pacific Los Angeles. When *Life* portrayed the polluted side of Hawaii last November, Honolulu Mayor Frank Fasi flew into a rage and thought of suing the magazine. Hawaii Visitors Bureau directors, fearing the story would hurt tourism, asked an impartial observer, a friend of mine, what course to take. "Ignore it," he advised. So the HVB did. And the Mayor too. Try to imagine LA, Miami, New Orleans, or New York reacting so feverishly to every negative story.

One thing I regret on revisiting Hawaii is that I never involved myself thoroughly enough, while living there, in the local and ethnic side of island life, which after all is what distinguishes Honolulu from Miami Beach or San Diego. Now the haoles (whites, who make up more than half the population) are coming in ever increasing numbers, and one day, if the Japanese

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Chinese, Koreans, Portuguese, Hawaiians, Filipinos, and various other minority groups don't protect their cultures, Hawaii will lose its polyglot splendor. If you stay out of Waikiki, a bastion of haole enterprise, Honolulu can seem every bit as exotic as Hong Kong. Districts like Kalihi and Kaimuki, with their tiny mom-and-pop stores and barefoot torpor, are delightfully out of step with the rest of booming Honolulu.

If an accent is detectable in Minnesota, it is downright pungent in Hawaii. Each nationality has its own brand of pidgin English, and at one time a keen ear could distinguish exactly what block or neighborhood a person came from. Rare is the haole who can pick up flawless pidgin. If an unsmiling local boy greets you with, "Hey, you like beef?" he is not inviting you out for a hamburger; he wants a fight. Nor should you get the wrong idea if a Hawaiian suggests, "We go suck 'em up." He wants to go drinking.

There is a special corner of my heart reserved for Hawaii girls, a different niche from the one occupied by the Seventh and Nicollet women. I think of Joan Namkoong, young, stylish, Mainland-educated, who works in a public relations office in Waikiki and who each evening drives across the Pali to her family home, leaves her shoes at the doorway, and enters a Korean-American world no one in Waikiki would recognize. There is Noelani Teves, Hawaiian, Portuguese, and several other strains, who can switch from a hot-pants contemporary life to a hang-loose Polynesian existence and tell you why the Hawaiians should get their land back. And there is Anni Suzuki, who teaches French during the day and hears Japanese spoken in her home at night.

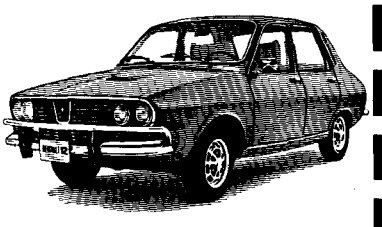
"What do haoles do on New Year's?" Anni asked in partial innocence on the eve of Hawaii's most madly celebrated holiday. "The Japanese light firecrackers to scare away the evil spirits. Last year my sister-in-law got in trouble because she started sweeping the red firecracker paper off the sidewalk. You should never sweep away good fortune. On New Year's Eve we eat a Japanese soup my mother makes with chicken, turnips, watercress—each standing for a different kind of good luck."

I don't know what most haoles did that night, but this one was standing on a friendly terrace up in the heights, where islanders of a half-dozen nationalities and all ages looked down on a glittering city and up at a sparkling sky. Everyone was high in a different way. It occurred to me, standing there in the sweet night air with the outdoors and indoors merged into one, that nowhere in the country do people live closer to the land than they do in Hawaii. No doubt the tender climate and good vibrations produce a mild sort of hedonism, also unparalleled. "How could you ever have left Hawaii?" people always ask me, and the answer is not quite clear to me yet, except that I had to go.

When midnight approached, the whole city started exploding. Strings of 5,000, 10,000, 20,000 firecrackers went off at once until it looked as though Waikiki were under siege from the hills. When the racket died to an occasional staccato, a pall of smoke rose above the city and blotted out the Christmas-lit buildings. With a mingling of joy and melancholy I could picture the deep white stillness of Minnesota, already four hours into 1972, and for a long time I felt suspended halfway between my two uncommon homes. □

"Oh, dear, another free day!"

Yes, I'd like to read why Science & Mechanics Magazine chose the Renault 12 "Small Car of the Year."



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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Inn Side Story—Barbara Beckett and Lester Oliver of Flint, Michigan, found this AP item in their local paper:

The Pierre, on 61st Street and Fifth Avenue, overlooks Central Park and is an occasional home to the affluent and famous. President Nixon had his deadquarters there between the 1968 election and his inauguration.

There's no good talking—you can't bring back yesterday.

The Gossip Truth—E. E. Shupe of Edinboro, Pennsylvania, located not one but two items in the Erie *Morning News*:

Item No. 1: Mrs. Wm. Paley isn't waiting. Already bought a Chinese collie costume.

Putting on the dog, apparently.

Item No. 2: Earl Wrightson solved his parking problem at La Scala by having a waiter sit in his car until he finished lunch.

They also serve?

Elsewhere, Vic Jameson, of the Presbyterian Office of Information, found this information concerning Dr. Robert Young in *The New York Times*:

It was during World War II that Dr. Young cooperated with the United States Armed Forces to utilize the Navajo language to gain an unusual tactical advantage. Navajo servicemen assigned to the Pacific area were used to broadcast messages in Navajo, and the Japanese were unable to break the "code."
Texas 'Aeten cmfwyp cmfwyp

No, wrong again.

Finally, Richard Hall, of the Sherburne-Earlville Central School came across this one in the Syracuse *Herald-Journal*:

Waterloo, Ont.—Police are on the lookout for an exhibitionist, with a difference. A night cleaning woman at Waterloo Square Plaza told police Friday she was confronted by a male nudist with six toes on one foot.

Held her ground, we hope.

Jan de Hartog has for some years been working on a fictional faction—or factional fiction, whichever you choose to call it—which he frankly describes as a monument to Quaker women. He now has published the first two parts in one book called *The Peaceable Kingdom* (Atheneum). The next two parts will also be published together, and, since each part is the length of an average novel, why, we asked, did he not issue a volume at a time?

"Because," Mr. de Hartog replied, "Atheneum said that if they were published separately, they wouldn't show the scope. In Europe this is not so much of a problem. In Holland, you know, they don't have editors." Mr. de Hartog, we learned, though born in Holland, now lives in this country and writes in English. "I would like to live part of the time in Holland," he told us, "but it ruins my English. I start thinking in Dutch. Strange to say, it doesn't work the other way around. Here I can write Dutch and even talk to my dogs in Dutch."

Mr. de Hartog has dedicated his book "To Marjorie Mein de Hartog, wife and friend." "There are not many of us," he declared. "There are only about 120,000 Quakers in America and only about 200,000 in the entire world."

The de Hartogs have one grown family and have adopted two Korean girls, ten and eight. "We speak plain language with them. It really is a very tender language. One day, though, the older girl got really fed up with the younger one taking her clothes. 'Thee little,' she said, 'thee little *you*.' "

Mr. de Hartog's father was a Calvinist minister, his mother a Quaker. "Together they made a potentially explosive mixture, which worked out supremely well. It was a marvelous nest for naked chicks to grow up to feel like eagles.

"My father," he continued, "was a trumpeting rogue elephant. He perspired like an ox. I can remember him delivering one of his firebrand sermons, throwing out his arms and literally shooting his cuffs off. They went flying out over the congregation. In a way, he was like George Fox. He would take people to Christ—and then leave them there. My mother, on the other hand, had that indescribable Quaker serenity. But she was enormously sly. Once my brother and I confronted her with it. 'Why,' we asked, 'is thee so sly?' I've never forgotten her answer. 'If thee have that much slyness,' she said, 'who needs violence?' "

We asked him if his parents lived to see his success. "My father didn't," he said, "but my mother did. One day she told me, 'Jan, I know thee is doing well, but make certain thee never rests on thy bay leaves.' "

Mr. de Hartog grew up in a small village, on the Zuider Zee, and thus knew firsthand the last of a dying breed, the professional storyteller—old fishermen who knew how to hold an audience spellbound not only to the end of a story but also until after they had passed the hat. "Children," he told us, "were admitted free. I can still remember those storytellers' gestures. I remember one of them saying, 'He came up behind her and aaaahhhh!'—he had his hands around his neck and his mouth wide open."

One of the greatest storytellers he encountered was a bosun of a herring schooner on which, at thirteen, he himself sailed. The man's name was Stobbe. "He taught me how to tell a story. 'Tell it to the cook,' he used to say. 'If the cook tells it to anyone else in the galley, you've got a story.' From him too, I learned about art. One day he helped me pick out a present for my mother—a little ship made out of glass. 'Your mother will not be able to use this for anything,' he said, 'so it must be art.' "

Mr. de Hartog never went to college. In 1940 his book *Holland's Glory* became a symbol of Dutch defiance, although it mentioned neither the war nor the Nazis. He wrote twelve novels before he even started to write in English. Now living on Florida's West Coast, he does his writing on his tugboat. "I get up in the dead of night and go out into the channel and anchor in the same spot." He paused again. "You must be an utter megalomaniac to start writing at all. But when you correct, you must be the cynical cynic. In Holland, nobody 'goes over' your book. They either publish it or they don't. It's what the author is himself anyway. Otherwise you're just imposing one more vision on what is already another's vision of life.

"I read my books to people," he continued. "These people do not need to say anything. The old storytellers knew when their audience was getting bored. And I can sense when I'm losing mine."

Mr. de Hartog also has little regard for today's sex novels. "The reader starts leafing through the pages to pick the currants out of the bread. As a storyteller, you're lost." □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1973)

(JOHN J.) PULLEN:
PATRIOTISM IN AMERICA

When the Germans invaded Belgium in World War I, Clarence Darrow, who up to that moment had been a Tolstoyan pacifist, turned belligerent in a wink, making a remarkable comment to the effect that pacifism was a fine policy in peacetime, but it was no good in time of war.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Debussy-Maeterlinck "Pelléas"

The childish faith that good things come in threes is not only verified but glorified in the Metropolitan's new production of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, its first in decades and the best ever. The trio of talents responsible for this moody, moving, and memorable exploit are Desmond Heeley, who gave the stage a fresh look into the mysteries of the timeless forest and ghost-haunted castle where the events occur; Paul-Emile Deiber, who motivated each character in the action to a rarely believable totality; and Colin Davis, who made the orchestra another participant in the drama.

One could cite the names in any order and still come up with one of the first importance last. Heeley comes to my place of priority for the positive way in which he has resolved the most difficult of all the assignments: how to make the scenic elements of *Pelléas* perform their necessary function without either overweighting the stage with cumbersome set pieces or leaving the action unsupported by suitably defined surroundings. Heeley's artistry is premised, first of all, on the clear belief that the scenery should serve the music rather than vice versa. His technical skill is defined by a choice of means that makes this point of view not only reasonable but productive.

Working within a traditional box set with borders, Heeley has evolved a scenic scheme utilizing a network of netting on which designs have been imposed and painted. This, too, is traditional enough. The contemporary note is provided by the material of which the designs are made, a German-developed plastic that is applied almost like paint. When it dries, it is translucent, permitting lighting from either the back or the front. From this resource and an imaginative use of projections, Heeley has created a *Pelléas* which is stimulus to eye and mind.

Additionally, but far from incidentally, virtually everything that is seen is flown (lowered or raised) rather than moved from side to side. With one or two exceptions, the stage is never blacked out, which has the further important consequence of keeping the audience constantly involved visually. As a final dividend, this permits those who know how and why Debussy wrote *Pelléas* as he did the pleasure of hearing the orchestral interludes that connect one scene with another without the intrusive babble of conversation that inevitably arises when a curtain is drawn in any theater.

Given this point of advantage, conductor Davis could—and did—evolve a musical treatment that flowed in unbroken sequence from first to last. As any well-versed operagoer knows, *Pelléas* poses probably the knottiest problem of all the works infrequently but repeatedly heard in the world's opera theaters. It is relatively easy to serve Debussy's purpose convincingly in an intimate theater such as England's Glyndebourne, where Vittorio Gui achieved a memorable result not many years ago. It is quite another matter to expand the scope of the score to serve more than five times as many listeners in the Metropolitan.

That Davis achieved the dangerous extreme within a well-calculated scale of artistic tolerances was a tribute to two things: his own high powers of discrimination and the brilliant realization of the on-stage drama under Deiber's consistently creative direction. This was perhaps the rarest kind of *Pelléas*, in which Debussy's invasion of the poetic world created by Maurice Maeterlinck resulted not in musical rape but in artistic procreation. With Deiber building strongly on the conflict of character between the two brothers through whose possessive purposes Mélisande is buffeted unto death, the dramatic force and counterforce enabled Davis to evolve a musical treatment congruent to the surroundings as well as to the score. It is a tribute to his persuasiveness that the Met orchestra responded like so many virtuosos.

If this suggests very little of the mystical, impalpable, evanescent character usually imputed to *Pelléas, la vérité* is times change, and artistic concepts change with them. Given a trio of talents such as Heeley, Deiber, and Davis confronted with the problem of making *Pelléas et Mélisande* compatible with the surroundings in which this production was performed, the pertinent question is not how much like the old traditions the outcome can be but how much of the essence can be preserved in the new conditions.

To this taste, that essence was strong, palpable, and enduringly present, thanks to a beautifully suitable group of performers admirably qualified to carry out the concept arrived at by its three mentors. Judith Blegen was not Rudolf Bing's first choice for Mélisande, but the inability of Teresa Stratas to participate in all the rehearsals did not penalize the outcome. It provided the highly musical, uncommonly pliable Miss Blegen with her first major opportunity to enlarge the impression she made in Santa Fe only two-and-a-half years ago as the violin-playing Emily of Menotti's *Globolinks*. Slight, appealing in the tradition of the best Mélisandes—Sayão, Bori, Teyte, in the New York canon—Miss Blegen has resources of vocal power that made her death scene altogether believable. The choice of Barry McDaniel as Pelléas resulted in a debut that earned him high marks for vocal resourcefulness in difficult circumstances.

Deiber's emphasis on the dramatic involvements of Maeterlinck and Debussy would have sagged without the powerfully projected characterizations of Thomas Stewart as one of the most persuasively tormented, soul-searching Golauds in memory; Giorgio Tozzi as a not merely aging but almost antique Arkel, tortured by the involvement of his two sons—Golaud and Pelléas—with Mélisande, whom he also loves; Lili Chookasian as an inspired choice for Geneviève; Clifford Harvuot as an eloquent physician; and young Adam Klein as the boyish soprano voice for Yniold.

In the first of Bruno Maderna's two programs as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Helga Dernesch made a debut that both clarified and clouded her reputation as the next great Wagnerian dramatic soprano. Tall, slender, almost slim by Teutonic standards, she could pass anywhere as the visible daughter of a Nordic god. She chose to alter the printed sequence by beginning with Berg's *Der Wein*, and descended abruptly from Olympian to earthly stature by reading the settings of Baudelaire's *Le Vin* from a printed score.

There was solidity in the sound she produced, especially rich at the bottom, pliable in the middle, a little hard at the top. But Berg's writing calls for resources of color, of timbre, and of verbal articulation that Miss Dernesch does not command. She was more surely related to the Wagner songs, with their exploitation of the idiom that soon grew into *Tristan und Isolde*. Above the well-articulated octave from E to E (suggestive of a mezzo background), Miss Dernesch worked hard for tones that should be within ready reach of a well-equipped Brünnhilde.

Maderna's favor as a conductor ranged from a vigorous performance of Mendelssohn's *Scotch* Symphony to a less than subtle one of Mozart's *Prague*. His own views as a composer were conveyed in a violin concerto whose soloist, the excellent Paul Zukofsky, listened almost as much as he played. The patchy, disconnected texture of brass and string exchanges could hardly have interested him more than it did the restless audience. □

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

The Impact of IMPACT

TROY, ALA.

Daphne (let this serve as her name) is a little white girl who attends school in rural Alabama. When a court order required that her school in Union Springs be integrated, 250 of her schoolmates were sent by their parents to white private schools. Daphne's family was on welfare and couldn't afford private school tuition. She was offered a scholarship to a white private school, but Daphne herself turned it down because there were "better classes" in the integrated public school.

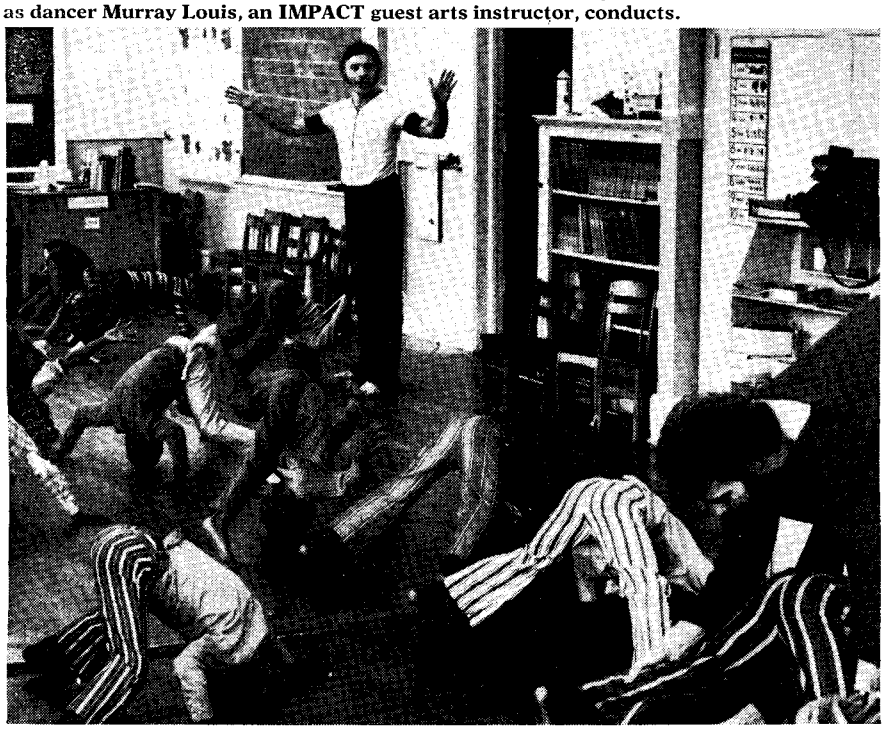
The "better classes" that Daphne wanted included the very special arts experiments provided by IMPACT, a powerful and pertinent abbreviation of the unwieldy Interdisciplinary Model Programs in the Arts for Children and Teachers, a project funded at $1-million by the Education Professions Development Act and developed jointly by—and take a deep breath!—the Arts and Humanities Program, the Bureau of Educational Personnel Development of the Office of Education, the National Art Education Association, the American Educational Theatre Association, the Music Educators National Conference, and the Dance Division of the American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation. In spite of these cumbersome credits IMPACT is a direct hit.

Agencies representing national, state, and local experts in arts education cooperated in a project involving schools in Oregon, Ohio, Pennsylvania, California, and Alabama. Because of the added complication of integration in the Deep South, and in rural communities at that, Alabama interested me most. And from what I saw in Union Springs, Goshen, and elsewhere, it seemed that integration was working better here in the rural, presumably redneck counties of the South than in the presumably enlightened North.

Sara Ogletree, the bright, efficient, and highly personable principal of the Union Springs Elementary School, is quite frank about the situation. "We integrated because of a court order. Now it is up to me to make it work." With a fine staff of white and black teachers, and with guest arts instructors provided by IMPACT, such as Murray Louis in dance, Miss Ogletree has made it work. Her young charges are 500 pupils, kindergarten through third grade, drawn from the 3,000 inhabitants of Union Springs. "Thirty per cent are farm children, thirty per cent are from factory families, thirty per cent are welfare. The other ten per cent? I don't know where they come from," says Miss Ogletree. "They just come and go. They all come from families whose average income is less than one thousand dollars a year."

Miss Ogletree was enthusiastic about the success of the arts program in her newly integrated school. "The children are cleaner, neater, and more carefully dressed than ever before. A small thing, perhaps, but the parents must feel some pride in what we are doing. The most important thing of all is that each pupil's I.Q. has gone up. The dance challenges have done a lot."

Children at Union Springs Elementary School in Alabama get set to somersault as dancer Murray Louis, an IMPACT guest arts instructor, conducts.



Mr. Louis—the Murray Louis Dance Company and the Nikolais Dance Theater have recently concluded a joint engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—sits by his drums in the cheery classroom in Union Springs. He rolls out a rhythm and props up his battered feet (most modern dancers practice and perform with bare feet and subject them to all manner of punishment). The kids are spaced out in a double classroom; they sit on the floor and stretch their lithe little bodies. They breathe in rhythm, they reach upwards and outwards, they giggle, but they are serious about what they are doing.

Now they have stand-up exercises. One little black girl stands on her head and grins upside down. Daphne tries but falls down; a black boy helps her find her balance. Now Murray moves away from exercises and gets closer to dance. There are walking, running, leaping, and turning patterns. Arm rhythms are added. "Make shapes with your bodies," says Murray. The little ones start their adventures into space: slow, fast, faster. Sometimes they copy one another, but mostly each releases the individual dance that lies within him or her.

Murray starts them counting rhythms or numbers of steps—all the arts classes are carefully related to academic studies—and then he has them make shapes, not alone but with each other, in touchings, in partnerings. White and black fingers interlock trustingly as joint shapes are evolved. A blonde Anglo-Saxon hugs a descendant of Africans as Murray praises their wildly imaginative patterns in space. There is no embarrassment at all. They are all children. There seems to be no sense of race.

Probably the last thing in the world that Union Springs wanted was integration, but when the law said they must, they did, and it has worked superbly. IMPACT, along with eager local teachers, has seen to that.

Now we rush to Goshen with no time for lunch. Murray Louis's dancers, who serve as his assistants in all the assigned schools in the Troy area, gobble some canned peaches, with lots of syrup, for quick energy. This time, the kids at Goshen Elementary, kindergarten through fourth grade, sit in the bleachers in the big gym and watch as the Louis dancers present an improvised lecture-demonstration. The first

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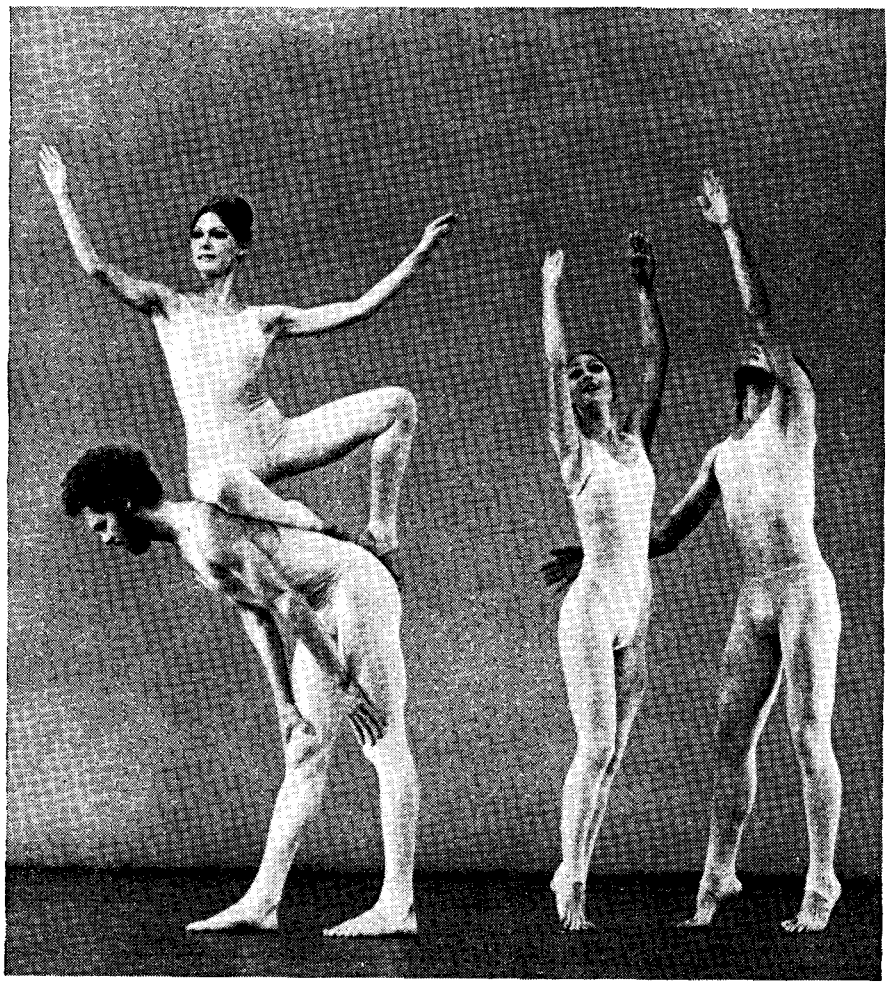
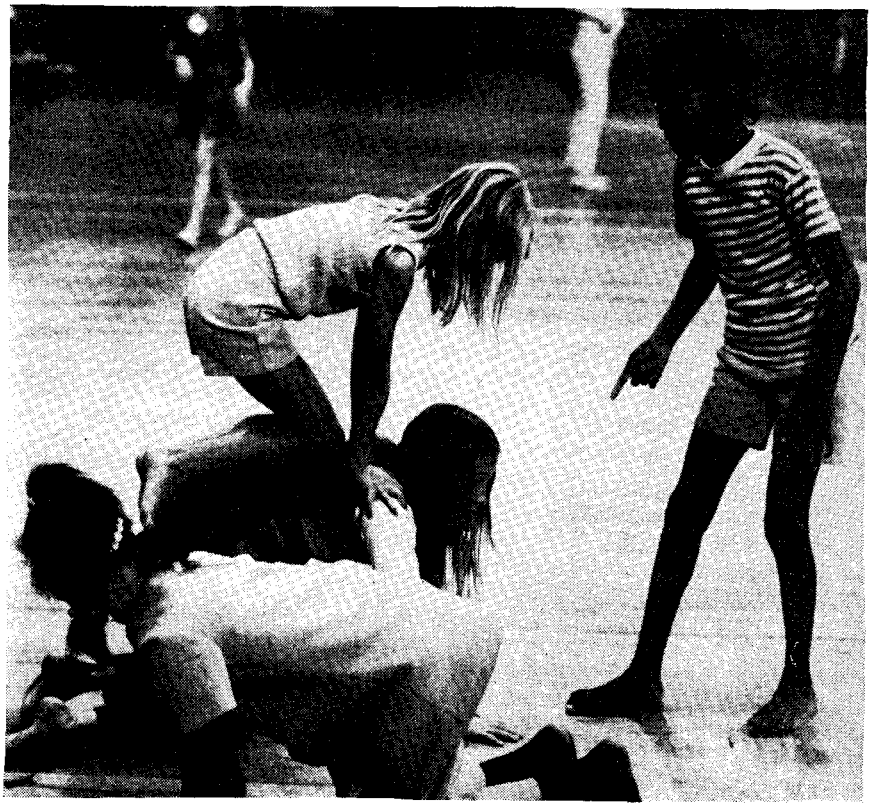
dances illustrate movements of the eyes, the mouth, the head, the legs, the toes. Murray asks the youngsters to call out what parts of the body are being used at a given moment. It's a lesson in anatomy, and they never muff a question. A bell rings and students from a nearby high school come to watch. Next, Murray has one of his dancers put all the movements—eyes, toes, legs, torso, etc.—together and the youngsters shout, "Dancing for the whole body!" If Murray makes a dance for six legs, how many of his dancers are out there? "Three!" shout the kids. How about four arms? "Two people!" Three of the dancers run to the bleachers and scoop up three black kids. Now there is a dance for what? "Twelve legs!"

Murray turns to the bleachers. "Write your names in space!" They do, and there is a great gestural dance sweeping over heads as they eagerly trace their invisible names in myriad patterns. As the hour draws to a close, six Louis dancers perform an excerpt from their avant-garde repertory. The kids don't know whether it is avant-garde or classical or what. They know it is dancing. A group of them are invited out onto the floor with the professional dancers. To the beat of Murray's drum, they choreograph not only for themselves but for the grownups, too. They imitate some of the things they've seen, but before long they make their own shapes—black shapes, white shapes, combined shapes.

The shape of things in Alabama itself is changing too, and IMPACT has helped immeasurably. A mighty chrome eagle, the school mascot, is proudly displayed on the lawn at Goshen. It was made from more than 1,000 pounds of auto bumpers bought from a junkyard. At Union Springs Elementary, there is a sculpture garden with a fountain designed by a professional sculptor, Larry Godwin, who was born in Enterprise, Alabama. But even the kids participated; each of the 500 students brought a single brick from home and laid it in the courtyard for walks, flower beds, patio designs.

For their classrooms, they have even written their own textbooks—books about their homes, their lives, their adventures, their hopes. And in their bodies breathes the ancient art of dancing. Virginia Tanner, one of the world's truly great dance leaders for children—she is almost a minister-evangelist—came from far-off Salt Lake City last year to guide the youngsters of Union Springs and, subsequently, to train their teachers in her methods of dance instruction. And this year it has been Murray Louis who has guided them in dances of fun, of discipline, of dignity, and, unquestionably, of brotherhood. IMPACT. □





The Murray Louis Dance Company in "Proximities," a professional dance work in the Louis avant-garde repertory (above). Goshen Elementary School students try their own version of the work (below). Anita, at right, is the choreographer.

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Letters to the Editor

On the Amish Question

Re: "Compulsory Education: The Plain People Resist" by Stephen Arons [*SR*, Jan. 15]. I have a great deal of sympathy for the position stated by Mr. Arons, and it is therefore particularly disturbing to me to find that his quotation from my article in the 1967 *Virginia Law Review* has been lifted from its context and, graced by his editorializing, suggests that I believe, or at least believed, that the state may do whatever it wishes with Amish children. That was not the thrust of my article, nor indeed of even the paragraph that he has partially quoted. The sentence following the description of the state's interest quoted by Arons was: "But there is a countervailing, though largely undefined, policy of pluralism and deference to minority ethnic groups that supports the Amish refusal to be modern men." In weighing the conflicting interests in my article, I decidedly found in favor of the Amish position.

Unfortunately, the issue is not as simple and clear-cut as I believed in 1967 and as Arons apparently believes now. While I still think that both he and I have our hearts (and heads) in the right places, certain factors have not been sufficiently considered by any court to date. Among them I suggest the following: The children involved, aged about thirteen to sixteen, are old enough to make certain rational choices, but they are not "Amish" because the Amish subscribe to adult baptism, seldom before the age of eighteen. The issue is thus one of defining and protecting the children's First Amendment right, if they have one, to become Amish. Next, many Amish children, despite their lack of formal schooling, do not ever join the Old Order Amish Church; it is not a question of retraining small numbers after they make such a decision, as Arons suggests. Given the present success levels of federal and other retraining programs, I doubt that this is a very desirable alternative no matter how many people are involved. Finally, I believe it appropriate to consider the fact that for several reasons Amish families are very large. When all of the children are grown, it is often not possible for each of them to have and pay for his own farm. Thus, many who are Amish find themselves pursuing other then agrarian occupations, for example, work in mobile-home factories.

These and other considerations aside, there are two ways to phrase the issue. The first is to state it as a narrow legal one. Does the Constitution forbid the compulsory education by the state, or under state standards, of children whose parents object to such education on religious grounds? The second approach is the one posed by Arons. Is there, within the richness of American society, space for, and in fact need for, those who are able to contribute little toward our material and technological advancement? With our vast human resources, can we afford to allow a few potential doctors to be farmers? As others have recognized, children who attend relatively sophisticated, consolidated rural schools probably can no longer accept life as members of the Old Order Amish, any more than a fourteen-year-old rape victim can return to being a virgin. Perhaps the Supreme Court will address itself only to the narrow legal question. But even if it does, it will necessarily decide the broader social questions as well. I do not believe that it is any exaggeration to say that compulsory education that meets state standards will mean the end of the Old Order Amish in America. Many have already emigrated to Canada and Central America. The possibility that Americans must emigrate to find religious freedom is one of the most serious and absurd consequences of America's inflexible and intolerant postwar drive toward homogenized mediocrity.

Paul T. Ruxin,
Chicago, Ill.

Although I am not Amish, I can sympathize with the basic issue of family rights versus states rights. I certainly question compulsory education when I see what our local public school system has to offer. While priding themselves as supporters of student rights and liberal innovations, the Cleveland Heights-University Heights schools are at the same time impersonal in their bureaucracy and deadening spiritually and socially. If we have no other alternative for education than that, it is time to question the state's prerogative of imposing a system of values that is opposed to humanistic development.

Diane Martin,
Cleveland Heights, O.

The Amish question is significant, not for the issue of individual liberty as Stephen Arons concludes, but rather as a test of the extent to which a segment within our society may invoke its own nullification doctrine. A democratic society is not compelled to permit groups within it to reject and ignore its institutions. Invoking the First Amendment on the compulsory education issue is an attempt to confuse the church-state separation-of-powers doctrine. The Amish community functions as a theocracy; the United States does not. The real issue here is whether a community may contend sanction from law higher than the civil law; it is not whether the state is infringing on individual liberty.

David Ruggles,
Montgomery, W. Va.

On the Puritan Ethic

Richard L. Tobin's editorial "The Puritan Ethic Today" [*SR*, Jan. 1] incorrectly cited the authors of *The Puritans* as "J. T. Johnson and Harry Miller." The actual authors are Perry Miller and Thomas H. Johnson. This is a particularly unfortunate error in view of the fact that Perry Miller has long been considered the most learned and articulate authority on the American Puritans.

Despite this minor error, I found Mr. Tobin's editorial to be quite perceptive. Like Tobin, Miller and Johnson in their introduction to *The Puritans*, while admitting that the demise of some of the features of Puritanism (especially as they were carried to extremes) has not been a great loss, argue that "we cannot resist a slight fear that much of what has taken the place of Puritanism in our philosophies is just so much failure of nerve."

On the other hand, it might be added to Tobin's discussion of the Puritan ethic that one virtue of the Puritan mind is still very much with us—namely, the tendency toward introspection, examination of conscience, and general self-analysis, qualities the Puritans devoted much of their time to perfecting. Americans in particular seem to possess these qualities in great measure; and, while these traits are now (as with our Puritan ancestors) a cause of much anguish, they are also some of our greatest redeeming qualities and are reason for some hope socially and politically. If nothing else, our recent extensive soul-searching over the Vietnam War, race, and numerous other social problems ought to tell us that the Puritan ethic is still at work.

John F. Wells,
Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Microcosm Park

Re: Gladwin Hill's "Pristine Preserves or Popcorn Playgrounds?" [*SR*, Jan. 1]. For a concrete example of a nearly neglected national park being subjected to destructive pressure for development, I would point to the Virgin Islands National Park. It is a microcosm of problems affecting other parks. Created in 1956, it was authorized to encompass two-thirds of the island of St. John; as usual, this authorizing act has been a hoax on the American public. Only about half the island is actually owned by the government today, almost all of that a gift of Laurance Rockefeller; hardly any land has actually been acquired using public funds. Furthermore, by special agreement with the Virgin Islands government, no exercise of eminent domain is possible. Only if privately held land should come up for sale could the National Park Service bid, and funds are nonexistent. Several months ago a public-spirited landowner offered a parcel of land for sale to the park at a fraction of the very high current market value, but the NPS for lack of funds was unable to act.

Even worse, pressures for luxurious accommodations have resulted in the abdication of the responsibility of the NPS to preserve the unique beauty of our only tropical island seashore park—there is a brand new, NPS approved, forty-unit cottage complex at Cinnamon Bay, complete with cafeteria, two immense parking lots, and a cocktail lounge.

Kurt W. Riegel
and Elizabeth C. King,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Cause for Celebration?

Regarding Rod McKuen's celebration of his self-imposed sensitivity, as evidenced in the interview by Cleveland Amory [TRADE WINDS, Jan. 8], a line from Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is appropriate: "Life is hard to bear; but do not affect to be so delicate."

L. J. Friedman,
Cincinnati, O.

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PAKISTAN'S COSTLY DELUSION

BY ROSANNE KLASS

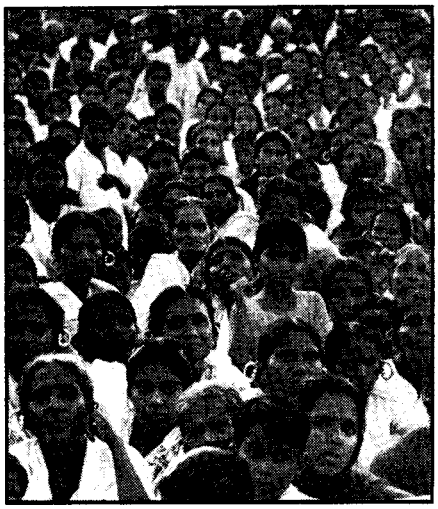
Painful reality has dimmed an overglorified past.

In preparation for its brutal military crackdown in East Bengal last March, the government of Pakistan airlifted large numbers of West Pakistani troops onto the scene. Before the bloodbath had begun, a foreign observer asked a high-ranking West Pakistani Army officer whether this build-up might not stir Bengali resentment. "What difference does it make?" the officer replied. "Those niggers won't fight."

Racism and the contempt of West Pakistanis for their Bengali fellow citizens as a people were at the root of Pakistan's determination to crush Bengal's political emergence. That determination led to the ghastly policy of slaughtering Bengalis (estimates run as high as three million dead); the third India-Pakistan War; and the establishment of the separate state of Bangladesh. How did Pakistan come to push on so inexorably, seemingly so blindly, into disaster?

The past, present, and precarious future of West Pakistan have been shaped to a great extent by a unique psychology 300 years out of date and light-years away from reality. The peoples of West Pakistan have sustained themselves individually for centuries, and as a nation since 1947, on the illusion that by virtue of their origins, their history, and their faith they are invincible warriors. To understand the role this self-delusion has played in present events, one must look back not only to Pakistan's brief history as a nation but to the earlier centuries of Muslim history on the Indian subcontinent.

Starting in the eighth century A.D., waves of fanatic Muslim conquerors swept into India, where Hinduism, with its many gods, had predominated for 2,000 years. The invaders brought with them their sternly monotheistic faith; Afghans, Persians, and Turks triumphantly smashed Hindu idols, converted large numbers of people to Islam, and set up one empire after another. The last and greatest of these was the magnificent Mogul Empire, which unified the subcontinent, dazzled the world with its splendor, and dominated India from 1556 until displaced by British power around the beginning of the nineteenth century.



Fifty-five million West Pakistanis have been mesmerized by a belief in their racial and military superiority.

Mesmerized by these memories, the fifty-five million West Pakistanis think of themselves as the heirs of this long chain of conquerors. To some extent they are; many of the invaders settled and intermarried among themselves and with the indigenous peoples. The West Pakistanis have close cultural and linguistic ties with the peoples of Iran, Afghanistan, and the Middle East. Their languages are heavily larded with Persian and Arabic words. The Pakistanis are tall, robust, and, since they are largely of Indo-European origin, relatively light-skinned.

Despite an overall cultural similarity, the various parts of West Pakistan are dominated by different communal groups. In the North-West Frontier Province, the majority are Pakhtuns (also known as Pushtuns, Pathans, or Afghans), a tough fighting people with a strong tribal structure. About half of all Pakhtuns live on the Afghan side of the boundary arbitrarily drawn by the British in 1893. Southwest of them, and culturally associated closely with them, are the Baluchis. In eastern Pakistan, the Punjabis predominate (the Punjab is now divided with India). Their traditions are only slightly less martial than those of the Pakhtuns. The cities of Lahore, Rawalpindi, and Islamabad, the new capital, are all in the Punjab. The southern province of Sind, around Karachi, is the home of the more easygoing Sindhis.

The social pecking order is defined by the degree of desirable foreign origin—the less Indian, the better—and the communal reputation for fighting prowess. The Pakhtuns are at the top and the Sindhis at the bottom. Visitors to Pakistan often heard the claim: "One Pakhtun with a sword or a gun can beat ten Punjabis; one Punjabi can beat ten Sindhis; and any Pakistani could march to Delhi in a week." In terms of actual power, however, a predominantly Punjabi oligarchy of politicians, soldiers, landowners, and businessmen has controlled the political and economic life of Pakistan, including East Bengal, with an iron grip ever since the country was created.

More than a thousand miles to the east, the seventy-five million people of East Bengal are very different. The Bengali Muslims are racially of Indian stock, most of them descendants of Hindus who converted to Islam six or seven centuries ago to escape the caste system. As such, they are scorned by the West Pakistani descendants of their onetime conquerors. Akin to Bengali Hindus in language, race, and culture—in almost everything but religion—Bengali Muslims tend to be short and slight of build. They are not considered particularly martial, and, significantly,

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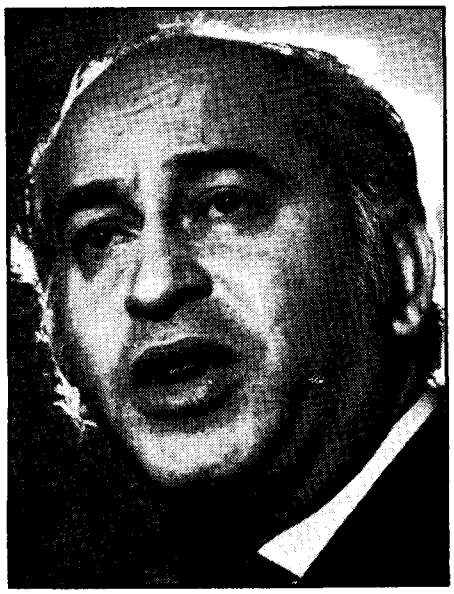
Nr. 195. Akbar Khan. Nach indischer Darstellung.

Pakistanis think of themselves as the heirs of a chain of Muslim conquerors who invaded and ruled India from the eighth to the nineteenth centuries.

Pakhtuns of the North-West Frontier Province are the staunchest advocates of the martial tradition in modern Pakistan. They never leave home without their guns and are well known for their fighting prowess.



Mohammed Ali Jinnah (middle) created a Muslim nation composed of East and West Pakistan when the British left India in 1947. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto (left) will now begin again with a truncated Pakistan after the religious union failed to overcome geographic division and ethnic differences.

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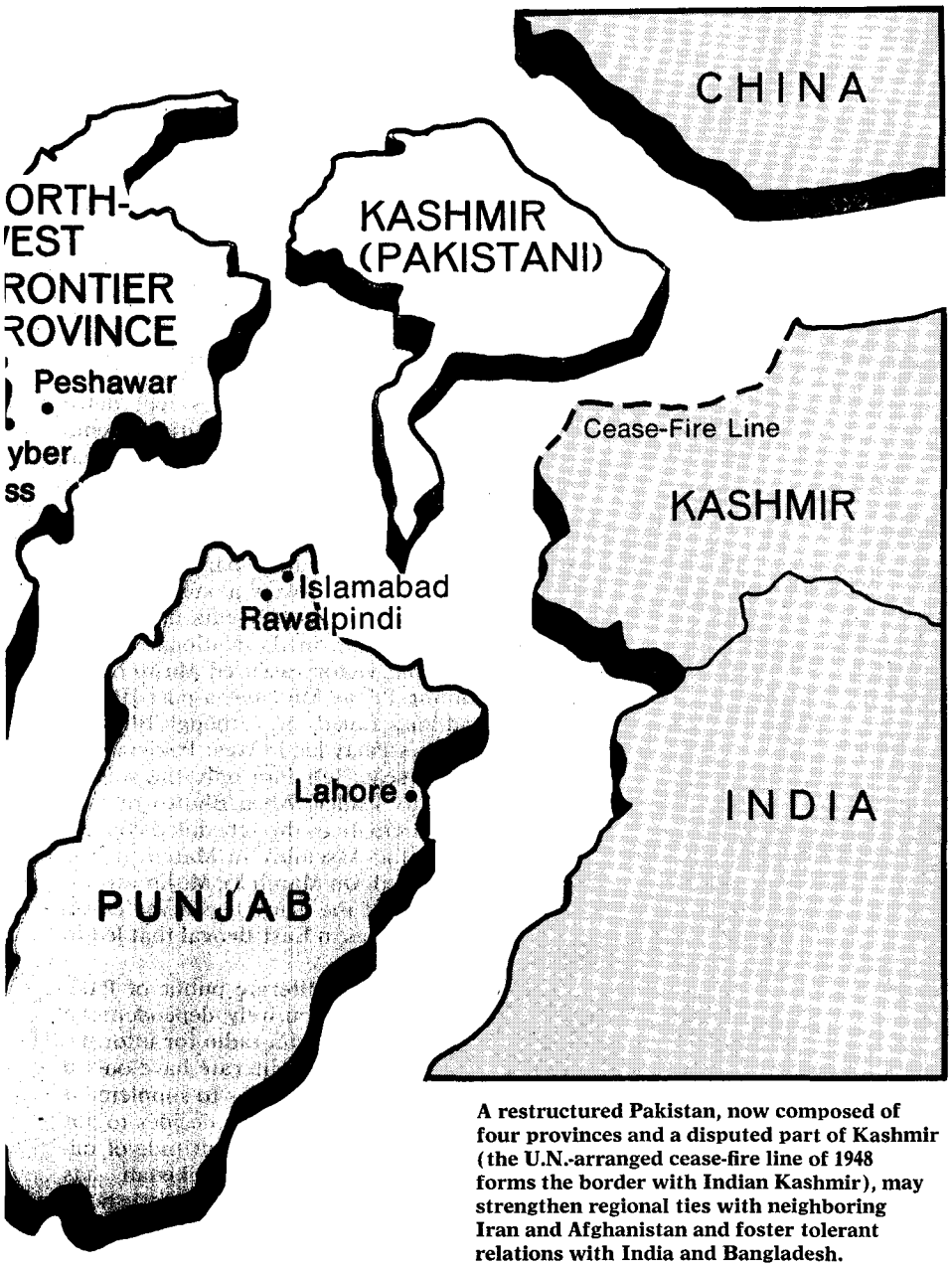
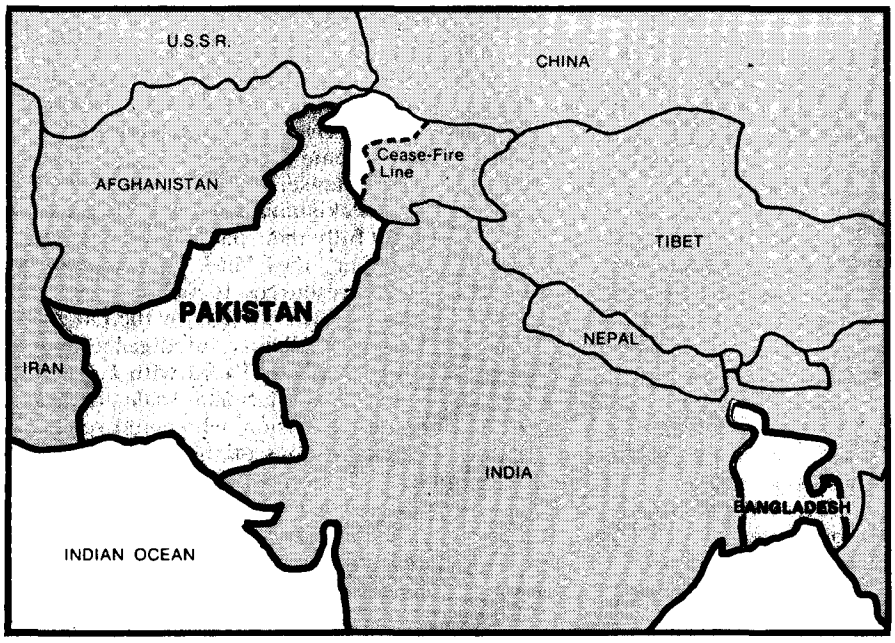


A restructured Pakistan, now composed of four provinces and a disputed part of Kashmir (the U.N.-arranged cease-fire line of 1948 forms the border with Indian Kashmir), may strengthen regional ties with neighboring Iran and Afghanistan and foster tolerant relations with India and Bangladesh.



they are darker-skinned than most of the West Pakistanis.

During the century-and-a-half of their control, the British were able to impose a superstructure of order. Later the struggle to oust the British and to establish themselves independent of the Hindus temporarily united the Muslim communities. Yet the idea of a separate independent nation made up entirely of the Muslims of the subcontinent was not proposed until 1930 and did not become the policy of Muslim political leaders until ten years later. In 1933, when the name "Pakistan" was coined as an acronym for *P*unjab, *A*fghan, *K*ashmir, *S*ind, and Baluchis*TAN*, supporters of the concept were thinking only in terms of the Muslim communities of northwest India. (The acronym had a double meaning: *istan* means "land of" and *pak* means "morally clean." Hence, "Pakistan" is "land of the pure.")

Despite this talk of separatism, when the British arranged their swift withdrawal from India in 1947, they—and the Hindu leadership—expected that the subcontinent would be a united entity. Pakistan came into existence largely through the single-minded efforts of the Muslim political leader, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, and his party, the Muslim League. Convinced that a Muslim minority would be smothered by the Hindu majority in a united India, Jinnah insisted on a separate Islamic nation. After bloody rioting among Hindus, Muslims, and other communal groups, British and Indian leadership gave way, and he won what he called "my Pakistan." Its form was dictated not by political, geographical, or economic logic but solely by the location of the predominantly Muslim areas. It attempted to unite two territories separated by the great mass of India, populated by disparate peoples (including millions who poured in from India), without a common language except English, bound together only by a common religion and the blind hope that they could create a nation.

Pakistan rapidly acquired the facade of a modern state. But behind the facade were Punjabis, Pakhtuns, Baluchis, Sindhis, and Bengalis who were Pakistanis only when they were threatened by an outside power.

During the British period, Muslims had been slow to adapt to a changing world or to adopt modern education. Many joined the army, but most remained peasant farmers. (Today only about 15 per cent of the Pakistanis are literate, and much of the education that exists is rudimentary.) Hindus adapted more readily, taking up Western education, entering the civil service and the professions in large numbers, and following modern commercial and

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industrial methods, thus creating a middle class that later strengthened the newly independent India. Pakistan, on the other hand, came into being desperately handicapped by a lack of trained personnel and leadership. By 1952 its two most dynamic leaders, Jinnah and Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan, were dead, leaving no successors of equal stature or forcefulness. India, meanwhile, had not only a continuum of strong leadership but an impressive spokesman to the world in Jawaharlal Nehru.

Resentfully, the once-ruling Muslims looked around to find themselves outclassed in a new world by their one-time subjects—people they despised as idolators, held in contempt as poor fighters, and scorned as darker-skinned. In addition to its staggering economic, political, and social problems, Pakistan was born with an inferiority complex.

As a further humiliation, Pakistan lost to India, at the time of independence, most of Kashmir, the jewel of the Mogul Empire. Although Kashmir was 75 per cent Muslim, its Hindu maharaja acceded to India. In the ensuing years, India repelled Pakistan's military efforts and loftily dismissed demands by the United Nations and Pakistan for a plebiscite, in effect declaring the issue closed. This failure struck at the very heart of the Pakistanis' self-esteem and heightened their obsession with Kashmir.

Faced with unpalatable realities, all too many Pakistanis continued to take refuge in an illusory image of themselves. It uniquely combined the Muslim mystique of *mujahidin*, holy crusaders of the True Faith, with racism and a glamorized memory of themselves as the rulers of the subcontinent. They have made this myth the very basis of their self-esteem. They have elevated it to an article of faith and have underpinned it with the conviction that their inevitable triumph is the predestined will of God. Any facts to the contrary are dismissed. Among the idolized Mogul emperors, the popular favorite in West Pakistan is not Akbar the Great, who created the empire by muting religious differences and enlisting Hindu nobility to be his allies and courtiers; it is his great-grandson, Aurangzeb, a religious fanatic whose attempt to impose Islam on his non-Muslim subjects wrecked the empire Akbar had built.

This insistent self-delusion is the symptom of a grave weakness indeed: the profound need to believe their own fictions because they have developed nothing else on which to base their identity. For the sake of this myth, the West Pakistanis sacrificed whatever chance existed of genuine unity with East Pakistan, as well as their economic development. They have, despite their poverty, poured an enormous part of their limited resources into the military establishment.

Over the years I have often heard these myths as simple statements of fact from villagers and shopkeepers, clerks and junior officers, high officials and professional men. It may not seem surprising that an illiterate in the bazaar should believe them, but in December 1971 a Pakistani jet squadron leader fighting on the Kashmir front could explain matter-of-factly to a *New York Times* correspondent, "Our one God makes our victory certain. The Indians are worshipers of idols, of many gods. Ours is the true strength."

At the top of the ladder, Lt. Gen. A. A. K. Niazi, the commander of the Pakistani Army in Bengal (who was to suffer the humiliation of a formal public surrender to the Indian Army in Dacca), told reporters a week before war broke out that India could not win against Pakistan because it had "weak soldiers." "We have never lost," he said. "Look in the history books. I challenge you to find in history anything but our victories. We have never lost, and the Indians have never won. I can easily take them on three to one." He probably believed what he was saying, and he was very likely right about history as he had learned it.

His countrymen continue to rewrite their history. In the United Nations last December 12, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, then Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister and now Pakistan's President, passionately declared that Pakistan did not lose on the Kashmir battlefield in 1965 but was cheated by Soviet and Indian machinations at the peace conference in Tashkent. In the same speech, he began preparing rationalizations for the defeat in Bengal by stating that Pakistan was fighting not India but "a great power"—the U.S.S.R. Since then, Air Marshal Abdur Rahim Khan has hinted darkly that Soviet pilots must have flown for the Indian Air Force in the Bengal fighting. Though bitter, it is at least endurable for the Pakistanis to believe that they were overwhelmed by the irresistible might of a superpower. To Muslim Pakistan, whose women are still largely confined to purdah, to be defeated is shame enough; but to be defeated by Hindu India is unthinkable; and to be defeated by an India led by a woman is a humiliation not even to be conceived.

How the new leadership and its successors will try to explain or come to terms with the failure in Bengal is problematical. The first inclination of both military and political leaders—to make former President Yahya Khan and his military colleagues the scapegoats for the loss of the war, while ignoring its long-range origins—suggested little willingness to grapple with basic problems. On December 20, after Marshal Rahim and his military associates forced Yahya to resign, Bhutto became President and promptly appointed himself Foreign Minister, Minister of Defense, Minister of the Interior, and Minister of Interprovincial Coordination, as well as Chief Martial-Law Administrator. Although he has set up a commission to inquire into the "causes of the debacle," the depth of the inquiry is uncertain. It seems unlikely that his appointees will delve back even as far as the political events between December 1970 and March 1971, which might implicate the new President himself. In the Parliamentary election of December 1970, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's party, Bengal's Awami League, won a sweeping victory: 167 of the 169 seats allotted to East Pakistan in the National Assembly. That victory assured Mujib of becoming Prime Minister, a post Bhutto had long aimed for. Although Bhutto's People's Party led in West Pakistan, its ninety seats left him only the role of minority leader. When Bhutto refused to participate in the scheduled convening of the Assembly in March, it was postponed. On March 25, Mujib was arrested, and the army began the calculated killings in East Bengal that led to political ruin.

The largely illiterate public of Pakistan is almost entirely dependent on the government-run radio for information, and even the literate have only a censored, jingoist press to supplement it. Unless the leadership decides to put before the people the multitude of unpleasant truths that Pakistan has avoided for decades, there is little hope for a general recognition and serious acceptance of these realities.

Nevertheless, this time, the people at least know that they have been defeated and have lost Bengal. If both leaders and public now contrive to keep their illusions intact, Pakistan will survive only until reality catches up in some even sterner form. Then it will collapse.

If Pakistanis do begin to comprehend fully their past and their present, however, they may lack other emotional resources to fall back on. The situation is very sad, for the Pakistanis have great dignity, intelligence, and untapped talents. Faced with an identity crisis on a national scale, dedicated leaders of vision, who could reject the self-deceptions of the past, might conceivably be able to help their people do the same. This appears to be Bhutto's hope; just before assuming the Presidency, he exhorted his people: "We are going to have to build a new world again, a new country again. . . . It is al-

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most like the first chapter of Genesis."

There seem to be three possible directions for the country to take. For the moment, Pakistan will certainly try to pull itself together and keep going more or less as is, probably with some internal reforms. It may be able to totter along for some time—perhaps years—propped up by its great-power supporters, the United States and China, with, ironically, the cooperation of India, which may well want to see the Pakistanis taught a resounding lesson but hardly wants to have collapse and chaos on its own western borders. The maintaining of the status quo will probably be the policy not only of Pakistani leaders but also of the international community as a whole and the big powers in particular, who value stability, especially among client states. They prefer to jockey for position in known circumstances rather than risk the unpredictable outcome of radical change. China, a next-door neighbor, probably stands to gain most by serving as a protective associate; the United States and perhaps the Soviet Union in the meantime are likely to work to prevent the Chinese from gaining a monopoly of influence.

How long the status quo can be continued is another matter. Pakistan cannot be permanently set on its feet and embark on a new, more productive course without broad, powerful leadership. The country turned to military dictatorship in the first place because of disillusionment with corrupt, ineffectual political leaders; now the military has brought it to defeat and disaster and has shifted to a more discreet behind-the-scenes role. But there are few, if any, other groups from which leaders untarnished by the past might emerge. For some time, the only visible civilian figure has been Bhutto, a graduate of the University of California and Oxford, with a brilliant reputation and strong popular appeal. Although he is a Sindhi, he has been identified in the past with the Punjabi ruling clique, and he is still dependent on the acquiescence of his military backers. In any case, he is just one man. He has begun his administration with several dramatic gestures, but the depth, acceptance, and staying power of his reforms—and of the man himself—remain to be seen.

A second powerful trend is already visible: communalism. The ethnic communities are already pressing for more autonomy. They might even try for independence despite the fact that such tiny states, some of them landlocked, would have no chance of survival. Secessionism would, moreover, create chaos. The central government, with international support, would surely move to quash any attempts at separatism, but the internal storm could be difficult for the country to survive.

The most active communal movement has been the long-standing demand for autonomy by the Pakhtuns, who at times were supported by the government of Afghanistan. Since 1963, the Pakhtunistan question has been muted. But it is not dead, and Pakhtun agitation could set off similar demands elsewhere. One of Bhutto's first moves as President was to contact the Pakhtun political leader Khan Abdul Wali Khan, promise him provincial representative government by the end of January, and invite him to join the Cabinet. Wali Khan has withheld decision until the promise is implemented.

In the long run, a third possibility—regionalism—seems to offer the best hope for eventual stability and future development, while solving some of the problems presented by the first two alternatives. There are already indications that Pakistan may move to establish new links with its Muslim neighbors, Afghanistan and Iran. Even as Mujib was en route to London, taking with him Pakistan's last ties to the east, the Shah of Iran was arriving in Rawalpindi for talks with Bhutto, thus turning Pakistan's eyes westward. Within a week, President Bhutto took time to visit Kabul, the Afghan capital, for a talk with the King. Such ties might ultimately lead to some loosely organized confederation.

Strengthened by external ties, Pakistan would probably find it easier to maintain its present centralized government and at the same time create a more flexible internal structure to satisfy communal demands. Forming a workable regional arrangement would be a long, slow, delicate process. It would mean a period of experimentation accompanied by inevitable instability. Pakistan and its neighbors would have to take a few calculated risks, and the world would have to tolerate them.

Regionalism is hardly a new idea in the area. Pakistan is already linked to Iran and Turkey in the Regional Co-operative Development alliance. Properly handled, the Pakhtun issue might be turned from a divisive communalism into a positive force for regional cooperation. It has already ceased to be a barrier between Afghanistan and Pakistan. When Pakistan was fighting in Kashmir in 1965, and again during the recent war, the Afghans could have taken advantage of its great vulnerability. A move in Pakhtunistan at either time would probably have been successful and might have precipitated Pakistan's collapse. Both times Afghanistan steadfastly resisted temptation. This refusal to act was a positive gesture of amity in Pakistan's hour of need, and Pakistan is aware of it.

Afghanistan could emerge as the keystone in a regional structure, despite its small population (seventeen million). With its central geographical position, it has always been the pivot, politically, culturally, and linguistically, among Persia (modern Iran), Central Asia, and the subcontinent, and has often been united with one or another. The Afghans are Pakistan's most accessible friendly neighbors, sharing a thousand-mile border and a three-thousand-year history. To a disillusioned Pakistan, Afghanistan offers several attractions: the prestige of a Pakhtun royal dynasty, a record of remaining unconquered throughout the colonial era, and the singular fame of having turned back two nineteenth-century British invasions. Since 1963, the Afghans have moved ahead of Pakistan in some aspects of political and social development, making a studied attempt to mute their own martial traditions.

The possibility of freer access to Pakistani rail lines and the port of Karachi, as well as the solution of the perpetually thorny Pakhtun issue, would be attractive to the landlocked Afghans. Ties between the two countries would probably develop piecemeal, through joint development projects or trade agreements. For example, a massive iron deposit has been discovered in central Afghanistan—an estimated two billion tons of top-grade ore. But Afghanistan lacks coking coal. Pakistan has the coal and the locations and transport for the mills.

By their long-standing policy of strict neutrality and nonalignment, the Afghans have managed to put themselves on friendly terms with all the countries involved in the current crisis: Pakistan, India, the United States, China, and the Soviet Union, as well as Pakistan's development allies, Iran and Turkey—a feat that puts them in a unique position vis-à-vis the subcontinent and its tortured relationships.

Pakistan and Iran are both formally allied with the United States through the SEATO and CENTO regional defense treaties. These alliances present a major barrier to ties with the Afghans, whose survival as a nation has depended on their meticulous neutrality. For regionalism to grow, the United States will have to acquiesce in Pakistani and Iranian withdrawal from these alliances.

But there would be larger benefits on the international scene. A combination of these three non-Arab states might provide a significant counterweight to Arab dominance in the Muslim world. It might at last focus Pakistanis' attention on the future and divert the people from endless futile pursuit of their past. A reconstructed, reoriented Pakistan might even, one day, reach a modus vivendi with India—and with Bangladesh. □

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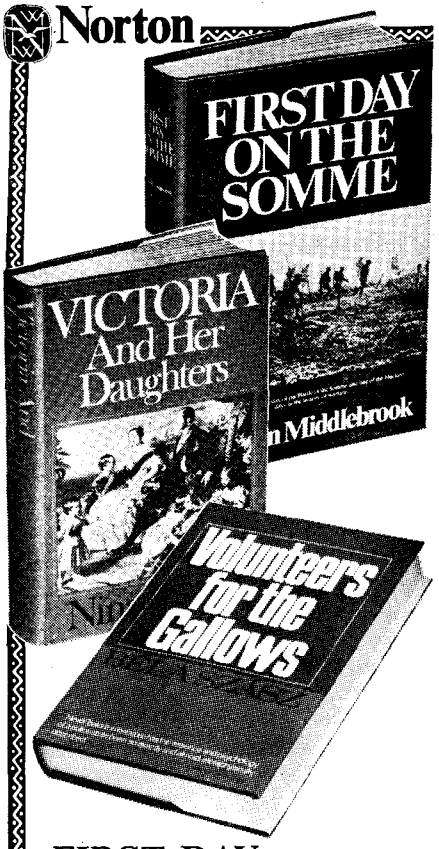

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Blow-Up

In Claude Lelouch's new film, *Smic, Smac, Smoc,* three French shipyard workers, whose nicknames comprise the title, decide to give the bride of one of them a wedding day she'll always remember. They hire a blind accordionist beggar for the music, "borrow" a handily parked Mercedes 350, head for St. Tropez to "live like the rich" for a few hours, and finally wind up trying to explain the whole outing to the police. While watching the film, carpers may notice that the screen frame sometimes cuts off the tops of the actors' heads, that the image wavers slightly, as though invisible waves were disturbing the camera, and that sometimes a scene looks as though it had been photographed through a mild dust storm. Nevertheless, it's a reasonably pleasant ninety-minute film about "little people," done with a modicum of the patronization such a term implies.

What is remarkable about the film is not its subject, nor its manner, but its method of accomplishment, for the challenge undertaken by Lelouch and some friends and associates was to make one of the world's cheapest feature films. After eight intensive days of shooting with a new super 16 mm camera, the production costs came to $30,000, or a little more than $300 per minute. Lelouch, of course, doesn't have to work on so restricted a budget, and it would cost several times that amount merely to hire him as a director, just as it would to commission Francis Lai, who appears as the blind accordionist in the film and also composed its music. But the experimental implications of *Smic, Smac, Smoc* are several. One is that talented teams, should they wish to sacrifice their accustomed honorariums, apparently can make films of their choice with relatively little financial assistance. Another is that 16 mm film gives adequate quality when blown up to 35 mm theater size, while allowing the seizure of reality in ways that are sometimes more effective than those achieved with the more cumbersome larger cameras. The method also allows for small, intimate crews of technicians. Looking to the future, one can see its application to films made for transferral to video cassette.

Thus, *Smic, Smac, Smoc* should be heartening to those who fear that the film industry as we know it is on its last legs. Its actors—Amidou, Jean Collomb, Charles Gerard, and Catherine Allegret—play out their little fable believably and with considerable humor, and the whole enterprise has a refreshing spirit that extends to the delivery of the credits vocally instead of by titles. However, the production cost of a film is like the portion of the iceberg that shows above the surface. The blow-up to 35 mm was probably additional. So are the costs of prints, advertising, and distribution. But what has been overcome by this experimental effort is that biggest of bugaboos, the budget, which requires risky venture capital reaching into the multimillions.

Close to five million, in fact, was put into 20th Century-Fox's production of *The Hot Rock,* which required three months of complicated location shooting in New York City and which revolves around the less than original notion of stealing a priceless diamond from its glass case in the Brooklyn Museum. The nonimportance of the film can hardly be overestimated; it's meant to be a humorous suspense film, and while it's somewhat short on humor, it is long on suspense. Its trick is that the first caper (lifting the diamond) results in the need for a second, then a third, fourth, and fifth.

The mastermind of the five-caper picture is played by the ingratiating Robert Redford. His confederates are George Segal, Ron Leibman, and Paul Sand, and the group's ingenuity knows few bounds. They break *into* a maximum security prison, land on the roof of a police precinct station with a rented helicopter, and employ a hypnotist in order to gain access to a safe-deposit box in a bank, meanwhile bilking an oily lawyer, played by Zero Mostel. William Goldman has written a sly script, and the direction by Peter Yates is skillful, particularly during a wild helicopter ride over Manhattan. The characterizations, however, are thinner than in so delicious a classic as *Topkapi,* and the action is considerably tamer than that in the energetic *The French Connection.* The one hour and forty-one minutes of contrived fluff cost, according to my calculations, roughly $50,000 per minute.

I don't know the price of Columbia's *To Find a Man,* but, whatever it was, the film strikes me as a misguided enterprise. Rather like a decadent version of an Andy Hardy movie, its story involves a fifteen-year-old girl who enlists an equally young neighbor—both dwell in fancy East Side Manhattan brownstones—for help in obtaining an abortion. Finally a friendly abortionist (Tom Ewell) is found, and the job is done with a minimum of fuss. Just the kind of cute contemporary story needed to bridge the generation gap. Next, a comedy about cancer? □

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THE MAN WHO FIRST TOOK YOU THROUGH SPACE WILL NOW TAKE YOU THROUGH TIME.

Walter Cronkite is your host in a spectacular, weekend-long radio journey to THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

On the CBS Radio Network. Saturday, February 5 and Sunday, February 6.

Throughout the weekend, we'll devote virtually every Network broadcast (except news which will be in time present) to an exploration of man's future.

No fiction; no fantasy. The reality will be fantastic enough.

Computers in the home—helping your children do homework, among other functions.

Lawns and shrubs that grow only so high and no higher.

The changing shape of our cities.

The prospects of cancer and heart-disease cures.

Whether people will marry. And the new roles women will play.

There will be other reports. On longevity. Politics. Drugs. Mass and personal transportation. The environment. Work and leisure. Sports. And much more.

And along with Walter Cronkite, you'll hear other CBS News correspondents, as well as experts in many fields.

So circle February 5 and 6 on your mental calendar. And listen to the CBS Radio Network station nearest you. (You'll find a list on the following page.)

THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY. Come with us on this unprecedented broadcast journey to the next time of man.

THE WEEKEND OF FEBRUARY 5/6 ON THE CBS RADIO NETWORK

Where the listeners are.

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The Weekend of February 5/6: The Twenty-First Century. Hear this extraordinary weekend-long study of man (and woman, and child) in the future, on the following CBS Radio Network affiliated stations.

ALABAMA

Birmingham	WATV	900
Dothan	WOOF	560
Hartselle	WHRT	860
Mobile	WKRG	710
Montgomery	WQTY	1000
Selma	WAMA	1340
Tuscaloosa	WJRD	1150
Tuscumbia	WVNA	1590

ARIZONA

Phoenix	KOOL	960
Tucson	KOPO	1450

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith	KFPW	1230
Hot Springs	KZNG	1340
Little Rock	KLRA	1010

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield	KBIS	970
Chico	KHSL	1290
Eureka	KINS	980
Los Angeles	KNX	1070
Palm Springs	KCMJ	1010
Redding	KVCV	600
Sacramento	KFBK	1530
San Bernardino	KCKC	1350
San Diego	KFMB	760
San Francisco	KCBS	740
San Luis Obispo	KATY	1340

COLORADO

Colorado Springs	KVOR	1300
Denver	KLZ	560
Durango	KDGO	1240
Grand Junction	KREX	920

CONNECTICUT

Hartford-Manchester	WINF	1230
Waterbury	WTBY	1590

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington	WTOP	1500

FLORIDA

Crestview	WJSB	1050
Delray Beach	WDBF	1420
Fort Myers	WINK	1240
Jacksonville	WMBR	1460
Key West	WKWF	1600
Lake City	WDSR	1340
Miami	WKAT	1360
Orlando	WDBO	580
St. Augustine	WFOY	1240
Sarasota	WSPB	1450
Tallahassee	WTNT	1270
Tampa	WINQ	1010

GEORGIA

Albany	WGPC	1450
Athens	WGAU	1340
Atlanta	WRNG	680
Augusta	WGAC	580
Brunswick	WMOG	1490
Columbus	WRBL	1420
Gainesville	WGGA	550
Macon	WMAZ	940
Rome	WLAQ	1410
Savannah	WTOC	1290
Thomasville	WPAX	1240
Valdosta	WGAF	910
Waycross	WAYX	1230

IDAHO

Boise	KBOI	670
Idaho Falls	KID	590
Lewiston	KRLC	1350

ILLINOIS

Champaign	WDWS	1400
Chicago	WBBM	780
Danville	WDAN	1490
Decatur	WSOY	1340
Peoria	WMBD	1470
Quincy	WTAD	930
Rock Island	WHBF	1270
Springfield	WTAX	1240

INDIANA

Anderson	WHBU	1240
Fort Wayne	WGL	1250
Indianapolis	WXLW	950
Kokomo	WIOU	1350
Marion	WBAT	1400
Muncie	WLBC	1340
South Bend	WSBT	960
Terre Haute	WAAC	1300
Vincennes	WAOV	1450

IOWA

Cedar Rapids	WMT	600
Des Moines	KRNT	1350
Mason City	KGLO	1300
Ottumwa	KBIZ	1240

KANSAS

Colby	KXXX	790
Pittsburg	KSEK	1340
Topeka	WIBW	580
Wichita	KFH	1330

KENTUCKY

Henderson	WSON	860
Hopkinsville	WHOP	1230
Lexington	WLAP	630
Louisville	WHAS	840
Owensboro	WOMI	1490
Paducah	WPAD	1450
Paintsville	WSIP	1490
Whitesburg	WTCW	920

LOUISIANA

Alexandria	KALB	580
New Orleans	WWL	870
Shreveport	KWKH	1130

MAINE

Augusta	WFAU	1340
Calais	WQDY	1230
Ellsworth	WDEA	1370
Houlton	WHOU	1340
Lewiston	WCOU	1240
Machias	WMCS	1400
Millinocket	WMKR	1240
Rumford	WRUM	790
Sanford	WSME	1220

MARYLAND

Baltimore	WFBR	1300
Frederick	WFMD	930
Hagerstown	WARK	1490
Salisbury	WBOC	960

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston	WEEI	590
Greenfield	WHAI	1240
Pittsfield	WBRK	1340
Springfield-Chicopee	WACE	730
Worcester	WNEB	1230

MICHIGAN

Cadillac	WWAM	1370
Detroit	WJR	760
Escanaba	WDBC	680
Grand Rapids	WJEF	1230
Kalamazoo	WKZO	590
Saginaw-Bay City	WSGW	790

MINNESOTA

Duluth	KDAL	610
Minneapolis	WCCO	830

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian	WCOC	910

MISSOURI

Joplin	KODE	1230
St. Joseph	KFEQ	680
St. Louis	KMOX	1120
Sikeston	KMPL	1520
Springfield	KTTS	1400

MONTANA

Butte	KBOW	550
Great Falls	KKGF	1310
Helena	KCAP	1340
Missoula	KGVO	1290

NEBRASKA

Lincoln	KLIN	1400
Omaha	KLNG	1490
Scottsbluff	KOLT	1320

NEVADA

Las Vegas	KLAV	1230
Reno	KBET	1340

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin	WMOU	1230
Concord	WKXL	1450
Hanover	WTSL	1400
Keene	WKNE	1290
Laconia	WLNH	1350
Rochester	WWNH	930

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City	WFPG	1450

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque	KGGM	610
Clovis	KWKA	680

NEW YORK

Albany	WROW	590
Binghamton	WKOP	1360
Buffalo	WBEN	930
Elmira	WELM	1410
Gloversville	WENT	1340
Ithaca	WHCU	870
Kingston	WKNY	1490
New York	WCBS	880
Plattsburgh	WEAV	960
Rochester	WHEC	1460
Syracuse	WHEN	620
Utica	WIBX	950
Watertown	WWNY	790

NORTH CAROLINA

Durham	WDNC	620
Fayetteville	WFAI	1230
Greensboro	WBIG	1470
Greenville	WNCT	1070
Wilmington	WMFD	630

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck	KBOM	1270
Dickinson	KDIX	1230
Fargo	KFGO	790
Grand Forks	KILO	1440

OHIO

Canton-Akron	WOIO	1060
Cincinnati	WCKY	1530
Cleveland	WERE	1300
Columbus	WBNS	1460
Dayton	WHIO	1290
Marietta	WMOA	1490
Portsmouth	WPAY	1400
Youngstown	WKBN	570

OKLAHOMA

Bartlesville	KWON	1400
Oklahoma City-Norman	WNAD	640

OREGON

Ashland	KCMX	580
Eugene	KERG	1280
Klamath Falls	KFLW	1450
Portland	KOIN	970
Roseburg	KRNR	1490

PENNSYLVANIA

Du Bois	WCED	1420
Harrisburg	WHP	580
Indiana	WDAD	1450
Johnstown	WARD	1490
Philadelphia	WCAU	1210
Pittsburgh-McKeesport	WEDO	810
Scranton	WGBI	910
Sunbury	WKOK	1070
Uniontown	WMBS	590
Williamsport	WWPA	1340

RHODE ISLAND

Providence	WEAN	790

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson	WAIM	1230
Charleston	WCSC	1390
Columbia	WNOK	1230
Florence	WJMX	970
Greenville	WMRB	1490
Spartanburg	WSPA	950

SOUTH DAKOTA

Rapid City	KOTA	1380
Yankton	WNAX	570

TENNESSEE

Cookeville	WHUB	1400
Johnson City	WJCW	910
Knoxville	WBIR	1240
Memphis	WREC	600
Nashville	WLAC	1510

TEXAS

Austin	KTBC	590
Corpus Christi	KSIX	1230
Dallas	KRLD	1080
El Paso	KIZZ	1150
Houston	KTRH	740
Lubbock	KFYO	790
San Antonio	KMAC	630
Wichita Falls	KWFT	620

UTAH

Cedar City	KSUB	590
Salt Lake City	KSL	1160

VERMONT

Barre	WSNO	1450
Brattleboro	WKVT	1490
Burlington	WJOY	1230
Middlebury	WFAD	1490
Newport	WIKE	1490
St. Johnsbury	WTWN	1340

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville	WINA	1070
Norfolk	WTAR	790
Richmond	WTVR	1380
Roanoke	WFIR	960
Staunton	WAFC	900

WASHINGTON

Seattle	KIRO	710
Spokane	KXLY	920
Sunnyside	KREW	1230
Walla Walla	KUJ	1420
Wenatchee	KUEN	900

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley	WJLS	560
Charleston	WCHS	580
Fairmont	WMMN	920
Huntington	WWHY	1470
Princeton	WLOH	1490

WISCONSIN

Green Bay	WBAY	1360
Wausau	WXCO	1230

WYOMING

Casper	KATI	1400
Lander	KOVE	1330
Sheridan	KROE	930

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Editorial

Teaching People to Learn

A good deal is being written and said today about the tremendous upheavals in the nation's educational system. We wish that such vast changes were indeed taking place, or at least that they had reached really noteworthy proportions.

The current crises facing education are ample evidence of the need for change. To be sure, there are signs of movement toward change and there is some innovative thinking taking place in the field. Educators have begun to explore the world of unstructured learning and have raised fundamental questions about the existing system and the new directions that education might take. Why do we learn? How do we learn? Where do we learn? Do we need schools? *Saturday Review of Education* will address itself to these and related questions. In so doing, our foremost task will be, in effect, to conduct a search for better ways to accomplish what must be a free society's first goal: quality education for each member of that society.

Saturday Review of Education and its sister magazines, *Saturday Review of the Arts, Saturday Review of the Society*, and *Saturday Review of Science*, will be expanding their coverage in each of their respective realms of interest over the next six months. This issue contains our first enlarged Education supplement.

In focusing on change in the nation's educational system, the magazine will be examining the basic causes of some of our most immediate problems—financial, political, pedagogical. In every case, our most important function will be to isolate the underlying forces that tend to preserve or even to perpetuate the status quo.

The best way to start may be by looking at an outdated, Puritanical belief about the learning process that pervades the system and affects its thinking in all areas. That attitude, inherited from generations of educators, goes something like this: "True learning and satisfaction come from working hard and enduring pain. It is against the nature of man to want to learn; thus, he must be forced to do so. One has to suffer to be educated."

Unfortunately, the worst effect of this attitude is that it turns our children "off" rather than "on" to learning. The young are curious about the world around them, eager for new experiences, anxious to learn. When they become "pupils," however, their natural curiosity is often diminished and sometimes even extinguished by the regimented sterility of the classroom. We structure the child's education so that the process itself becomes counterproductive. Charles Silberman, in his book *Crisis in the Classroom*, reports that while visiting public schools he was appalled by "the mutilation of spontaneity, of joy in learning, of pleasure in creating, of sense of self."

As the child moves up through the education system, he continues to encounter the same teaching methods. Even in the colleges and universities, learning is made dull by the way in which professors present material to their students. All too often, a lecture takes the form of a merely mechanical exchange, one that virtually bypasses the thinking part of the brain. The professor glances at his notes and begins speaking. As if his voice were some sort of triggering mechanism, the student's hand, clutching a ballpoint pen, begins to move, recording the message in a copypad. The transfer process, from professor's notes to student's notebook, involves little or no thought and is, in any event, far less exact than it would be with a duplicating machine.

Indeed, experts on the college disruptions of the Sixties mention the depersonalization of the university as one of the major sources of student dissatisfaction. Pressed by society's demand that growing numbers of students be educated, the universities saw no alternative to raising class sizes to levels that made it unlikely that a student would ever meet his teacher, let alone engage him in a dialogue.

Although we concede that educators face a grave dilemma—dealing with large numbers of students while trying to make education more meaningful for them—we believe that the solution can be found in new methods.

Perhaps the most damning criticism that can be leveled at the educational establishment is that it has been slow to face up to the problem. Preferring the security of a historically buttressed ivory tower to the shifting ground of educational reform, most administrators and teachers have failed to take the initiative in proposing or implementing change. Of course, that is nothing new. During all my school years, the most dramatic change that I can recall being initiated by the establishment was to switch the color of the blackboards to green.

How, then, can an educational system that is responsive to individual needs be created? By no means does *Saturday Review of Education* pretend to have a comprehensive answer, but we do believe that such a system must incorporate certain attributes. The most important may well be flexibility. For an educational system to be truly democratic, it must be capable of adapting itself to the demands of its constituents. To expect, for example, that two students, one trained in the liberal arts and the other in engineering, will do equally well in an advanced engineering course would be ludicrous. Yet, elementary schools use the same lesson plan to teach children whose backgrounds may be even more divergent.

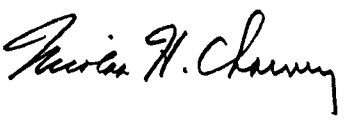
A responsive educational system, then, must offer both the openness and the diversity that are necessary for catering to individual needs. Every learner should have a wide range of alternatives, high-quality alternatives, that will enable him to achieve his full potential.

Experimental schools and programs provide innovative thinking and suggest ways of modifying the status quo system. "Test cases," such as performance contracting, are steps in the right direction, if only in the sense that they are an attempt to try something new. Developments in audiovisual classroom materials have already provided exciting ways to meet the individual learner's needs. TV has awakened educators to the fact that it is their job to sell themselves and their products, in competition with other demands on the learner's time.

The articles in this week's *Education* issue represent some of the general areas we will be covering. In the months to come, we will be adding regular editorial departments specializing in such areas as Early Childhood, School-Age Children, Young Adults, Continuing Education, Educational Policy, and Educational Materials.

Coverage of the field by *Saturday Review of Education* will be extensive, and we hope that it will include important material often overlooked for want of editorial space. We will not restrict our attention to schools and colleges and other formal institutions, for young children and adults are constantly learning outside the classroom. In fact, they may be learning more than those who are inside.

The right to learn is, or should be, manifest. We who are involved in *Saturday Review of Education* hope that the process of learning itself can be made a more significant part of the excitement of living.



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the emotion
the perception
the experience of great stories

Britannica films bring it home.

On film, the stoning in "The Lottery" *happens;* film transmutes the chilling impact of Shirley Jackson's story into a powerfully tangible experience. All the elements of the story are clear and alive. Students react strongly, are moved to seek the what and why behind the story.

The same pattern—emotional comprehension and intellectual arousement—holds true for each of the five films in Britannica's *Short Story Showcase.* Besides "The Lottery," the *Showcase* dramatizes these classics: "Bartleby" by Herman Melville, "My Old Man" by Ernest Hemingway, "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and "The Lady, Or the Tiger?" by Frank Stockton. Each story has a separate filmed commentary by a noted scholar that provides insights to spark classroom discussion.

Break through the indifference that many of your students may have towards literature. Use the power of the *Short Story Showcase* to open their minds—extend experiences, understand emotions, and gain new perceptions. Write for information about the entire EBE Humanities Series (more than 60 films) and how to obtain the films for examination.

Instructional Materials Division Dept. [illegible]
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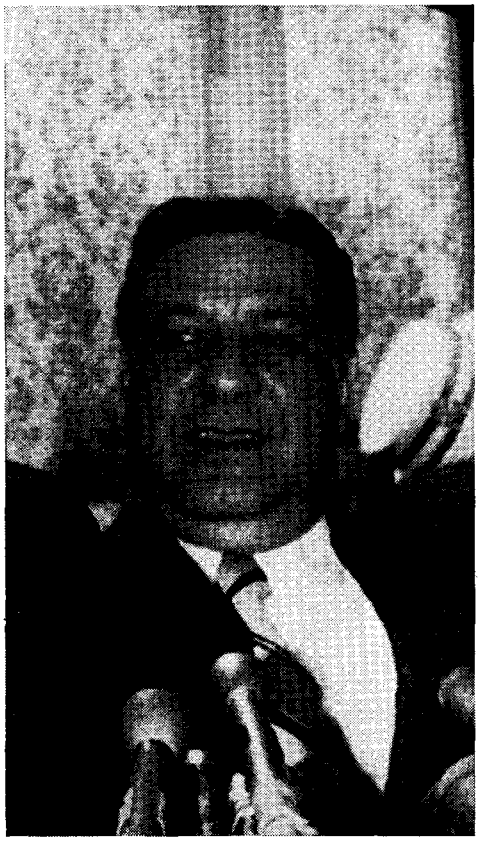
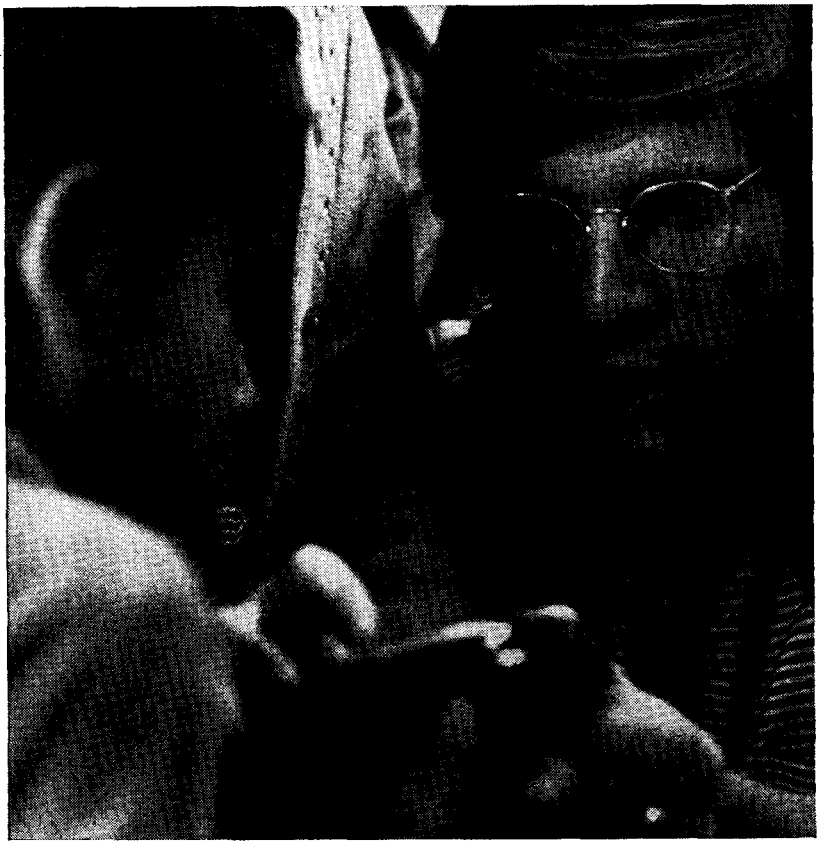
Saturday Review of
EDUCATION





PHILADELPHIA | LOUISVILLE

Learning occurs in many ways and in varied settings, and the search for the ideal educational environment is unending. Two major cities, for example, are taking diametrically opposed paths toward change in their classrooms: While Philadelphia, led by Mayor Frank Rizzo (above left), is ending an era of innovation and is politicizing its schools, Louisville is engaged in a massive program of reform and humanization (right) that seems to be succeeding, at least in part because the schools are remarkably free from politics. Far from the troubled cities, nine-year-old Dale Jones finds that a commune gives him the chance to master adult skills and to explore the surrounding wilderness. And in Washington the Office of Economic Opportunity discovers that its efforts to create similarly unconventional educational environments stir up intense opposition.

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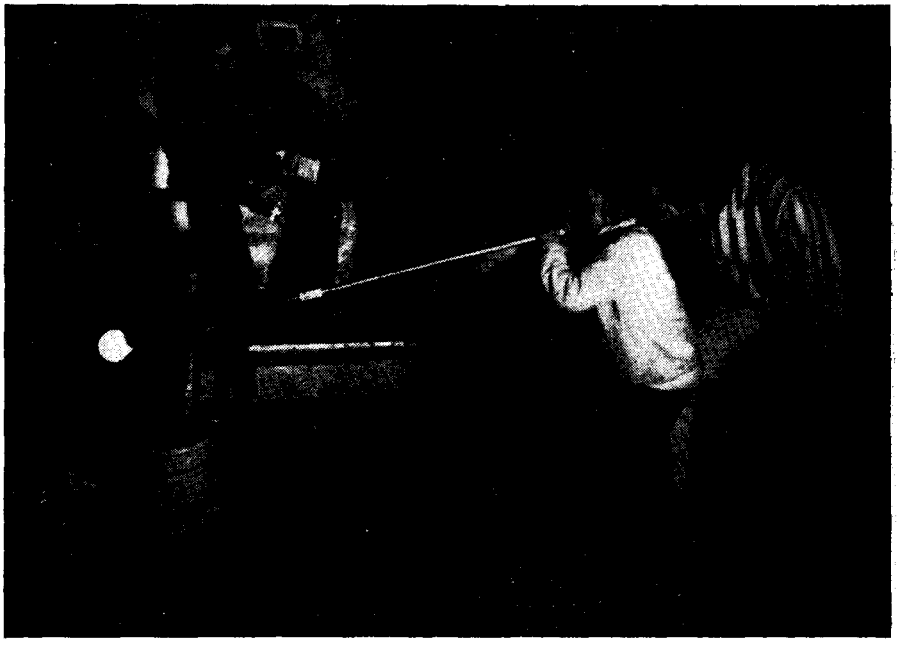
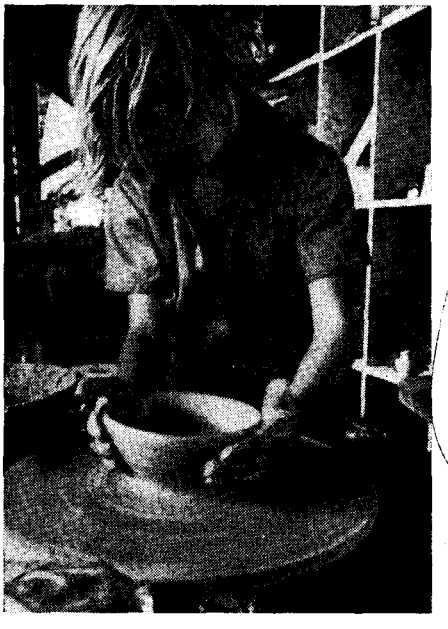
CHILD OF THE COMMUNE

For Dale, education on an "alternative" frontier replaces the old school pressures with some new ones.

BY JOHN POPPY
PHOTOS BY DAN BUDNICK



Dale lived in this elf house for half a year. In the woods he learned to throw a perfect pot (below right).



Cathryn: "Glass blowing takes strength and stamina; it's man's work, and I'm proud Dale can do it." So is Dale.

Until he turned nine, Dale Jones lived in apple-pie towns such as Mill Valley, California. He played with other children of the suburbs, went to public schools, learned habits most Americans would call ordinary.

Then last year his mother, Cathryn, made an almost desperate move. Long divorced, evicted by a landlord with a grudge against children, she just had to leave: "Working at two jobs to pay the bills was pulling me away from my kids. . . . I didn't want to surrender to the life that society was forcing on us." She took Dale and his younger sister, Christine, down the Pacific coast to a 1,750-acre redwood forest where a dozen longhairs, more or less, were building their own alternative to straight America. Back to the land: an attempt to relearn a frontier simplicity, to enkindle sharing, drawing serious spirits into experimental communities across the country.

Abruptly the commune became Dale's school. Back in the suburbs, he might have spent years playing children's games, remote from any passing grownup. Here, with few mates his age, he learned adult ways from adults —primarily from men. Jim Mazzeo, a founder of the commune, taught him ironworking and glass blowing, crafts through which Dale can express himself with materials from the earth. At right, the man and the boy: not a scene you'd often see in an ordinary elementary school.

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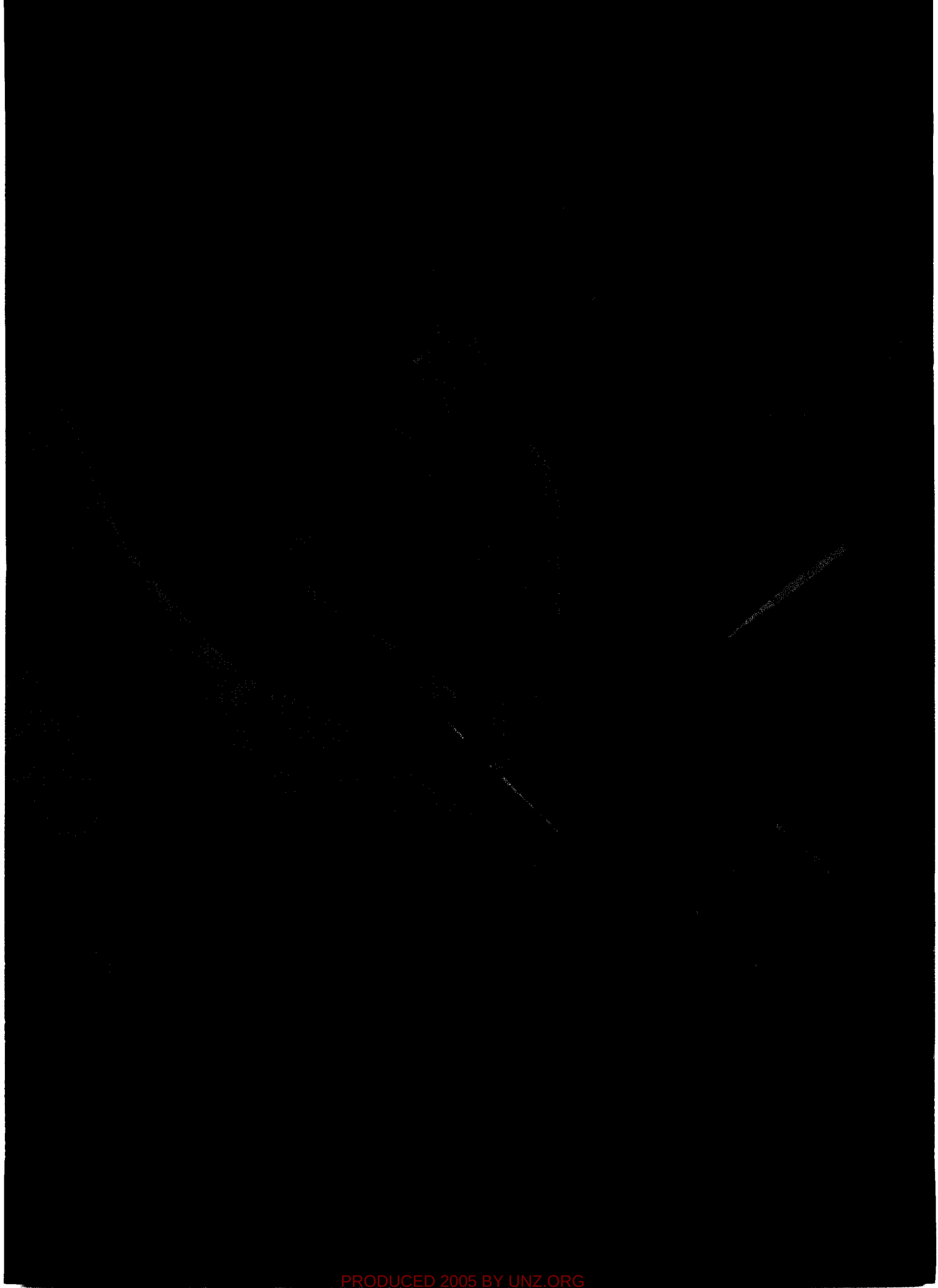

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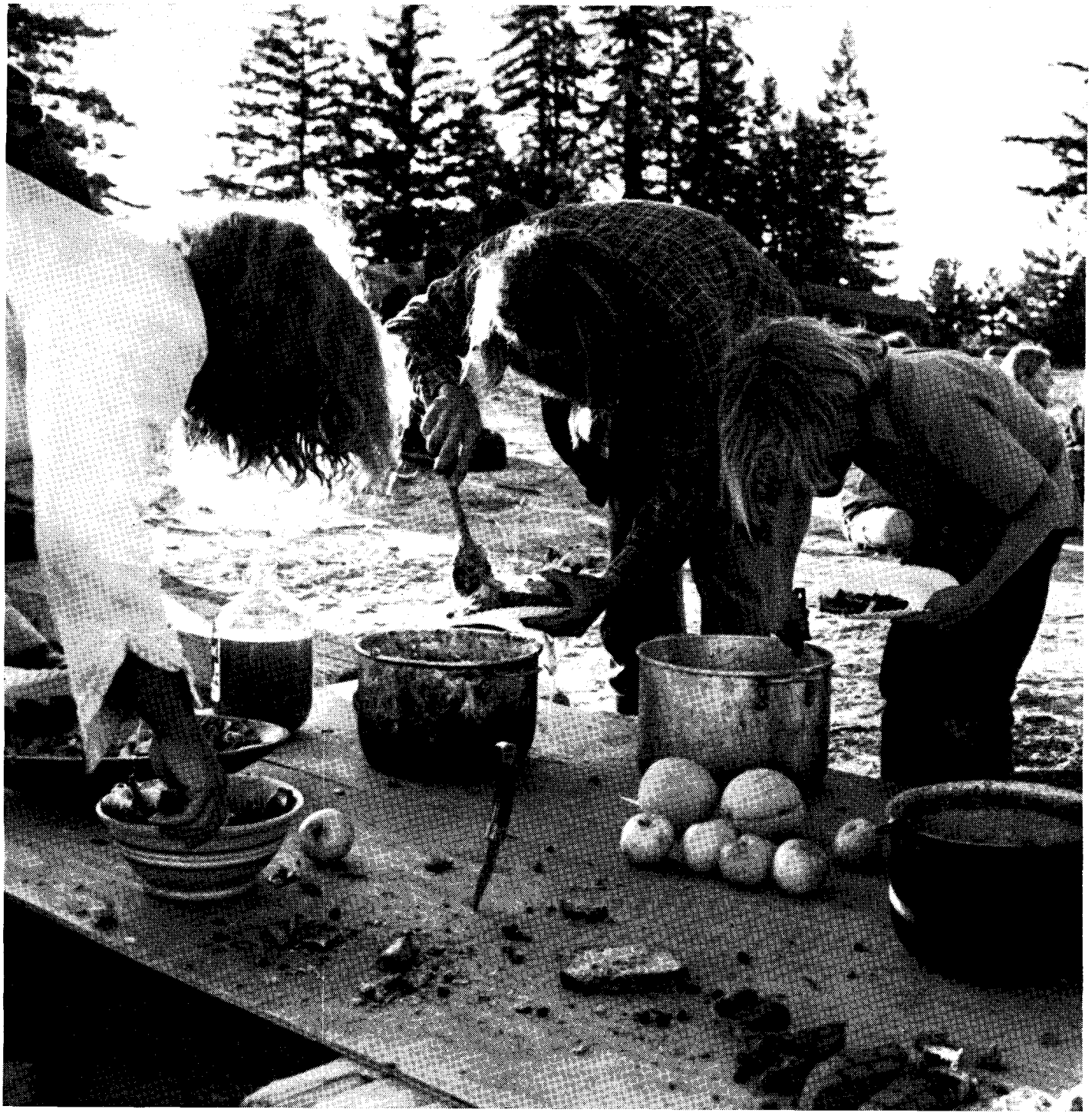

The kitchen. Dale: "I'm glad we don't eat like that anymore. Camping out is okay, but not every day."

There must be hundreds of rural communes scattered across America by now. Members of this one wince at the term, preferring to call themselves a "frontier village" or "educational community," and want to keep their name and location quiet. Fine. What concerns us is their imprint on Dale.

After raising him for seven years without a father, Cathryn was happy to see Dale looking up to men who worked, thought, sweated, and played all around him; she had not wanted to smother him with motherly ways. His confidence expanded. He discovered that man's work is neither mysterious nor impossible. When groups of teenagers from schools and drug-abuse programs appeared at the gate for classes offered by the commune, he took to teaching them what he'd learned—pottery, mostly. "He's a better teacher than I am," said Jim Mazzeo. "He gives you full attention, and he's patient."

Yet the place was hard on Dale. Calling it a frontier village was no joke; these people were reaching for a simple, rugged life stripped of Middle-American comforts. Most lived in huts they had built, without electricity; their latrines were holes in the forest, marked with sticks. The communal kitchen in the pale tan dust of a clearing claimed work from everyone of any age. Adults made it clear that they expected Dale to pull adult duties and that, if he goofed, the whole group would suffer. Cathryn: "Being *that* primitive cuts you off from a lot in life, I think. You spend your whole day chopping and cooking and trying to keep clean. Dale was just thrown into it and had to experience it." He learned

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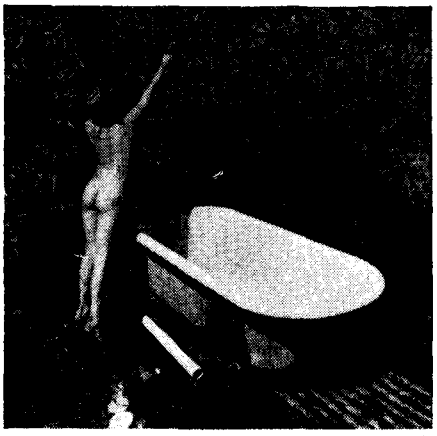
Dale: "People were trying to get things done out of me all the time."



Cathryn: "It's great for a kid to have a lot of experiences, but I won't just turn him loose and let things happen to him. I couldn't feel comfortable about Dale in the pool hall in town, but I had to trust the situation and stay ready to help if necessary."

---

that primitive living isn't as pretty as some back-to-the-earth evangelists make it sound.

Jim Mazzeo had built a tiny house *in the green light of the forest.* When he and Cathryn decided to try living together, Dale and Christine moved in too, and the four of them snugged in like igloo dwellers. Dale was relieved to put some distance between himself and the commune. Still, his work went on: watering an evaporative food cooler (top), chopping logs, bathing at the community tub (left).

In September, Cathryn and Jim put him in a public elementary school. Already pushed to be a man at nine, Dale charged so hard into homework that the teacher often forbade him to take home a book. Was he running on the *momentum* of commune responsibility? Or was it simply easy for him to concentrate with no TV, few toys, and little distraction besides chores?

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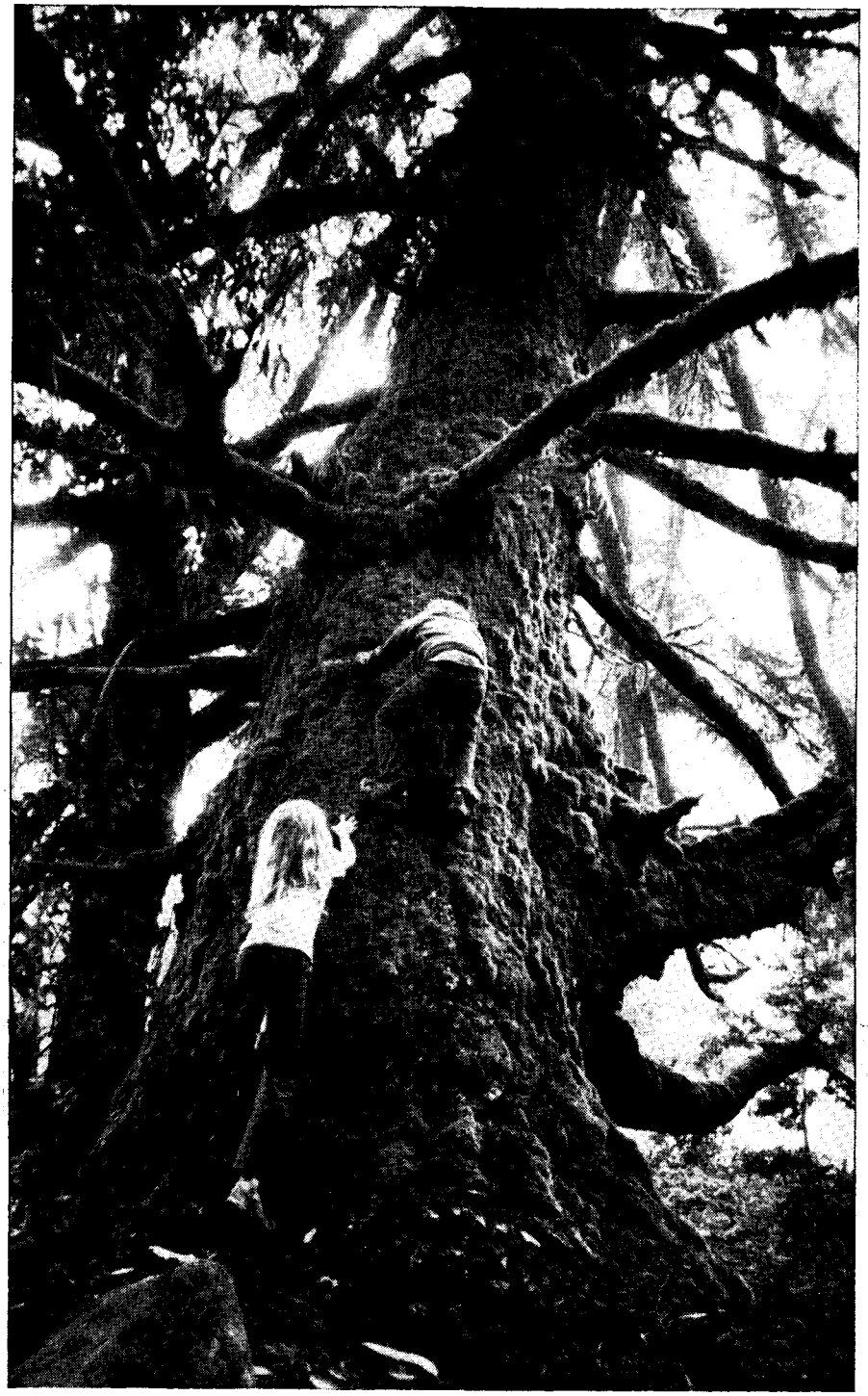

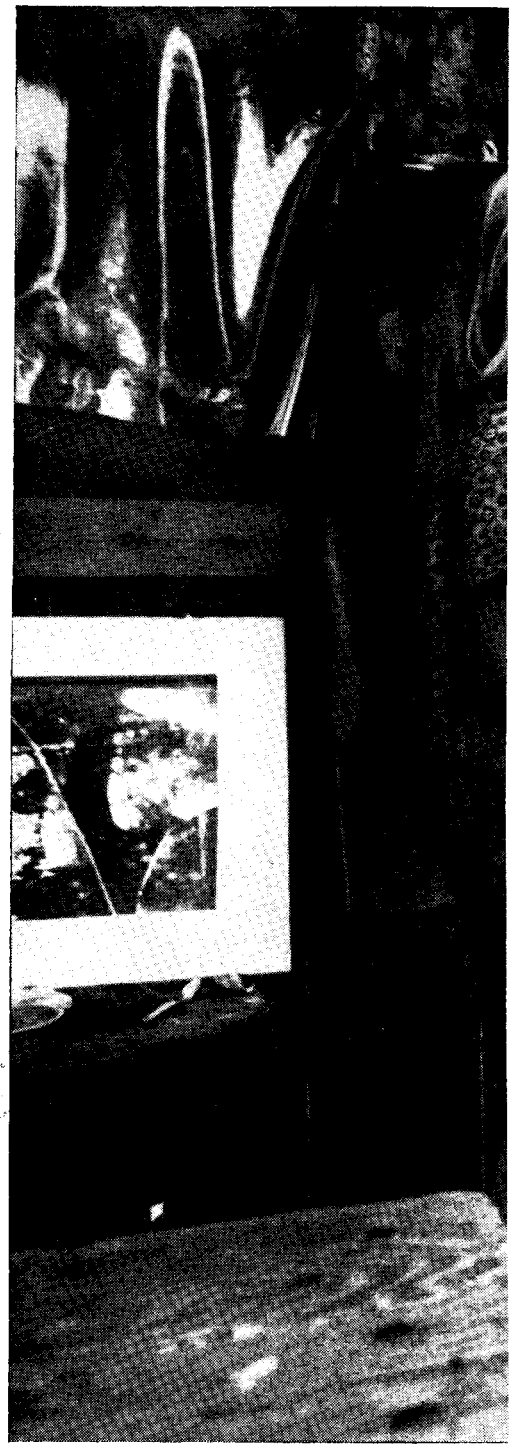

Dale and Christine wander free in the woods (above), on country roads and city streets (right), and enjoy each of them in its own moment.

Whatever drove Dale so fiercely on his return to school, it has subsided. He goes to class happily enough, but his attention has turned to new friends and new concerns.

He is a child who has already seen far more than he can articulate. He knows the forest not from books, but from feeling it on his skin, from inhaling its scent. He knows enough of the suburbs, and now of the commune, to

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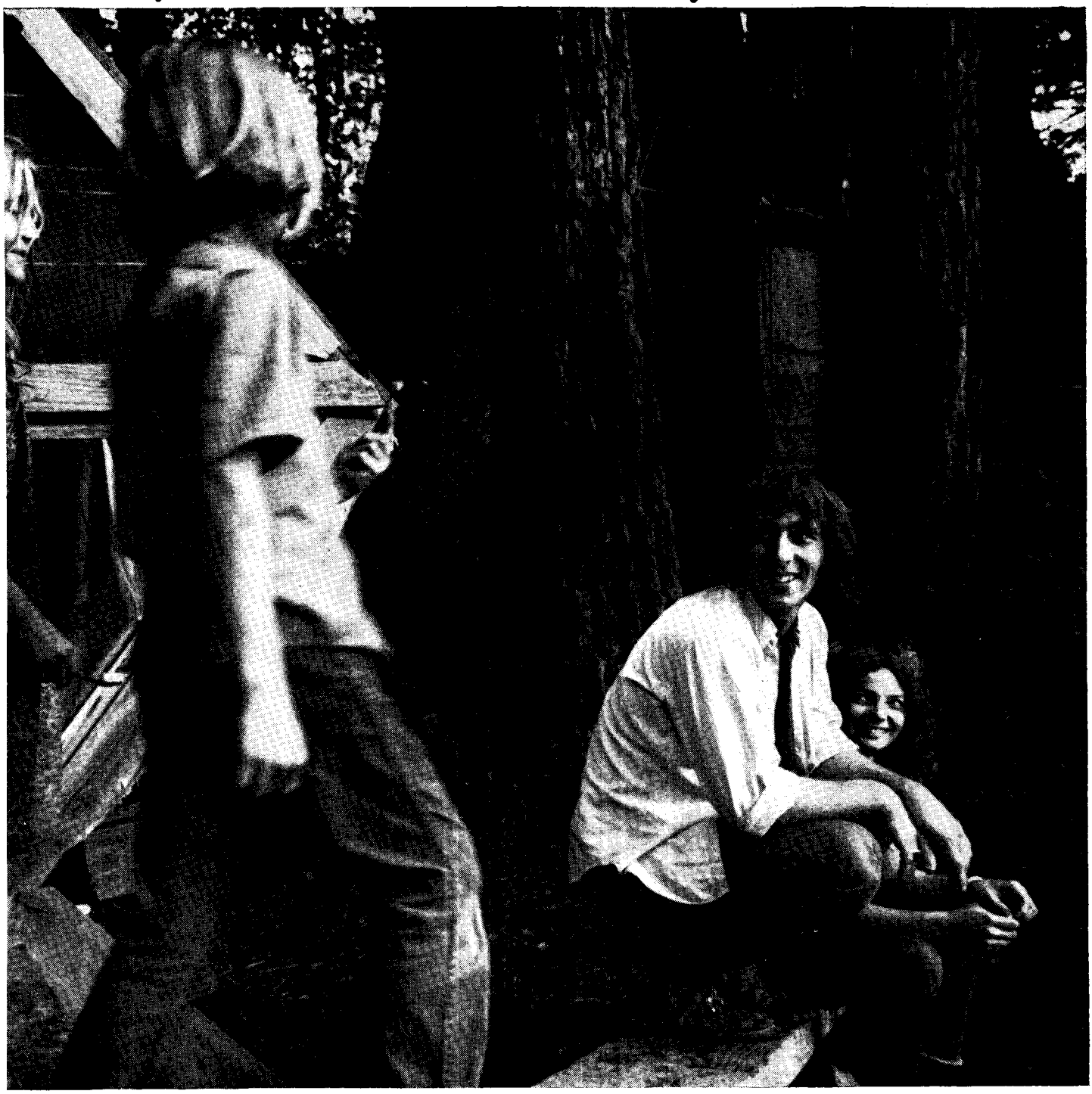
Cathryn: "You have to like that life a lot to stay with it."



"Who's your hero?" a friend asked Dale, expecting some TV name. "Jim Mazzeo," he said. Christine, Dale, Jim, and Cathryn together (above).

draw a firsthand comparison between deliberate primitivism and selective use of technology. He learned by watching and participating, not by obeying a pedagogue.

Everyone in the commune made demands on him. Not everybody was pleasant all the time. But his neighbors depended on him and taught him what they knew, and in the commune he learned self-reliance, not a bad thing for a small, sensitive boy to have as he turns ten.

Luckily, he learned about love at the same time. He had never seemed uncertain of his mother's feelings, "but," Cathryn says, "you know how important it is for a boy without a father to have an adult male show him things. It almost broke my heart with happiness when I saw Dale start to follow Jim around."

In the fall Jim took a job with rock star Neil Young, then at Christmas asked Cathryn to marry him. The family moved from the commune to Young's ranch nearby. Now in a real house with friends his own age and parents to count on, gas heat, indoor showers, flush toilets, and the uncertain blessing of television, Dale is relaxing into patterns most Americans would call—ordinary.

With one difference. He appreciates the ease in which he lives. Dale's eyes glow. "The commune was hard," says Cathryn, "but I'm glad he knows the difference. He's seen the other side." □

John Poppy, a senior editor of *Look* from 1962 to 1970, has won two School Bell awards for his education reporting.

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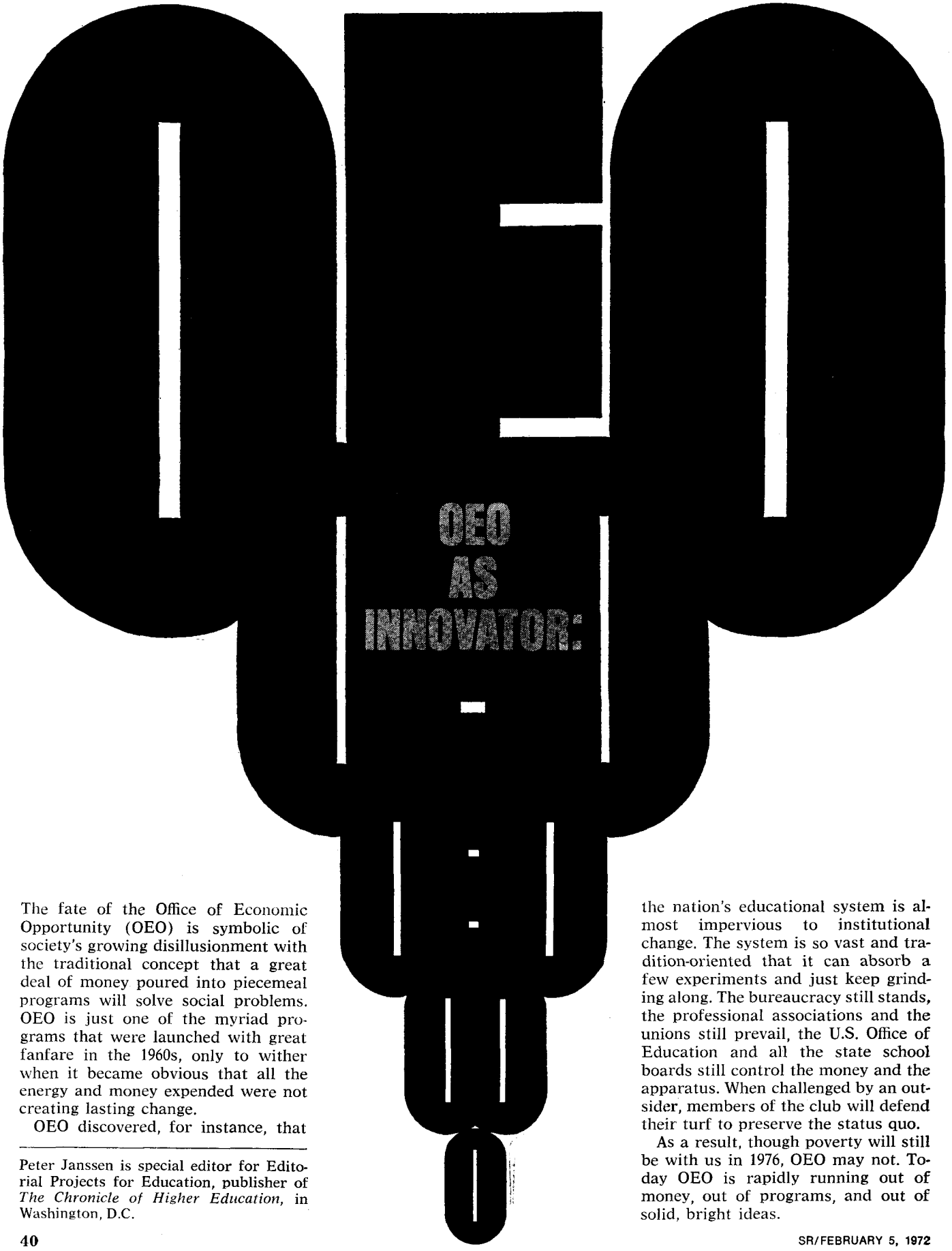
BY PETER JANSSEN

NO MORE RABBITS OUT OF HATS


OEO
AS
INNOVATOR:
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OEO never had enough money to do the job; now it has barely enough to survive. President Nixon vetoed its appropriation in December because it was in the same bill as money for a new child-care program. In the veto message the President said he wanted to change the direction of OEO itself. Since he took office, the President said, his administration had "sought to redesign, to redirect, indeed, to rehabilitate the Office of Economic Opportunity, which had lost much public acceptance in the five years since its inception." Mr. Nixon added that his aim was to give OEO a "new role"—making it "the primary research and development arm" of the nation's effort to eliminate poverty.

Conducting antipoverty R and D work costs far less, of course, than mounting large new programs; it also is far less upsetting to politicians and the voting public than efforts to give the poor a voice in the system. In any event, the administration plans to fight poverty through income strategy—welfare reform and family assistance—rather than through the OEO programs.

The administration certainly does not want OEO to keep running programs. President Nixon, his first year in office, transferred Head Start and Upward Bound to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW), and the Job Corps to the Labor Department. The transplanting has not exactly encouraged their growth. There were almost twice as many preschoolers in Head Start in 1966 (733,000) as there are today; Upward Bound has remained at about the same level (25,000 students). Within OEO, meanwhile, programs are not being renewed as their grants run out. In 1970, for example, the Human Resources Development Division was operating fifty-five programs; this June the total will be down to nine.

OEO also is running out of people. The turnover has been so great that the agency has not printed an organizational chart since the spring of 1970; only three of twenty top officials in place a year ago are still there today. Phillip V. Sanchez, named as the new OEO director last September, was the third person to hold the top executive post in a year.

Sanchez was preceded first by Donald Rumsfeld, a former Republican Congressman from Wilmette on Chicago's wealthy North Shore, who actually voted against creating OEO in 1964. Once in OEO himself, Rumsfeld, a graduate of Princeton, a Navy flier, and a Chicago investment banker, ordered the staff to stop referring to OEO efforts as the "war on poverty"; that, he said, was rhetorical overkill. He also said "the poor" would be known henceforth as "low-income individuals."

When Rumsfeld left to become a counselor to the President (and later director of the Cost of Living Council), he was succeeded by Frank Carlucci, also of Princeton, who had spent fourteen years in the Foreign Service. After eight months Carlucci also moved to the White House, as associate director of the Office of Management and Budget (OMB), and Sanchez, a graduate of California's migrant-labor camps and Fresno State College, took over.

At forty-two, Sanchez is quick and personable, but he has little clout. With his two predecessors setting policy and watching the purse strings at the White House, moreover, he has little room for independent action. Indeed, Sanchez is all dressed up with no place to go. The day he was to be sworn in by President Nixon was the same day that the President vetoed the OEO appropriation bill. The swearing-in ceremony was canceled.

Perhaps most crucial of all, OEO—at least in its programs for education—is about out of new thoughts. "Right now," says Jeffrey Schiller, director of experimental research, "we're kind of looking around for ideas."

In the past, OEO might have had too many ideas. Most were funneled through John Oliver Wilson, a former Yale economics professor, who joined OEO two years ago as director of Planning, Research, and Evaluation. Wilson left in December to set up planning for the family assistance program, should it pass Congress.

"When I arrived at OEO," Wilson says, "I felt strongly that the Office of Education accepted the existing educational framework. We had to move outside that framework. We had to think that nothing was sacrosanct. The old ideas for improving the schools—lower pupil-teacher ratios, higher quality teaching as measured in terms of experience and degrees, higher salaries, better libraries—all were making only marginal changes. So OEO had to get into institutional change, into high-visibility, high-risk operations. We let the Office of Education work with existing institutions. We wanted OEO to look at social issues and the framework of education. With performance contracting and vouchers we got rapidly into the area of institutional change. We tested the water, got new ideas into the arena, forced people to think of alternatives. We went after high visibility. Of course, we didn't want our visibility to be *that* high."

OEO is still mounting good programs but not ones that make waves.

Actually, the first performance contract was written by the Office of Education with the school district in Texarkana, Arkansas, as part of a program to prevent dropouts. OEO saw the promise of the idea and decided to sponsor a larger test to determine if it would work elsewhere.

In the 1970-71 school year, OEO spent $5.7-million to experiment with performance contracting among six private companies and eighteen school districts. It also financed contracts with teachers associations in Mesa, Arizona, and Stockton, California, and their school boards. As opposed to the "outside firms," the teachers could not lose money if their pupils' performance in reading and mathematics did not improve. The teachers, however, would receive a 5 per cent bonus if pupils' performance did improve.

Education organizations were not terribly pleased with OEO's venture into performance contracting. Some teachers associations and unions viewed it as a move toward merit pay, which they did not want; others complained about insufficient controls over the paraprofessionals and the new materials the companies brought into the classrooms. Many were worried that the contractors were "teaching to the test" or bribing students with small rewards in order to guarantee their performance and the companies' profits.

OEO financed the contracts for only the first year. This year, in line with its new orientation as a research operation, it is studying the results. The Rand Corporation, under a $300,000 contract from HEW, did study some of the districts involved in OEO's performance contracts. Rand gave performance contracting "high marks as an educational change agent but low marks for mean gains on standardized tests." Most pupils, apparently, did not learn much more under performance contracting than they did under the traditional system. For their part, many contractors also were disappointed with the initial results; they did not make as much money as they had expected and they promised to be much tougher in negotiating any new contracts.

If the education establishment was cool to performance contracting, it was downright hostile to vouchers. And while performance contracting at least has been tested in real schools, vouchers are barely off the drawing boards. The basic voucher idea was designed for OEO by Christopher Jencks, director of the Center for the Study of Public Policy in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The system would let parents use a "voucher," representing the amount of money spent per pupil the previous year in their local school district, to attend any school, public or private, participating in the voucher experi-

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ment. The school, in turn, would cash in the voucher with the local voucher agency for payment.

Jencks's idea is that the vouchers would expand educational opportunities by giving students and their parents a wide range of schools to choose from, thus allowing a student to overcome the racial boundaries of the neighborhood school. By making the schools responsive to the pupils' needs, the vouchers would drive out the bad schools, since no one would go to them, while retaining the good ones. They would, finally, make the schools accountable for results.

Many school officials did not share Jencks's—and OEO's—enthusiasm. The National Education Association (NEA), the largest organization representing teachers and administrators, passed a resolution saying vouchers "could lead to racial, economic, and social isolation of children and weaken or destroy the public school system." Some educators saw vouchers as a ploy to give tax support to nonpublic schools, while others predicted that competition would only widen the gap between the strong and poor schools, instead of closing it. Initially, civil rights groups also were against vouchers. They remembered the vouchers used by white segregationists in the South to get around the Supreme Court's 1954 *Brown vs. Board of Education* decision, and they didn't want that to happen again.

Despite the opposition, many school systems were interested in vouchers. OEO made planning grants to school boards in Seattle, San Francisco, and Alum Rock, California, a suburb of San Jose. But then it hit a crucial snag. Since vouchers involve giving school-tax dollars to private and/or church schools, the plan must be approved by state legislators. In California, enabling legislation to permit a voucher experiment passed the state Assembly, but then was defeated, by one vote, in the Senate finance committee. The bill will be reintroduced this winter, but even if it passes, it will be too late for a trial this fall. California law says that no bill can take effect until sixty days after the legislative session is over, and that usually is not until the summer. Seattle officials, meanwhile, are waiting to see what happens in California.

In dealing with opposition to performance contracting and vouchers, OEO seems almost to have gone out of its way to make enemies. Rumsfeld, for example, in a speech to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, launched a counterattack. "Let there be no doubt about it," he said, "a major effort has been mounted by a handful of self-appointed education spokesmen to halt any inquiry into the possibility of education reform." Warming up, he added that "the critics fear experimentation because it may call into question their dogmas and orthodoxies." A year later, Sanchez also publicly attacked the "educational monopolies" that wage "frantic campaigns replete with wild rhetoric to stave off vouchers and performance contracts."

Such rhetoric hardly cleared the air. Says David Selden, president of the American Federation of Teachers: "I don't mind the people at OEO—they change so often—but I do mind the policies. This voucher thing, for example, is a public boondoggle that serves only political purposes. As a poverty-fighting agency, I think OEO's efforts in education have been disgraceful. Basically, however, I don't think that good ideas, creativity, and innovation are enough. If you are really serious about poverty, you've got to find a way to share the wealth. And that's not something that a hangnail operation like OEO can do." Stanley McFarland, director of federal relations for the NEA, says he basically supported OEO until it proposed vouchers. "They got into an area that had philosophical and practical difficulties," he says. "They could have gotten into vouchers without the complication of getting into nonpublic schools."

Ultimately, OEO is succumbing more to self-induced problems than to any outside criticism. "Our most fundamental problem," says Thomas K. Glennan, Jr., acting director of Planning, Research, and Evaluation, "is that we picked off some pretty glamorous projects. OEO took a position of advocacy, of institutional change. But when all is said and done, what we need is a lot of hard research. We still don't understand how children learn, or how to provide accountability in school systems. So now we need to set some quotas, find a lower profile, find things without the sex appeal of vouchers or performance contracting, and try to pay attention to just a few areas."

There seems to be little question that OEO did try to do too many things. For a while it had so many grants scattered over the social reform landscape that it lost track of some of them. It did not have enough staff to monitor the grants and it did not have enough staff to keep them working. For years Congressional committees would call OEO officials up to Capitol Hill to ask questions about a program only to find that the officials knew nothing about it. Now OEO, for fiscal and management reasons, is turning to a smaller number of programs; officials hope that the agency can concentrate on them and provide more impact than in the past.

Still, new programs with impact aren't just lying around. "It's increasingly difficult for OEO to buy involvement in education," says Joseph Howell, director of OEO's Human Resources Development Division. "Every time a program is conceived, there's a battle about why some other organization—Congress, HEW, OMB—shouldn't do it. We have no monopoly on programs. It's getting much more difficult to find unique ideas that are out there on the cutting edge."

At least a few people believe that the OEO has become a bit rusty and dull. One OEO program analyst says he was at a conference a few months ago with many black leaders in government, education, and politics. "They asked what OEO had in mind next," he said, "and I replied something like we were still on the cutting edge and they said bullshit. They were right. We used to be on the cutting edge at one time, but not any more."

Regardless of its position, OEO has accomplished one of its major objectives in education. It has opened debate, it has presented alternatives that had not been thought of, or had been ignored, before. "OEO," says Christopher Jencks, "is doing things that, for legislative or political reasons, were not being done elsewhere. Clearly federal support for experiments such as vouchers would not come from any other agency. But the budget for experimentation is inadequate. If you have only eighty million, say, for R and D and you spread it so you budget five million dollars for vouchers, the way things turn out in appropriations, you'll have one or two million dollars by the time you get going, and you can't do anything on a scale large enough to tell you whether it works or not."

What happens next? Relaxing in his office, with his feet propped on a coffee table, Sanchez takes a pragmatic view. "The bundle of gringo dollars that we get from Congress," he says, "keeps diminishing. We need new ideas—that don't cost much. To get some ideas, I asked the program-development people here to give me answers to five fundamental questions:

"1. What changes in the American systems—and that's plural—of education will make them more palatable for poor people?

"2. How can we get more poor people served by educators—not schools, but educators, since not all educators are in schools?

"3. How can we bring the education processes that are now reserved for middle-class Americans within reach of poor people?

"4. How can we get the nation to consider basic education a right and not a privilege?

"5. Finally, what financing systems are necessary to bring these things about? That, of course, is outside the province of OEO."

Actually, the four others are outside the province of OEO too, aside from

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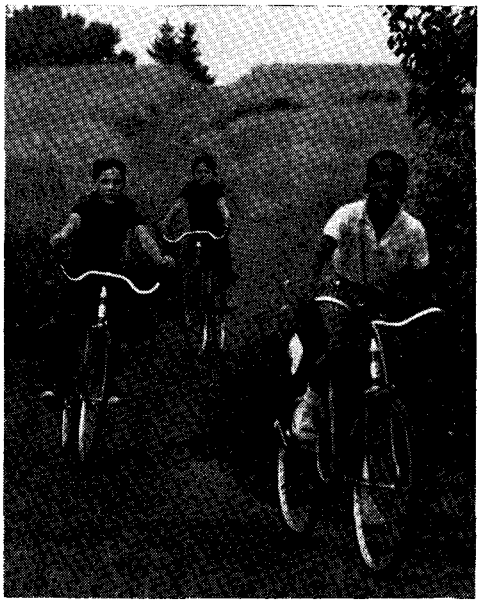
small research projects. Sanchez says that if the President and the OMB want research, "we'll seek it out and give it to anybody who will listen." Handing research papers to OMB, however, is like dropping them down a well. And Sanchez, less than six months on the job, admits that he has more problems with the White House and Congress than he expected, but he adds, "Some people are singing a funeral dirge around here, shedding crocodile tears about the fate of OEO. That's not appropriate, at least not yet."

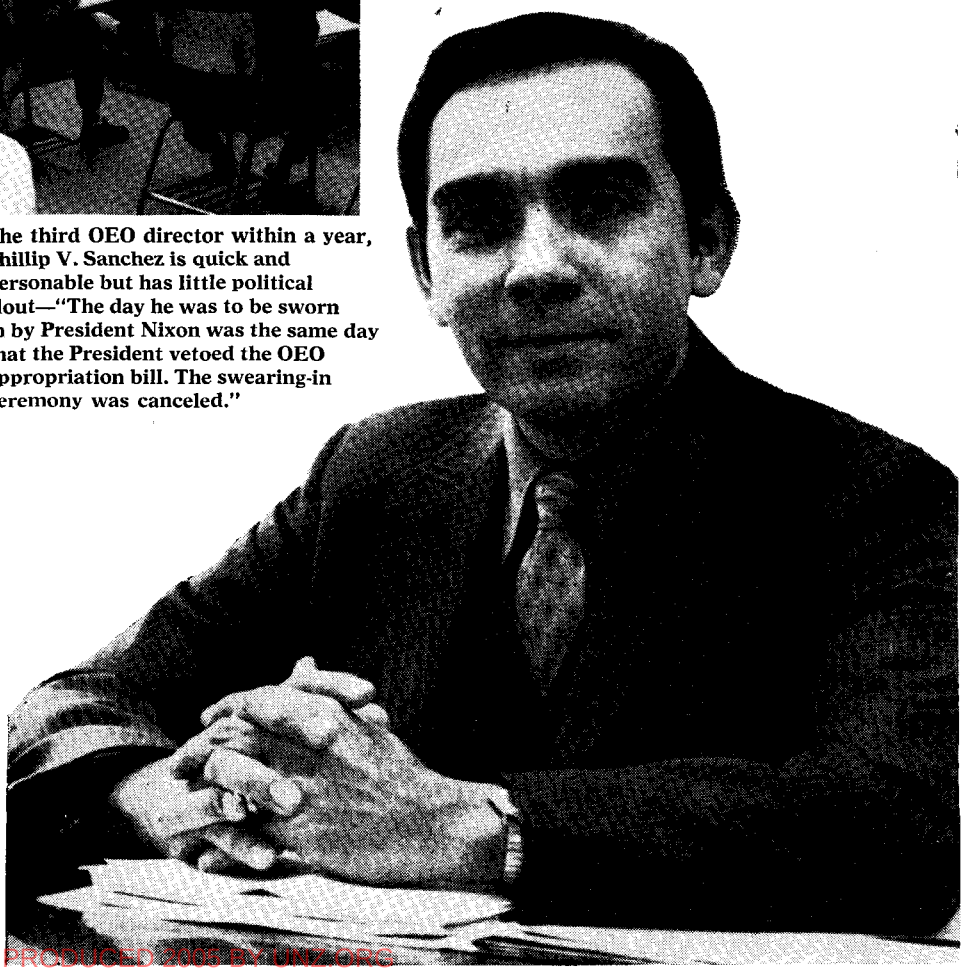
At the end of the year, OEO issued a list of its "accomplishments" in 1971, including ten items in education. They ranged from completion of the one-year performance contracting experiments and the voucher studies to six New Gate projects for prison inmates, to provide higher education and to lower recidivism rates. OEO still funds things that other agencies do not. It helped start the Navajo Community College, the first Indian-controlled college, in the midst of the Navajo reservation. In the best Upward Bound tradition, it has started an experiment with forty-five fifth-graders from poor families near Hampshire College in Massachusetts. If the fifth-graders perform well academically, the OEO will guarantee them a college education. The pupils attend a special six-week summer course at Hampshire, plus Wednesday afternoon and Saturday courses there during the school year.

OEO, in short, still is mounting good, solid, badly needed programs. But the programs are not likely to make political waves in an election year, or to change institutions, or to end poverty in the next four years. Meanwhile, other agencies are nibbling at OEO's edges. The new Experimental Schools program in the Office of Education, which has the administration's support, has funded experiments in six school districts throughout the country to see if they can be turned around.

For its part, OEO is no longer pulling rabbits out of hats. It is consolidating, regrouping, trying to survive. It has no new big plans in education waiting to be launched. "This year," says Joe Howell, "education is not considered a top priority at OEO." □



Among its 1971 accomplishments, OEO lists the Hampshire College program in Massachusetts and the New Gate projects for prisoners. Local fifth-graders (right), guaranteed a college education by OEO if they are successful academically, cycle to a special summer course at Hampshire. Inmates of St. Cloud's Reformatory in Minnesota (below) start college study in prison.



The third OEO director within a year, Phillip V. Sanchez is quick and personable but has little political clout—"The day he was to be sworn in by President Nixon was the same day that the President vetoed the OEO appropriation bill. The swearing-in ceremony was canceled."

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

PHILADELPHIA

POLITICS INVADES THE SCHOOLS

BY PETER BINZEN

On a mild day last December, classes in a Wilmington, Delaware, elementary school were temporarily disrupted by an unlikely invasion. Into the school strolled Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York, Mayor Kevin White of Boston, Mayor Moon Landrieu of New Orleans, Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco, and the mayors of five other cities—plus U.S. Education Commissioner Sidney P. Marland, Jr.

For an hour or so the mayors, members of the U.S. Conference of Mayors' legislative action committee, chatted with administrators, teachers, and students. One mayor entertained first-graders with magic tricks. Another demonstrated the handwriting method he had learned in parochial school fifty-five years before. Others sought Marland's views on federal education aid prospects. Then they were off to two more schools. Later the mayors held a press conference and released a statement pointing to the desperate plight of public schools in large cities everywhere across the country.

Although their quickie road show in Wilmington may not have added much to the mayors' knowledge of city school problems, it was not without significance. Until recently, schools have been more or less off limits to big-city mayors. Reformers long ago convinced state legislatures that schools in the largest urban areas should be insulated from politicians. As a result, in city after city the operations of the school system and the municipal government are quite separate. The city council may appropriate funds for schools or set school taxes, but municipal services and educational services are generally viewed as distinctly separate entities. And while City Hall is the natural habitat of cigar-smoking old pols, almost the last place one would expect to find sizable numbers of them is in the school administration building.

Now, because of economic necessity, the picture may be changing. As city governments and school systems approach insolvency and as social problems mount both in the schools and out, the traditional separation doesn't appear to make as much sense as it once did. Some mayors may be more reluctant than others, but all heads of big cities will probably be forced to mix in school matters more than ever before simply to survive. For better or worse, the partial politicizing of public schools in some big cities may be unavoidable. Indeed, this process has already reached an advanced stage in Philadelphia, where Democrat Frank L. Rizzo, the former police commissioner, won last fall's mayoralty race largely on a pledge to throw out Superintendent of Schools Mark R. Shedd, a pledge that he honored soon after his election. The Rizzo-Shedd collision had all the elements of a classic confrontation: tough cop vs. liberal educator, populist vs. elitist, law and order vs. permissiveness, forces of reaction vs. forces of reform.

These were the issues that got the headlines, and understandably so. Perhaps even more important than the widely publicized clash of personalities and philosophies, however, is what in the long run may be a unifying effect: A big-city mayor has projected himself directly into school governance. He

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therefore must take some responsibility for the quality of education in his city. If this proves to be a trend, it will be an enormously significant one.

While the Shedd-Rizzo brouhaha dates from 1967, the story of school politicizing in Philadelphia really began two years earlier when a new educational home rule charter took effect. A coalition of elite downtown civic groups, opposed to the way Philadelphia's schools had been run, lobbied successfully for the charter in 1965. On paper, at least, the old way was about as nonpolitical as one could imagine. School board members were appointed by the city's judges, who welcomed nominations from one and all and then agreed on choices among themselves. Once appointed, a board member could generally serve as long as he or she wished. One woman sat on the board for more than twenty-five years, and the average age of the fifteen board members at one point in the past exceeded sixty-five.

The reform groups opposed judicial appointments of school board members for two reasons. With more than twenty judges making the choices, it was impossible to pinpoint responsibility for bad appointments, of which there were a good many. More important, although the process appeared to be removed from partisan politics, the reformers suspected—quite rightly—that the judges actually took their cues in secret from Democratic and Republican party leaders. Thus the politicians had the best of both worlds. They controlled the process without being held accountable for its success or failure. And the people appointed were generally standpatters whose chief interest was keeping school taxes down.

Under the new charter, school board appointments were taken away from the judges and made the responsibility of the Mayor. Some of those pushing for the change wanted to go all the way and permit the Mayor to name whomever he liked. Instead a compromise was reached. The Mayor was forced to make his selections from a list nominated by a blue-ribbon screening panel. The panel had to give the Mayor a maximum of six names for each opening. Similar panel-mayor setups were already used to pick board members in New York and Chicago. The process took the appointments part way into the political arena. But it was still impossible to fix total responsibility on the Mayor, because he was, after all, limited in the people he could name.

Also the 1965 charter reduced Philadelphia's unwieldy fifteen-member educational "House of Lords" to nine school board members who were limited to two six-year terms. Mayor James Tate's key appointment to the first board set up under the new procedures was that of his predecessor in the mayor's office, Richardson Dilworth. During his six years as the city's Mayor (1956-62), Dilworth, a reform Democrat, had kept his hands completely off the schools. That's what good mayors were supposed to do in those days—any involvement would have been construed as meddling. But as school board president, Dilworth was in a perfect position to move the system. The staid, inbred Philadelphia school bureaucracy—someone once likened it to an "arthritic turtle"—had never seen anything like him. He had close ties with the business and financial communities. He had a political power base. Yet he was also a supercharged scrapper who loved to trade insults with his foes and confessed to having been born with "a silver foot in my mouth." Dilworth had—still has—guts, intelligence, and political moxie. Tate, a fellow Democrat, consulted with him on the eight other appointments to the new board. The result was the selection of a "Dilworth board," one that would annually name him its head and generally support him. Truth to tell, the city's upper-middle-class whites were overrepresented; four of the nine seats went to them. The working-class whites were underrepresented on both the nominating panel and the board, where they could claim only one kindred spirit, a labor leader named William Ross. Nothing much was said about this imbalance at the time, but seeds of discontent were sown in Philadelphia, which is a working-class city. Blacks also lost out, getting only two board seats, though more than 60 per cent of the city's pupils are black and of the city's overall population about one-third is black.

One of Dilworth's first priorities after taking office in December 1965 was the selection of a new superintendent to lead the hoped-for educational renaissance. He took the advice of Theodore R. Sizer, dean of education at Harvard, and hired Harvard-trained Shedd, forty-year-old superintendent of schools in Englewood, New Jersey. Shedd arrived early in 1967 on a part-time basis and took over that fall. Thus began the remarkably yeasty Shedd-Dilworth years at Philadelphia's impressive school administration building at 21st Street.

Cigar-smoking old pols in the school administration building may become the wave of the future.

Dilworth was twenty-eight years older than Shedd, and in certain respects the two could hardly have been more different. Where Dilworth was often explosively hot-tempered, Shedd always kept his cool. Dilworth spoke his mind on every conceivable issue; Shedd was more careful to be sure of his ground when picking fights or accepting challenges. Dilworth's finest moments came in off-the-cuff comments; Shedd was not effective in that kind of rough-and-tumble, but his carefully prepared speeches were often superb. Despite their differences in temperament and style, however, Dilworth and Shedd were alike in believing that Philadelphia's school system needed a good shaking. And they proceeded to shake it.

On the theory that education was too important to be left to the educators, they gave key jobs to promising outsiders with liberal arts rather than teacher-education backgrounds. Richard H. deLone, a twenty-seven-year-old newspaper reporter with a bachelor's degree (magna cum laude) from Harvard, became Shedd's speech writer, confidant, and number-one assistant. (Because of his brashness and his threats to fire people, deLone also became the most hated and feared man in the new administration.) Graham S. Finney, a city planner, took the job of planning a massive school building program. Richard G. Gilmore, a Penn Fruit Co. financial analyst, became Shedd's budget director. A Price Waterhouse & Co. executive directed school financial planning. Business and budgetary procedures were modernized.

Meanwhile, the school board doubled spending for books and supplies. It set about establishing kindergartens and libraries in every elementary school, wiped out the teacher shortage by putting teachers' salaries in the top rank nationally, and launched a massive building program. All this took vast amounts of money. And in raising funds, no superintendent ever had stronger support from a stronger board president than Shedd received from Dilworth. The school system soon started running big deficits. Conservative Philadelphia bankers began loaning Philadelphia schools tens of millions of dollars to permit them to keep running. They did this largely because they trusted Dick Dilworth.

Dilworth and Shedd also proved astonishingly adept at prying funds from Harrisburg and Washington. In the first year of its existence the reform board picked up $66-million in new money through tax increases and additional state and federal aid. In succeeding years it maintained this fast pace. With funds flowing in, the re-

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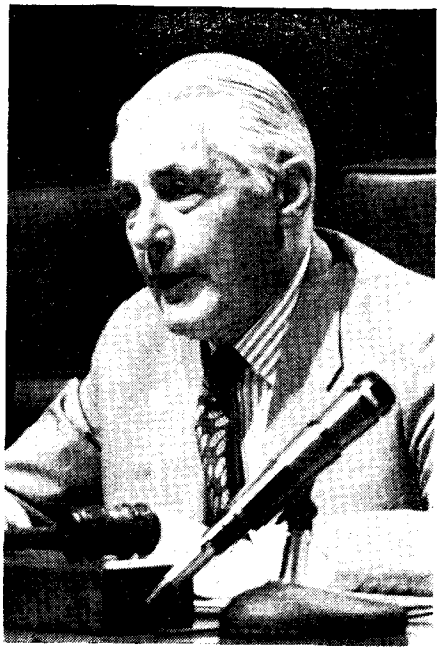

Richardson Dilworth, president of Philadelphia's school board during the heady years of reform, had his finest moments lashing out at critics.

Running on a platform that included the promise to oust Superintendent of Schools Mark Shedd (below), Frank Rizzo (left) won the Philadelphia mayoralty election in November and proceeded to honor his pledge. The Rizzo-Shedd collision, dating back to 1967, had all the elements of a classic confrontation: tough-talking cop vs. progressive educator, urban populist vs. New England elitist, law and order vs. permissiveness. Given this choice of styles, Philadelphians enthusiastically endorsed Rizzo.

formers took several steps to open up the system. They administered nationally standardized tests of basic skills in every school in the city and then published school-by-school results. For the first time Philadelphia parents and taxpayers could see exactly where the system and individual schools stood in relation to national norms in reading and arithmetic. The results were not pretty. Nobody expected them to be. But the new board and administration considered it important to lay the facts on the table—something the old board had stubbornly refused to do.

To open lines of communication with the public, the reformers put their board meetings on the road. Formerly meetings were scheduled on midweek afternoons at central headquarters, often with fewer than six citizens in attendance. All major decisions were made in secret. Public disagreements among board members were virtually unheard of. Under the new setup, meetings were held at night in schools around the city. The sessions were carried live in their entirety by the public television station, which received a school board subsidy. School board meetings often proved to be the best evening TV in town. Time and again, Dilworth, his white hair neatly parted but his eyes flashing and his voice rising in anger, would lash at his critics. And they would take after him with equal ferocity. The TV cameras recorded some dramatic roll-call votes upholding—and occasionally defeating—important Shedd programs. One night the home screen showed a strikingly beautiful black high school girl as she stood before the board and denounced its members in language that the newspapers refused to print the next day. One imagines that TV sets clicked off simultaneously all over Philadelphia that night.

Shedd encouraged teachers and administrators to take risks and "rock the boat." He sought to lead the way. He supported a "bill of rights" giving students a voice in school governance. He set up weekend retreats at which students were encouraged to tell principals just what they thought of them. Sometimes the talk became abusive, but the principals got the message. With not much success Shedd sought to give principals greater autonomy. He launched a variety of curricular innovations, the best known being the Parkway "school without walls" program, which held classes in art galleries, museums, newspaper offices, and factories. (Although the Parkway project is associated with Shedd, the original concept came from a Dilworth aide, Clifford Brenner.)

In so many ways, the Shedd administration seemed to be moving ahead. A federally funded report in 1967 found

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Philadelphia's schools undergoing "the most dramatic reform in urban education since World War II." A Philadelphia citizen group, reporting on the achievements that year, said that "probably no large school system has ever moved so far, so fast, and in so many ways as has Philadelphia's during the past twelve months."

Yet there was a missing ingredient. The chairmen of three task forces working with the schools noted that, despite all the improvements, "there is little evidence, vocal or otherwise, of a stirring of excitement or strong support from the majority of citizens." They added: "This kind of support must be mobilized and made emphatic. The crucial problem of increasing the responsiveness of individual parents and community groups must be solved if progress is to continue."

Shedd and Dilworth never really solved this problem. Despite notable gains, they were unable to win solid backing from the blue-collar citizenry. The fact was that some of Shedd's innovations worked less well than others, and some didn't work at all. His standoffish style did not endear him to nervous, insecure insiders. Nor were these employees pleased when a Shedd assistant wrote a paper—belatedly retracted by the superintendent—blaming Philadelphia's school troubles, in part, on the fact that so many of its administrators were second- and third-generation European immigrants.

Shedd's attitudes toward students stirred bitter resentment among many parents, especially working-class whites. In his view the best way to attack mounting student absenteeism and truancy was to give kids, black and white, a piece of the action rather than to try to crack down on them with stiff disciplinary measures. "We cannot meet discontent with dogmatism," Shedd told 10,000 teachers and administrators in Philadelphia's Convention Hall shortly after assuming the superintendency in September 1967. "What we should not do is tell these alienated youngsters to cut their hair."

Two months later, on November 17, 1967, some of the alienated black youngsters of whom Shedd had spoken staged a demonstration demanding black studies courses and the right to wear African clothing and natural haircuts. Shedd's willingness to go at least halfway with the students had already led to charges of mollycoddling. When the demonstration at school board headquarters showed signs of getting out of hand, Police Commissioner Rizzo, who had been sworn in only four months earlier, sent in reinforcements. Clubs swinging, the cops routed the kids in what critics later termed "a police riot." Many innocent bystanders were hurt by fleeing demonstrators. A subsequent court suit seeking Rizzo's ouster was defeated. And after November 17, the Rizzo-Shedd feud never subsided.

Nor did the companion Rizzo-Dilworth feud cool off. Over national television (*CBS Reports*) in December, after the election and after he had left the school board, Dilworth accused Rizzo, as police commissioner, of collecting dossiers on thousands of citizens, including Philadelphia school board members. Dilworth said that Rizzo once boasted of keeping files on individuals as complete as those of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. According to Dilworth, Rizzo had warned school board members at a meeting after the November 17 disorders that he had information that could "run you out of the city." Shedd backed up Dilworth's allegation, but Rizzo hotly denied it.

Rizzo, a policeman's son, who grew up in South Philadelphia's Little Italy, had dropped out of public high school in eleventh grade following his mother's death. He joined the force at twenty-two and in twenty-four years made it to the top of the 7,000-man department. Everyone agreed Rizzo was a tough, hardworking cop who was inclined to swing first and ask questions later. It was said that his men would walk over nails to support him.

Rizzo's adult experience in the city's public schools, before he ran for mayor, had been limited to his command of police sent into schools to quell occasional racial disorders. Since he visited only troubled schools, his impression was one of a system in ferment. In campaign speeches he spoke of entire schools taken over by unruly students and of teachers terrorized and assaulted by juvenile thugs. Actually, during Shedd's tenure, Philadelphia lost fewer school days because of pupil disruptions than did some smaller suburban districts. Teacher assaults, which had risen sharply in the years immediately preceding Shedd's arrival, leveled off. Still, there were troubles aplenty. When the former police chief accused the superintendent of "permissiveness," parents all over the city agreed with him. When Rizzo called for stricter discipline and more emphasis on the 3Rs, he won votes.

In a sense, Shedd and Dilworth, too, were victimized by their own candor. It would have been easier to run a closed system as the old board had done—a system in which great issues were decided in secret, where tests were homemade and scores not released. In opening up the system for inspection, Shedd and Dilworth invited citizens to take a look at all the problems that had been swept under the rug for so long. Somehow, Rizzo then succeeded in blaming the new housecleaners for the mess that they had inherited.

There was a curious kind of doublethink. While Rizzo was able to blame the superintendent for the school system's mounting problems, he managed to avoid taking responsibility himself for the city's increasing crime rate. People blamed Shedd for low test scores, but they didn't blame Rizzo for a rise in rapes. (Actually Philadelphia's crime rate, though climbing, was still lower than that of any other major city.) Rizzo was assisted in part by a friendly press. His long hours on the job, his gutsy talk and quotable quotes, his hot temper, and his bravado made him widely popular. And he was always available to favored reporters. (Not all reporters enjoyed Rizzo's confidence and his camaraderie. After prize-winning reporter Claude Lewis, in a 1968 *Philadelphia Bulletin* series on drug addiction, wrote that Commissioner Rizzo was slow to recognize the seriousness of the narcotics problem, three doctors told him Rizzo had warned them that Lewis was an unreliable reporter and was, in fact, a user of drugs himself. Actually, Lewis, now a newspaper columnist, has never used drugs and is a nonsmoker.)

"For better or worse, the politicizing of public schools in some big cities may be unavoidable."

It was largely a matter of style. Rizzo's earthy style is that of an urban populist, a man of the (white) people. Philadelphia's huge ethnic population believed what he said and trusted him. Shedd, a New Englander, lacked the warmth and, ultimately, the credibility of Rizzo. Blacks believed in Shedd, but they didn't really rally to his support. Certainly the teachers and principals didn't support him. And the students, sad to relate, seemed almost as apathetic after four years of the Shedd-Dilworth administration as they had been in the bad old days.

Shedd and the schools thus became a key issue in Rizzo's mayoral race against Republican Thacher Longstreth. Longstreth took a neutral position on Shedd; he neither hotly defended the superintendent nor denounced him. He argued that urban school problems were simply too monstrous and pervasive to be blamed on one man—which they certainly are. But even Shedd agreed that Rizzo won

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votes by promising to fire him "eight seconds" after the election.

Rizzo won by 58,000 votes on November 2 to become Philadelphia's first Italian-American and second Roman Catholic mayor. Nine days later, outgoing Mayor Tate, after consulting with Rizzo, named three new school board members. One was an outspoken Shedd critic who worked in the school personnel department. A second was a housewife who had worked in Rizzo's campaign. The third was a black social worker whose educational views were unknown. One of those dropped from the board was its longtime vice president, a black minister named Henry Nichols, whom the retiring Dilworth had wanted to succeed him and who had previously supported Shedd in a crucial vote of confidence.

The new board thus became "Rizzo's board." Its president, labor leader William Ross, seventy-two, agreed to a caretaker term at Rizzo's bidding. On December 9, Rizzo's board voted to buy up for $58,500 Shedd's $45,000-a-year contract, which was to run until August 1973. As Shedd left, there was no bitterness. Ross said merely that he thought Shedd was more suited to run a progressive private school, such as Germantown Friends School or the Episcopal Academy. The new superintendent, a veteran and highly regarded insider named Matthew Costanzo, apparently does not intend to turn back the clock. After Costanzo's first press conference, a local columnist wrote: "Costanzo? That's funny. He sounded just like Mark Shedd."

There is a difference though. Like it or not, the new board and school administration have been politicized. Since Mayor Rizzo played such a role in picking the new school board, which in turn replaced the superintendent whom Rizzo promised to fire, the school system has now become a virtual appendage of the Mayor's office. To some extent, the Mayor can now be credited or blamed for school betterment or deterioration. And this, mind you, is what the reformers intended when they jettisoned the old method of judicial appointment of school board members seven years ago.

As never before, the responsibility for educational quality is now pinpointed in the Mayor's office. In 1966, Clifford Brenner wrote his boss, Dilworth: "I think you should propose the integration of all of the overhead administrative services of the school board into the framework of the city government, where possible. This would still leave the school district completely free to perform its primary and major function of educating the community's young people."

A start was made on this proposal. In the succeeding five years, $260,000 was saved through joint purchase by the city and the school district of supplies ranging from paper napkins to automobiles. Now much bolder steps are under study. City Controller Tom Gola, a Republican, has recommended that the city take over the operation of fifteen school district functions at an estimated saving of $16.7-million.

Gola would like to see school library services, health services, data processing services, and personnel department work all taken over by the city. He also favors elimination of the school district's security force and its replacement by the city's police department. After Gola's report was made public, Rizzo enthusiastically endorsed it.

Whether these recommendations are now to be acted upon remains to be seen. But Shedd himself believes that the centering of responsibility for school operations in the Mayor's office is a good thing. He thinks the process should be written into city statutes; it isn't, of course, at the present time, and Rizzo's politicizing of the schools was a violation of at least the spirit of the city charter.

Both Shedd and Dilworth believe that the school superintendent should be a member of the Mayor's cabinet. Shedd considers it inevitable that schools in Philadelphia and all other major cities will increasingly depend on the political clout of mayors to stave off disaster. In many cities, including Philadelphia, the present practice is for city councils to raise funds for both municipal and school services. Generally, though, municipal services get first priority; politically powerless school systems often get the leavings. That's why Shedd thinks schools should be integrated with City Hall. "You've got to be at the table when the pie is cut up," he said. "Otherwise, you don't get any of it."

Such a consolidation would represent, of course, the ultimate politicizing of city public schools. Philadelphia's schools face a $40-million deficit next year; the city deficit is estimated at $60-million. By 1976, their combined deficit is expected to exceed $500-million. They may be forced into each other's arms before then in a marriage not of convenience but of survival. □

The Shedd-Dilworth Revolution

Before the brief era of reform came to Philadelphia's schools in the late 1960s under the aegis of Mark R. Shedd and Richardson Dilworth, the city's school system was in disastrous shape. Elementary and junior high school achievement scores were substantially below national norms, the high school dropout rate was the highest of any of the nation's ten largest cities, about one-sixth of the teachers were permanent substitutes, and the city had a higher proportion of school-aged children in private and parochial schools than any other major city except Pittsburgh. Philadelphia ranked seventh in per-pupil expenditures among the country's largest school systems, and more than 70 per cent of the public school buildings were more than thirty years old. No fewer than sixty-three elementary schools had been built before 1907 and were classified as fire hazards.

To halt the inexorable deterioration of the system, the reformers doubled the school budget in the course of four years, initiated a $500-million building program, and thoroughly shook up the school bureaucracy. Shedd surrounded himself with talented young people from outside the system (the Ivy Mafia), encouraged the inner-city community to take an active interest in the schools, and introduced a new and varied collection of innovative educational programs.

The new programs included a number of experimental approaches to reading instruction: Learning Center projects, which were designed to develop models of more effective classroom organization; computer-assisted and individually prescribed instruction; a network of "magnet" schools, each specializing in one academic area, such as space science or social studies, and drawing students from the whole city.

The most widely publicized of the innovations was the Parkway project, a nongraded "school without walls," which sent its students to classes in some two dozen public and private institutions along the mile-and-a-half length of Benjamin Franklin Parkway. Prototype for a number of similar schools in other cities, the Parkway School put to instructional use such agencies as the Academy of Natural Sciences (biology), the Franklin Institute (chemistry, electronics, mathematics), the Art Museum and the Moore College of Art (art appreciation), as well as private business enterprises.

Not all of the Shedd-Dilworth innovations were successful, and some may never have an opportunity to prove themselves completely. Nonetheless, the Philadelphia schools will never be quite the same again.

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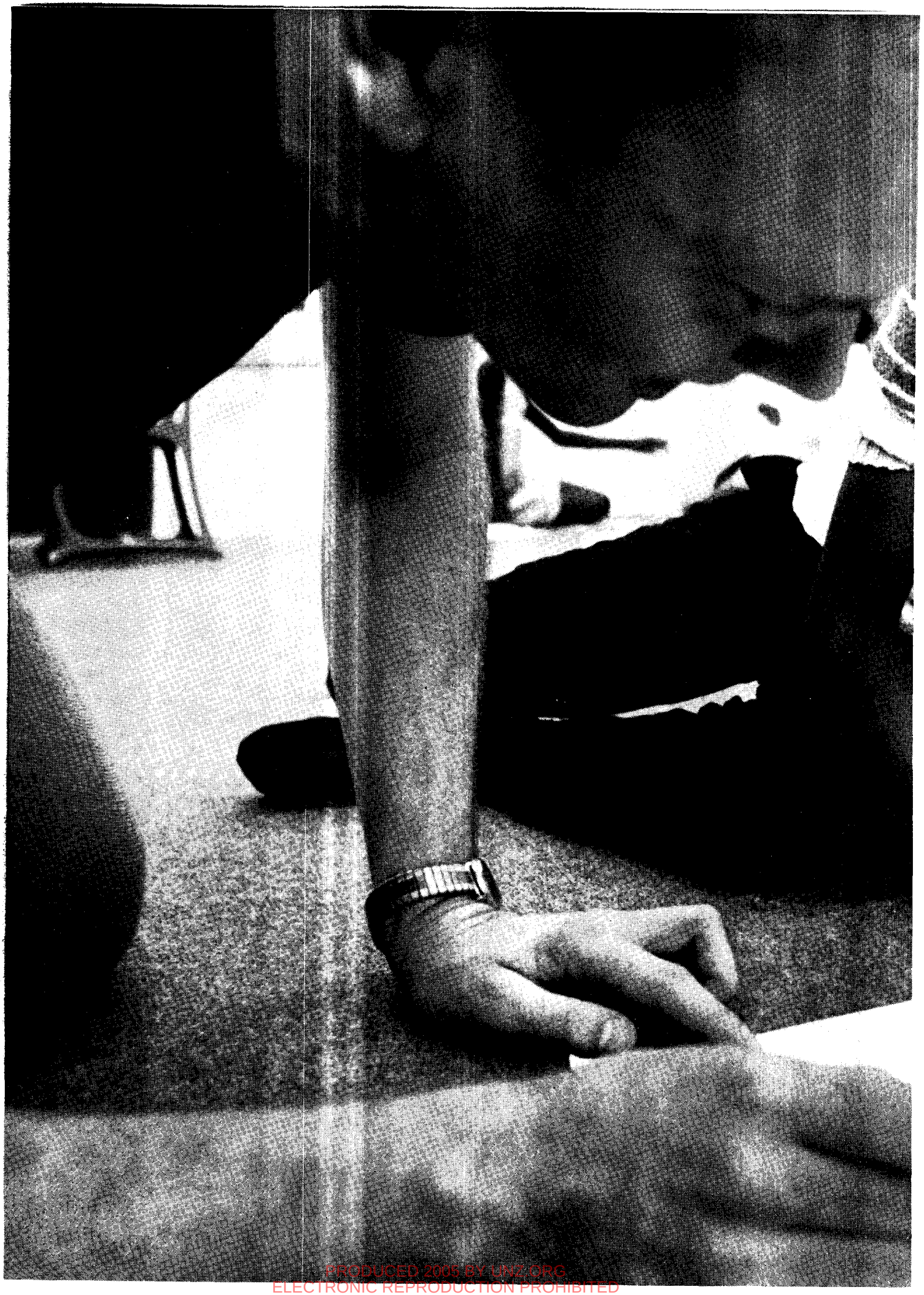

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

REFORM WITHOUT POLITICS IN LOUISVILLE

BY TERRY BORTON

On a hot summer afternoon last year, I sat with two small boys on a curb in Louisville, Kentucky, watching the demolition of the school district's administration building. A huge steel ball took out a wall at a time; the boys cheered as red tile and roofing timbers collapsed with a roar; a man with a fire hose tried in vain to hold down the dust. As a symbol of what had happened in the city's school system over the past two years, the demolition of the old administration building may be a little obvious. But, then, there was nothing particularly subtle about the extensive changes in Louisville's elementary and junior high schools.

Amid chaos and confusion, cheers and screams of outrage, one-fifth of the schools were restaffed, one-third received new principals, and the number of black administrators increased 35 per cent. Some 2,500 teachers, administrators, paraprofessionals, parents, and board members were involved in a continuing series of communications labs designed to help them understand how interpersonal relations affected their

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Superintendent Walker—"A demolition expert's attitude toward old structures."

work in the schools. The school system began a massive program of "humanistic education" that psychologist Carl Rogers, author of *Freedom to Learn*, calls "the boldest and most promising venture in education today."

At first the sheer size and rapidity of the changes made it difficult to determine what would emerge from the dust. But though no modernistic administration building symbolizes the new system, its nature is now discernible, involving changes in the structure of the system as well as in the people who run it. Its sweep is grand, its direction humanistic and visionary, its method gutsy.

Few in Louisville denied that their schools needed change. With 50,000 children (27,000 white, 23,000 black), 34 per cent of whom came from families with an annual income of $2,000 or less, the system had the second highest dropout rate in the nation. Seventy-one per cent of its students were achieving below the national averages. Yet there were factors in Louisville that allowed or encouraged changes impossible elsewhere: The schools were remarkably free from politics, teachers were not heavily unionized or militantly antiadministration, blacks and whites did not have each other up against the wall, and both Louisville papers, the *Courier-Journal* and the *Times*, were demanding that something be done. When the superintendent retired in the spring of 1969, the school board, with a unanimity and courage that it has managed to preserve ever since, went looking for a new administrator who would be prepared to "shake up the system" in all areas.

They chose Dr. Newman Walker, a man with a demolition expert's attitude toward old structures and an architect's vision of the new. Walker had received his doctorate from George Peabody College and as school superintendent in Paducah, Kentucky, had built a reputation for innovation. Persuaded that small projects tend to fade away, he sought and got board backing to make changes on a massive scale. His experience in Paducah had increasingly convinced him that insensitivity and unresponsiveness were the basic problems in schools. Walker therefore wanted to create schools where students could feel a positive sense of themselves and of their relations with others, where teachers were committed to what they were doing because it had meaning for them. Sessions at the center for professional sensitivity training run by the National Training Laboratories in Bethel gave Walker both personal insight and new skills. He began to believe that direct attention to teachers' feelings and attitudes could help them "interact intimately with each child as a total person." He envisaged an educational program that would not be "another blind blunder into the realms of permissive education but would be grounded in the belief that the only real discipline is self-discipline."

Newman Walker is a man with soft edges—a little pudgy, his voice gentle and reflective, his talk running to metaphors and speculations. He draws constantly on his pipe, nodding encouragement, saying, as word in the system has it, yes to everything. Indeed, Walker does not seem to say no very often. But when he talks about a staff member who has not measured up, his eyes look tough, if not hard, and it is clear that he makes demands consistent with his own high expectations. Even those in the system who disagree with him admire him for the "guts" it took to stand the abuse of his first two years in Louisville, for his skill in handling groups and conflict, for his honesty and fairness. Those who agree with him think he is one of the country's best superintendents.

Walker's right-hand man, and the one who says no when it has to be said, is Dr. Frank Yeager. A native of Louisville and a former Secret Service man once assigned to President Kennedy's staff, Yeager was brought to the school system as Walker's administrative assistant and then quickly moved up to his present position as chairman of operations. Big, burly, with cool, quick eyes and a no-nonsense, blood-and-guts reaction to crises, he seems the antithesis of his boss.

Some see the Walker-Yeager team as a two-headed monster, Walker saying yes, Yeager saying no. The two men themselves see their partnership as built on shared goals, close communication, and trust. Whether they are as different as they appear, or whether each mirrors something of the other's inner self, the working relationship between them is certainly extraordinary. Walker has delegated the system's day-to-day operation to Yeager. "The superintendent of a system undergoing change this rapid can't afford to get bogged down in yes-and-no details and crises," contends Walker. "He has to be out ahead, listening to what people are saying, diagnosing, finding the overall processes and personnel that will make the system function." And so, while Yeager minds the store, Walker is out traveling—to the point last year of abandoning his office for a radio-equipped car—attending countless community meetings, and holding four-hour "rap sessions" with the faculties of each of his seventy schools.

Walker and Yeager spent their first year in Louisville acquainting themselves with the system, preparing for the major changes that were to begin in September 1970, and building an administrative team that would support Walker's policies. All 275 central administrators and board members were urged to attend one of a series of five-day retreats that concentrated on getting people to know one another and introducing some principles of conflict management. These retreats effectively conveyed Walker's message. Some staff members retired or left. Those who stayed did some very serious soul-searching and rethinking.

By the spring of 1970, Walker and Yeager had corralled a dozen federal grants, in addition to such regularly appropriated funds as those granted under Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. Moving at a scale and pace that kept the opposition

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perpetually off-balance, they concentrated most of these funds on a single Focus-Impact project for fourteen inner-city schools.

The teachers staffing these project schools were put into a district pool, and the teaching positions in the schools were opened to anyone in the system. A grand shuffle ensued as teachers moved from one school to another; in some places, the entire staff was replaced. Walker and Yeager, realizing that their staff was their fundamental resource, paid all project teachers to attend a summer training program designed to prepare them for the changes ahead. The eight-week program, coordinated by Dr. Carr Foster, chairman of organizational development, consisted largely of sessions intended to help teachers understand their own behavior and how it affects those around them. Working in small "process groups," they learned specific skills to communicate the feelings that motivated their behavior and received "feedback" on how their actions impressed others. While some sessions dealt with curriculum changes and the building of teacher teams to work in individual schools, most operated on the assumption that if the teachers could be helped to treat each other and their students in a more open, honest fashion the schools would become both more humane and more productive.

It was, as almost everyone admits now, a faulty assumption, for the changes sought were too deep and complex to be accomplished in so short a time. Though some schools had less trouble than usual when they opened, there was mass confusion in many.

Parkland Junior High was one of the worst. Social studies teacher Dale Carrier explained that the summer's training had been good in itself and had made him more aware of how to be a human being but that "the impression we got was that we were free to do our own thing and that the kids should be free to do their own thing. When the kids heard that, they were off. We had to pull them off the walls."

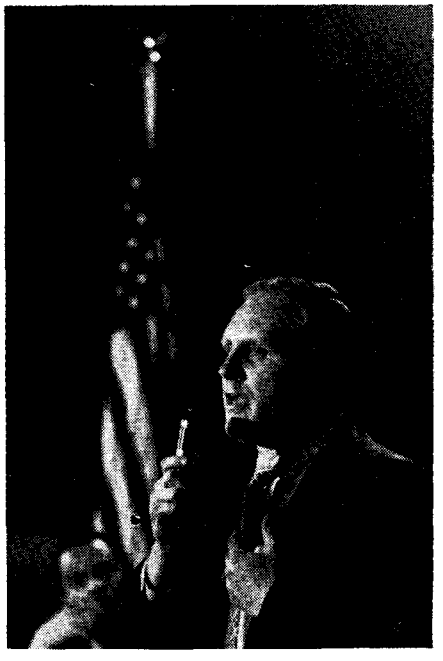
By the time I visited in March, Parkland had calmed down considerably, but it hardly looked like Walker's dream of a humanistic paradise. I saw teachers "whupping" kids with paddles; proctors patrolling the lunchroom with leather straps; kids calling one another "crazy stupid nigger" and covering the walls with obscene graffiti. But there were also kids who said, "The teachers are gooderer. They takes more time with you. Works with you and do favors for you." And some teachers were still hopeful. Carrier summed it up when he said: "I'm not happy, but I'm not too upset. It's better than before. We went through some hell back then, but the kids are dealing better with each other now than they ever did. You know, I keep hanging on to one thing—people laugh. It sounds silly, but I think it's important. This is the first year I've taught in this junior high when I didn't have kids sucking their thumbs in class."

Confusion reigned at the elementary level also, but the teachers found their way through it more quickly so that, by spring, discipline was a minor problem in many schools. At Jones Elementary School, located in the midst of a huge mustard-yellow housing project, I joined hundreds of kids crammed into the cafeteria watching a production of *Where the Wild Things Are* without overt supervision from teachers. At John Marshall Elementary School, an ancient building with a racially mixed student body, reading centers were set up along the whitewashed stones of the basement wall, and kids moved freely from one project to another. Teacher Corps interns, several dressed in flowered overalls and swirling capes, operated informally. Since their unconventional dress and life-style had produced a good deal of the initially adverse reaction to Walker's vision, I sought out some parents who were taking a coffee break in the teachers' room. One of them kept whacking her little boy with a ruler to keep him quiet. Another, a heavy-set, energetic woman, did the talking. "I read in *Life* about 'tivity training and all that stuff," she said. "I was agin it. But the principal, he invited me to come up to school and see. They wouldn't let a parent in the door here last year. And I seen kids sitting on the floor, and I thought they was 'tivity training them, but they wasn't. They was just reading. They sit on the floor at home, so why not at school? That ain't obscene."

Many parents, perhaps most, were not as willing to be convinced and certainly not as willing to become involved with the school as this mother, who soon found herself devoting several days a week to the library. In the early days of the project, a series of letters to the editor charged that the project involved "cabalistic ritual . . . self-incrimination, self-abnegation, personal confession, voodooism, and children's games" or followed a format "right out of the Peking and Moscow Communist manual for how to turn a genuine human being into an insensate machine." This criticism precipitated a powerful conservative challenge at the school board election in November. The incumbents' position was made even more difficult because they had to propose a tax increase in the middle of the campaign. Nevertheless, the voters stoutly backed Walker, and somehow—no one is quite sure how—the incumbents won decisively.

The attacks on " 'tivity training" declined after the election and with the publication of the first research results on the project. By the end of the year, these studies were indicating that academic achievement was staying at about the same level but that the downward slide of previous years had been halted. Attendance remained the same, but vandalism in project schools was down 11 per cent compared to a 16 per cent increase in nonproject schools. Suspensions were down 70 per cent in project schools but up 45 per cent in other schools; dropouts in project junior highs declined 39 per cent compared to a 4 per cent decline in other junior highs.

The figures seemed to show considerable progress in such areas as vandalism and the dropout rate, which presumably related to the student attitudes Walker was attempting to change. But there appeared to be little progress in academic achievement. The general consensus was that while important improvements had been made in many of the project elementary schools, the decision to tackle the junior highs the first year had been a close to disastrous mistake. Everyone, particularly the teachers, agreed that the summer training program had been exciting and helpful, but too much "T-group in the sky." They felt that they had been "pointed down the primrose path by planners who didn't have to walk on the thorns." At the same time community people, particularly blacks, were upset about plans to hold new training sessions during the coming summer; they feared that the program would result in teachers' "experimenting with our kids again." In March, the Urban League organized a citywide Community Workshop as a way for people to express their concerns. The



Frank Yeager—a no-nonsense attitude.

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workshop was held in the grand ballroom of the Brown Hotel, which the board had bought to replace their demolished administration building. I sat with Walker and a small group of his colleagues at one of the twenty workshop tables, and as we talked we both were conscious of the criticism and the abuse his programs were receiving at the surrounding tables. Suffering from a bout of flu, quiet, hurt, and proud, Walker reminded me of Muhammad Ali after the Frazier fight. "We expected people to come out from under the rocks and be creative, but we're beginning to see we can't force people to be free. We're at the point now of saying, 'Go ahead, build your own school system.' But they don't."

All around us, however, they were. There had been so much hostility earlier, and there was so much nasty rhetoric still in the air, that no one realized the excitement that had been building as people realized they could make a genuine difference in what happened in their schools. By the time the final reports were made—on powerlessness, irrelevant curriculum, student violence—it was clear that this group, like many similar groups in Louisville, was getting a grip on itself as well as on the city's schools.

Meanwhile, Walker also began to change his thinking. He gradually came to recognize, for example, that system demolition and management were not enough. By the fall of 1971, the vision of Newman Walker yielded to the vision of Louisville.

"At the beginning," Walker reflected wryly, "I had assumed that with the right kind of training people could implement an educational philosophy of humanism and freedom. What I didn't see was that the way we went about that training only made the teachers and kids and parents feel less human and less free. We had the right content, but the process was contradictory. Humanism became a technology that people applied because we told them to, not because it was their philosophy or way of life. From now on, we won't be rejecting the personal growth emphasis of the T-groups, but we'll be trying to give people more power over what happens to them. We think people will work on what they own, on what's theirs. They may not come up with what we want them to, but that's okay, as long as they're aware of what they're doing and its consequences. We're going now for a system of educational alternatives so that people have a choice. That seems an obvious stance for a system in transition, but it wasn't obvious in the beginning."

Walker's evolving philosophy was exemplified in the increased attention paid to starting neighborhood school boards composed of teachers, parents, and administrators, and empowered, as far as was legally possible, with responsibility for running their schools. Five workshops, requested by local communities as a result of the Ballroom Workshop, were led by Joel Henning, one of Walker's assistants, who took on responsibility for "community development." Henning, a brilliant young social psychologist, moved beyond simply sharing information in official exchanges to establishing informal, creative methods of problem solving. Soon the schools were holding neighborhood board elections, and the boards began to take action.

Some of them, of course, immediately moved to cut out much that Walker had worked for, but he was philosophical, partly because, perhaps, he had built into the neighborhood board structure two programs to help keep the boards from retreating into reactionary isolation. First, the huge training workshops had greatly increased the sophistication of both teachers and parents so that different viewpoints were sought and heard and irrelevant verbiage was kept to a minimum. Second, Walker's chairman of research, Dr. Larry Barber, had developed a system whereby neighborhood boards would describe their educational goals in terms of specific behaviors (achievement, vandalism, dropouts, etc.). Barber's department would then provide boards with monthly data that would indicate how well their policies were affecting these behaviors, and how the results compared with those in other schools. Once this system is fully implemented, the neighborhood boards, local communities, and school staffs should have the necessary information to conduct their alternative schools with a clear knowledge of the effects on students.

The neighborhood boards are already a major force. The Jones board, for instance, is reviewing a curriculum on drug education, while Marshall's is helping to choose teachers and allocate Title I funds. Parkland's board, with Dale Carrier now serving as a teacher representative, has demanded and received more male black teachers in academic areas and more elementary reading teachers. When the central board pleaded insolvency in answer to Parkland's request that it paint the school, the neighborhood board settled for just the paint. It organized fifty teachers and parents who spent two hot summer weeks painting the entire school themselves. There are not many graffiti in Parkland this year.

It has been a quiet year in Louisville's schools, perhaps because the neighborhood boards have channeled community interest into constructive action, perhaps because the second summer's training provided teachers

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with badly needed expertise, perhaps because parents, teachers, and students have learned how to adapt to the changes in their lives. Teachers are emphasizing reading and math in an informal atmosphere and are beginning to utilize more of their own teaching strategies within the general guidelines of the project.

"All of the change at the top," Walker says, "won't make any difference unless things are different in the schools." Change, even improvement, is occurring, sometimes dramatically, but more often in fits and starts. Yet in the end it may not be the particular changes in the schools that are most important but the increasing responsiveness of the board and the administration to the various (and often conflicting) needs of the community. That responsiveness was a commitment from the beginning, but it has grown as ways have been found to let people at all levels of the system know about the effects of their actions and decisions. The superintendency itself epitomizes such a feedback function: While Yeager runs the system, Walker spends his time listening and then plugging what he hears into the top of the administrative structure. The group-process work and the research program serve the same function for the neighborhood and central boards. Principals and teachers are starting to use feedback forms that ask others to tell them how effectively they are functioning. Even the press, that bugaboo of most systems, is welcome at all meetings and is counted on to help inform the system and the citizens about what is happening.

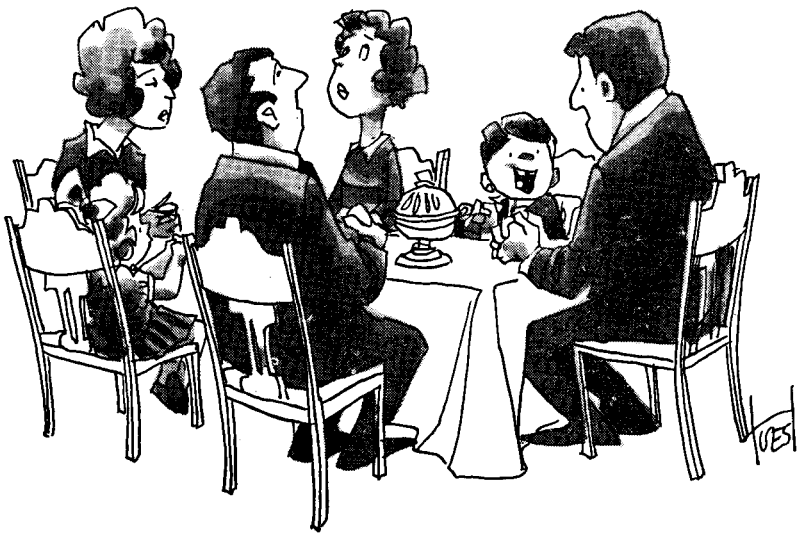
A more personal aspect of this openness and responsiveness is the one of allowing feedback on issues that hurt, of allowing vulnerability. In the long run this vulnerability may be the trait that keeps the changes in Louisville alive and growing. The forces of backlash are there—nonproject schools feel very much out of the action, the system's financial squeeze exacerbates teacher discontent, alternative schools pose problems for many parents. But much of the potential backlash may be forestalled by the growing vulnerability of the administration, by its deepening understanding of "where others are coming from," and by its increasing empathy with the pain change produces in all involved.

It is not so much what Walker has said that has accounted for this sense as how he has responded under public pressure and in the kind of staff personnel decisions that are usually avoided or made under the table and that set rumors and fear scurrying through a system. Though there were some high-handed decisions in the early demolition phase of his administration, Walker now effects change more quietly, usually through long talks with the person involved. In these talks Walker lays out what he thinks is wrong and, in the process, opens himself for an honest exchange of views and feelings.

The confrontation with Robert Sanders constituted one of the most critical of these sessions, for Sanders, the former superintendent's right-hand man, had seen the incoming Walker-Yeager team as "invaders sweeping away everything we had spent years building." He was particularly upset by some of the methods used, and early in Walker's administration his opposition built up tension close to the breaking point. Yet now, as chairman of general administration, he conducts the large all-district staff meetings, reassures principals, presides over the delicate teacher negotiations, and enjoys reminding Walker to keep himself open and personal in his dealings with the staff.

The turning point was a session between Sanders and Walker following one of the communications labs offered to all administrators. "At the lab," Sanders recalls, "things came out about me that I didn't know and didn't like. Some of those new people really let me have it. I saw I was saying one thing but doing another, and I didn't think that was right. But there was a lot going on with them that I didn't think was right either. I came home, kissed my wife, and told her I had to go have it out with the superintendent. I went over to his house, and I told him —I was learning his language, you know—I said, 'You talk about meeting people's needs, but you're not meeting *my* needs. You haven't been in my office twice all year long. What have I done that you don't trust me?' So he told me. Some of it was right and some of it wasn't, and then I told him how I felt about being pushed out, and we went round on it for three or four hours. It was hard—it was traumatic—but I'll tell you something, since then we've worked well together. We got it straight between us."

"We got it straight between us." It is not a slogan for grand or sweeping change, but it catches the evolving vision of the new Louisville schools. □



"We don't have to say a prayer before meals at our house. My mom's a good cook."

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NO MANIFESTO FOR ADOLESCENTS

the little red schoolbook

by Søren Hansen and Jesper Jensen with Wallace Roberts

Pocket Books, 255 pp., $1.25

Reviewed by Gloria Channon

the little red schoolbook is full of good intentions. Do you want the truth about things that matter, about living now, about sex, drugs, how to control your own life?

The authors wanted this "Americanized version of a British translation of a Danish book" to be a handbook for social change for students. But although an occasional statement about the system is tossed in ("The power and influence of big business is so strong. . . ."), the goal set for the individual student seems to be permissive and self-indulgent: how to be happy by playing at democracy in the world as it is. I don't think that was the authors' intention, but their problem is not easily solved. How do you make your potentially revolutionary doctrine sufficiently nonthreatening to adults without losing your teenaged audience? The authors' solution is to focus on harmless, superficial change that adults can't possibly fault and to include "plain talk" on sex and drugs to attract the young. The combination doesn't work. Adults are put off by the sex and drugs, and the kids by the blandness. Most of the teenagers to whom I showed the book had the identical reaction, "Who is it meant for, six-year-olds?"

So we can all relax. The Manifesto for Adolescents is not here yet. A student who followed the advice of *the little red schoolbook* would surely get "excellent" in citizenship on his report card. He would be kind to substitutes and new teachers; he wouldn't "screw around" in class but would write poetry or letters to the editor instead. He would try to like his teachers and "persuade" and "influence" them to change their ways. He would study teacher education textbooks so that he could make helpful suggestions on how to run an interesting class. He'd oppose mandatory homework but would study different sources so that he "could ask questions from the new book." He would not cheat. He would tell his teachers about himself ("where your father and mother work and how much they earn, how your parents get along together, how much time you spend on your homework"). He'd work on committees and school councils. If he failed to change the system by persuasion and an excess of virtue, he would go through interminable channels. Always he would remember, "Never mind how other people do. Try to get the best out of each subject for yourself."

The only thing that might save him from becoming an insufferable prig would be the chapters on sex and drugs, if he could only spare the time from all his other activities.

As to his teachers, they are more to be pitied than censured. They are often ignorant of real life, inconsiderate, touchy, insecure, and frightened. They are both powerful and powerless, sometimes lazy, often bored, usually boring, always conforming, whether willingly or not. They complain about their work and poor pay, but sometimes they take their students to the theater on Saturdays. They are prejudiced against the children of the working class and the poor.

Should teachers refuse the well-meaning help of their students, the "militant" has powerful alternatives. Armed with this book, the student can learn How to Make a Complaint. Teachers, of course, won't get fired, but they may be persuaded to resign. What fantasies of power and revenge that section may spawn!

Or the student can take *positive action.* If the school won't give him sex ed, then he can put up his own educational bulletin board. If teachers won't rearrange the furniture, then he will. If they won't decorate the room, then he will put up attractive posters. Of such stuff are revolutions made. *Direct action* is to be saved for more deadlocked situations. Argue in student council, write letters to the press, win over other students and maybe parents. As a last resort, demonstrate or strike! Refuse to line up; stay indoors during recess; sell your own soft drinks (instead of hard drugs?); print your own newspaper. Don't go to classes. Prepare to be punished.

During the brief, incredible flowering of the high school free press, a student newspaper printed a purloined document that had been circulated in secret by a supervisory association. It told principals how to cope with militant students. (If the principals had been a little more clever and humane, they might have written *the little red schoolbook* instead.) Isolate and publicly identify ringleaders. Manipulate all available channels to postpone and delay. Eventually give in on minor items (like their own bulletin board or soda vending machines). Divide and pursue and suspend. After all, how long can even the dumbest militant stay in high school?

How limited is the book's vision of the improved school. How sad that the conditions don't now exist: dancing in the halls at lunchtime, soda machines, evening classes to make up for the day's irrelevant courses, lavatories shared with teachers whom you call by their first names. Oh Brave New World, where the kids will do for themselves all the things that you, in your authoritarian shortsightedness, have not been able to force them to do; and where the teacher, long held in contempt by his supervisors, must now learn to live with the condescending pity of his students.

Kids don't really need handbooks on how to make the unpalatable delicious. What they need are serious analyses of their world and descriptions of serious alternatives. They need the New York Civil Liberties Union handbook on student rights to protect them from the system, and they need their free time to work at alternative, useful models (such as co-op stores, clinics, political action) instead of slaving to salvage the system. Kids need visions, but they are too old for visions of sugar plums. □

A teacher in the New York City public schools, Gloria Channon is the author of *Homework* (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey), an account of her teaching experiences in a fifth-grade classroom in East Harlem.

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CÉLINE: Swastika and Cross

BY RICHARD SEAVER

NORTH

by Louis-Ferdinand Céline
translated from the French
by Ralph Manheim

Delacorte; 454 pp., $10

VOYEUR VOYANT:
A Portrait of Louis-Ferdinand Céline

by Erika Ostrovsky

Random House, 398 pp., $10

In July 1944, barely a month after the Allies landed in Normandy, Dr. Louis Destouches, better known to the world as Louis-Ferdinand Céline, author of *Journey to the End of the Night*, decamped from his Paris apartment on the rue Girardon. With him went his wife Lucette, their cat Bébert, and their friend the film star Robert Coquillaud. Their ultimate destination was Copenhagen, where Céline purportedly had secreted some six million francs' worth of gold. But, as was so often the case in Céline's life, he chose the most complicated and most dangerous route. A collaborator—and famous to boot—he was leaving to avoid being "skinned alive." That was logical and rational. But he also chose to flee straight into the heart of the inferno—Germany. That was illogical and self-defeating. Somewhere, in the complexity of that decision, lies the key to the enigma of Céline.

As a pretext, or justification, for his itinerary, Céline claimed business—a medical congress at Baden-Baden—although why, in those light-traveling times, these three people needed twenty trunkloads of goods and possessions, including some strange wares if we are to believe Céline's close friend, Ralph Soupault, has never been amply explained. To quote Soupault's inventory as given in Erika Ostrovsky's *Voyeur Voyant*:

> Dr. Destouches was leaving with about 20 trunks, a dozen of which were said to be stuffed full of horseshoes, pickaxes, barbed wire, hatchets, scythes, harnesses, and copper for purposes of trading with the Teutonic farmers. . . .

Considering the amount of baggage Céline did take, one wonders why he left behind at the rue Girardon all sorts of manuscripts, which neighbors and pillaging patriots promptly stole or consigned to the garbage, so that most were lost forever. Whatever the reason—again, it would doubtlessly be some peculiar mixture of the rational and irrational—the curiously burdened trio arrived in the summer of 1944 at the sumptuous Park Hotel in Baden-Baden, a hotel filled with faded aristocrats, and, as Céline notes in *North*, "former reigning princes or Ruhr magnates . . . slightly wounded generals from every front . . . Boche war widows convalescing from emotional shock" by jam-packing the Casino pastry shop and downing huge quantities of *babas au rhum*, cream puffs, blueberry tarts, and platters of éclairs, as the whole German army retreated on all fronts and the world collapsed around them. Such is the setting for Céline's first, northward stop in Germany, the first station of the cross on what was to become his seven-year calvary.

In *North*, the Park Hotel becomes the Simplon, Coquillaud becomes the memorable Le Vigan, and Lucette, perhaps amalgamated with some of Céline's earlier dancer-ghosts, becomes Lili. The thirty-odd pages that make up the opening, Simplon section of the book are in themselves a little masterpiece, describing, from the loser's side, the tone and tenor of the Third Reich in its penultimate days. His description

Richard Seaver is an editor, a critic, and a translator who has rendered some twenty books—from Sade to Beckett—from the French into English.

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is far more accurate and, I suspect, more cogent than those of most historians. Céline, in fact, refers to himself as an "historian," but the term he prefers is "chronicler." It is not only the facts and events of this apocalyptic period, 1944 and 1945, that he is interested in relating; it is also the truths that they reveal, first insofar as they relate to him personally, and second insofar as they relate to the world at large. Céline's method here is only generally chronological, for he wrote *North* in the late Fifties—that is, during the last year or two of his life and roughly a decade and a half after the exodus described. He is nearing the end of his harrowing, frenzied existence, and he knows it—which is, perhaps, why the opening lines of *North* sound more like Beckett than Céline: "Sure, I tell myself, it'll all be over soon . . . whew! . . . *we have seen enough. . . .*"

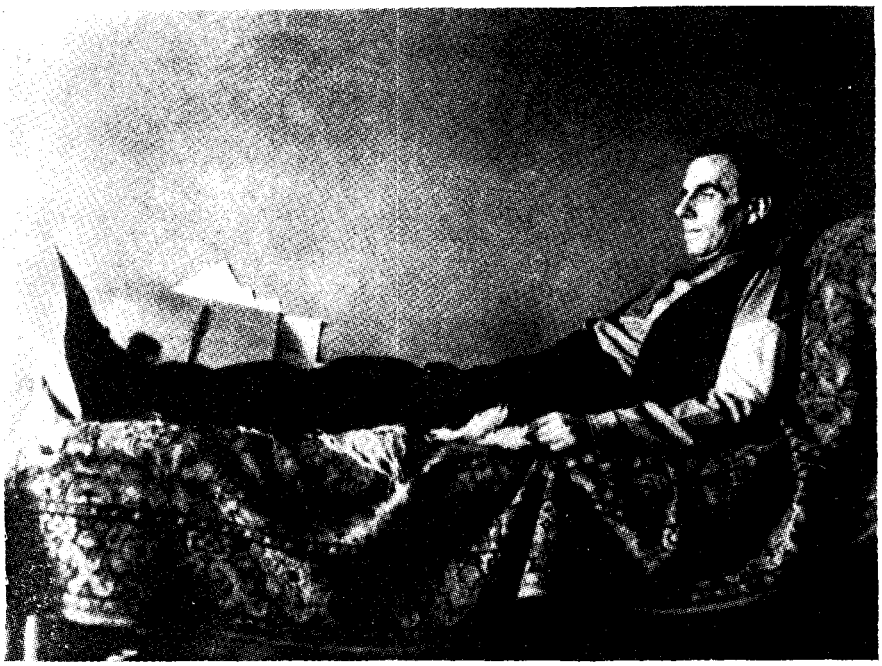
It is, then, from this vantage point of age and, if not wisdom, certainly experience both varied and hallucinatory that Céline constantly intrudes on the "present" to comment or castigate in the light of subsequent events. "I'm telling you all this every which way," he warns the reader. "The end before the beginning! . . . what does it matter? the truth alone matters! . . . you'll catch on . . . I catch on . . . A slight effort, that's all! . . . You take more trouble with a modern painting!" This frequent intrusion of the artist into his work, to strip away the illusion he himself has created, and the elliptical style that some critics, in reviewing virtually every book since *Journey*, have cited as proof of Céline's artistic decline are the hallmarks of *North*. And if the style disturbs, Céline is still right: "a slight effort" and the shock disappears; one is immersed in the torrential flow of words, images, dark humor, irascible vulgarisms—unadorned truth as Céline views it. Nothing sugar-coated here; no servile excuses for past conduct or opinions, or others yet to come. Céline has made his sty, and he will wallow through it.

From the Simplon, the triumvirate, with Bébert the cat still in tow, entrain for Berlin, the city of "smashed shop windows! twisted wreckage!" where "old women, very old, were picking up everything, well trying, making their own piles, little fortresses right on the sidewalk . . . houses of rubble . . . toys, sand, holes, bricks, for loony grandmothers." There, after a Kafkaesque search to find food and lodgings—an impossible quest without proper papers and their papers questioned because their faces have radically changed since the three set out on their grotesque odyssey—and a near-lynching at the hands of some berserk *Hitlerjugend* who mistake them for Allied parachutists-saboteurs, they finally reach Grünwald, on the outskirts of Berlin. In Grünwald they find relative safety in Dr. Harras's underground offices: "An enormous room furnished like New York, but at least sixty feet underground . . . typists too, just like America, cute, in pants. . . ." Harras's real-life prototype was a Dr. Hauboldt, an important medical officer of the Third Reich whom Céline had met in Paris at the screening of a technical film on typhus. "Typhus is my little speciality . . . but I'd been seen at that picture! . . . the coffins I received after that!" (The "coffins" to which Céline refers were miniature boxes sent by the *maquis* to its intended victims.) After a brief stopover at Grünwald, the little group is sent on to Kränzlin, which Céline renames Zornhof, about seventy miles north of Berlin. There, at a little castle, the trio remains for several months, until, in November 1944, they move on to Sigmaringen, an epoch related in Céline's earlier book, *Castle to Castle*.

Zornhof is peopled by a motley array of characters: seventy-four-year-old Count-Baron *Rittmeister* von Leiden, "a pure Prussian . . . absolutely degenerate! . . . and paraplegic!"; his daughter Marie-Thérèse; his son, a basket case and epileptic; and his daughter-in-law Inge. Polish and French deportees work the farm, with the help of some alleged Russian deserters and "Vlasovs" ("Bolsheviks the whole lot of them . . . Communist spies!" rants Dr. Harras with perfect logic, since his own paranoia is but a reflection of the rampant national delusion). And, to round out the tableau, there are the *Bibelforschers*—the conscientious objectors—and a contingent of unreformable Berlin whores who work on the roads at nearby Moorsburg.

What is most impressive about Céline's caustic chronicle of that roughly three-month sojourn at Zornhof is his rigorous lack of self-pity. If he is bitter about the French, it is mostly because of what Céline saw as the hypocrisy and dishonesty of the do-gooders, "the Stern and Righteous Men" who, under the guise of patriotism, loot and kill, or at the very least turn their coats. If "I'd been on rue Girardon . . . what would my eyes have beheld? . . . four Commanders of the Legions of Honor walking off with my furniture!" Or: "The Marshal [Pétain] . . . turned his coat at the right time and got to be king! . . . I know forty million Frenchmen who've done the same, coats, pants, and gats!" Being anti-French, however, did not automatically mean being pro-Hitler: "Harras, the Boche, the hundred-percent Nazi, didn't take us for Hitlerites! certainly not! . . . all he asked was that we speak French. . . ."

For Céline, reason had stopped in 1914—he was badly wounded in the early months of the First World War and was classified as 75 per cent disabled—and the ranting had begun. If there is a ranting, querulous tone to much of his work, including *North* ("a lot of people, even pretty patient ones, have said I gripe too much . . . okay, I'll dry my tears!"), Céline could reply, with perfect justification, that he was simply mirroring the time in which he lived. The problem was, he mirrored it too faithfully, too brutally for most. At a time when the world looked about desperately for distractions and various forms of escape, Céline kept holding up a mirror that reflected its ugliness, stupidity, and venality. If that



"Céline has made his sty, and he will wallow through it."

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was not enough, he had made the mistake of writing, as his first major work, a masterpiece, which could then be conveniently compared, for the next quarter century, to any new work as proof that he was in full decline. Finally, Céline made the crass error not only of turning violently—everything he did tended to the violent—from Left to Right, but of writing and publishing two vitriolic, anti-Semitic pamphlets, which to this day have never been amply explained, not even in Erika Ostrovsky's *Voyeur Voyant*. It was this last, the political commitment, which caused his "downfall" and disgrace, from which he never recovered during his lifetime. But it is also true that, despite all his *words*, no accusation of acts committed were leveled against him. Although Céline was pro-German during the Occupation, no one was arrested at his instigation. In fact, reports indicated that he kept to himself knowledge of underground activities taking place in his own rue Girardon apartment house in Paris. And though anti-Semitic, he is known to have broken up at least one august right-wing assembly by making anti-Aryan jibes. The truth is, he was an anarchist in the fullest, most personal sense of the term. "An anarchist I am, was, remain, and I don't give a damn what anybody thinks!"

Political considerations have too long deprived Céline of his due, at least in the postwar period. It is high time that he be judged on the basis of his work alone. The publication of *North* in English, in Ralph Manheim's superb translation, is a literary event of major importance.

That Erika Ostrovsky's major study of Céline's life, which she modestly subtitles *A Portrait*, should appear almost simultaneously with the publication of *North* is an indication that the rehabilitation of Céline may be under way. Mrs. Ostrovsky, who knows her subject well, has chosen to avoid the standard biographical method and has opted—using Céline's dictum that "Life, also, is fiction" as an epigraph—for an unconventional form akin to fiction. Unfortunately, her "chronological leaps," as they are described on the dust jacket, more often obfuscate than clarify, and a tendency to write purple prose too often darkens rather than clarifies her complex subject. Thus, in describing Céline's postwar exile-retreat in Denmark, Mrs. Ostrovsky writes:

> Time also became undecipherable. The far past rose up, at the mere turn of a path. The mist swirled to reveal forgotten altars and impenetrable signs.... [Céline] felt as though he had been swallowed up in this vast panorama of muteness. The echoes of the world were so feeble, so faint that one began to doubt its existence. As though the ferryboat that brought him had crossed Lethe to arrive at these shores.

Or, commenting on Céline's trip to Detroit, where he studied the assembly-line workers:

> . . . Detroit, the capital of the machine. Where the assembly-line culture flowered; where one could use an epidemiologist's skill to study the exotic diseases it had indubitably produced.

The author also has a terrible habit of never using the Anglo-Saxon if any Latin derivative can be found. Céline gave out that his mother was a mender of old lace; and since lace tends to pick up kitchen smells and since noodles are odorless, she served her son lots of noodles. Mrs. Ostrovsky describes this as "his mother's efforts to fight off olfactory menaces by the use of white, farinaceous foods."

Despite these shortcomings, anyone interested in Céline the man, or in his writing, will find *Voyeur Voyant* valuable. The author quotes liberally from Céline's work, both published and unpublished, and investigates and punctures some of the many myths that accompanied him throughout his stormy life. She has talked to his widow and to those who knew him, and read extensively about him. Admittedly, hers is not an unbiased "portrait," nor does it pretend to be. But it is a step toward understanding one of the major writers of our time, about whom, still today, far too little is known.

LYING WOMAN

by Jean Giraudoux
translated from the French
by Richard Howard

Winter House, 230 pp., $6.95

JEAN GIRAUDOUX:
The Writer and His Work

by Georges Lemaître

Ungar, 220 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Tom Bishop

■ At first thought, the publication of a new novel by the French author Jean Giraudoux almost three decades after his death would scarcely seem cause for excitement. After all, isn't the urbanity of his plays, the ultra-refinement of his novels, as outdated and irrelevant as that of Noël Coward, say —sparkling with wit and images that lead nowhere, all style and no substance? His works for the stage, which established him as France's leading playwright between the two world wars, appear to have little in common with absurdist and pre-absurdist theater; the preciosity of his prose as revealed in his fiction is at the antipodes of contemporary writing, relating neither to concepts of commitment nor to the concern for technique characteristic of the "new novelists" of France.

And yet even now Giraudoux manages to strike a vibrant chord in us. The civilized loquaciousness of his best dramas continues to appeal to an audience treated to an increasingly anti-literary diet and starved for the beauty of language. Moreover, we are aware in retrospect that Giraudoux's aristocratic cynicism, even if couched in sophisticated metaphors, is based on the same view of life-as-absurdity that has dominated French writing in this century. Thus, *Tiger at the Gates* recently had a triumphant revival in Paris, one that enabled a new generation prone to dismiss Giraudoux as frivolous to "discover" the beauty of his work.

The publication of *Lying Woman* could well produce the same effect of revelation for readers of novels—especially on this side of the Atlantic, where Giraudoux has never been considered as a master of the genre. This posthumous work contains the quintessential Giraudoux: the elegant style abounding in dazzling images (remarkably rendered into English by Richard Howard); as protagonist, a young woman of charm, beauty, intuition, and instinctive innocence, a creature of pure crystal where other women are mere glass; the inevitable battle of the sexes in which feminine sensitivity and fragility are pitted against masculine clumsiness and lack of imagination; the sometimes remarkable insights into

Jean Giraudoux—"aristocratic cynicism."

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the soul of his characters; and, lastly, that pessimism manifest in practically all of Giraudoux's work (although in vastly varying degrees), which his refined cynicism here prevents from being too caustic.

When Nelly and Reginald meet, it is love at first sight, *l'amour fou*. She has never met anyone quite like him before; in fact, Reginald is a rare and perhaps unique specimen of mankind:

> All the skirmishes of war, the discords of peace, the triumphs and defeats of commerce . . . had had at least this result: they had formed a man—perhaps the only one, but still there was one—a man worthy of the name. . . . Time and again he had had those adventures which are unique in other lives: he had rescued a drowning child; he had been the first man to enter a conquered city; he had informed a queen that she must abdicate at once; he had announced from a balcony that a nation was free; he had stopped the runaway horse of a boarding school carriage filled with sixteen-year-old girls; he had been gunned down and left for dead.

Such a singular man (Reginald is still a virgin when, in his forties, he meets Nelly) deserves an extraordinary woman. Unfortunately, Nelly, with whom he is enthralled, does not breathe at his uniquely lofty altitude, but thrives at sea level, like the rest of us: she has been living for some time with a lover named Gaston, and before Gaston there were many others. In short, Nelly has a past.

For Reginald's sake, she feels obliged to be someone other than she is, a virtuous and lofty being, the incarnation of Reginald's image of perfection. Like other Giraudoux heroines, Nelly surpasses herself—and in the process surpasses Reginald as well—when she falls in love, for she invents a new past, complete with fabricated family and friends, a lifelong quest for purity, and a marriage consummated only against her will and to her "horror." This fabrication is her gift to him, the sacrifice of her reality to nourish his illusion, the poem of her life composed and recited for him alone. But Nelly shares the fate that many of Giraudoux's heroines meet at the hands of the men they love who lack generosity and imagination.

Lying Woman is a witty novel of manners, an almost plotless meditation on love and lovers, a wry commentary on twentieth-century behavior whose wistfulness may betray a very real regret. Written in 1936, eight years before Giraudoux's death, the manuscript was not found until 1968; it was published in France the following year. In his preface to the French edition, Jean-Pierre Giraudoux, the author's son, hinted that the novel might be based on an event in his father's life. While this would explain Giraudoux's unwillingness to publish the manuscript, it need not necessarily concern the reader of this delightful tale. For those who do not yet know Giraudoux, *Lying Woman* is a fine introduction to the pyrotechnics of his style, to that peculiar, enchanted, rarefied universe that is his, with all its limitations in range and depth. For those who have come to know him through his plays, Nelly will take her place with such memorable giralducian heroines as Electra, Ondine, Isabelle (*The Enchanted*), Judith, Andromache, and Helen (*Tiger at the Gates*).

Georges Lemaître's *Jean Giraudoux: The Writer and His Work* is a modest addition to the considerable bibliography on Giraudoux. Most interesting on the biographical level—although Mr. Lemaître too often accepts Jean-Pierre Giraudoux's statements as incontrovertible facts—it provides some valuable insights into the author's career as a high-level government official. The discussions of the works, however, suffer from being short on analysis and long on plot synopsis. Moreover, the writing is undistinguished—a crucial shortcoming in a book about as brilliant a manipulator of language as was the author of *Lying Woman*.

Tom Bishop, a critic of the contemporary French theater, has edited several of Giraudoux's plays for publication as books.

CHARLES DE GAULLE
MEMOIRS OF HOPE:
Renewal and Endeavor

translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin

Simon & Schuster, 392 pp., $10

Reviewed by David Schoenbrun

■ In the early days of the Resistance, Charles de Gaulle's bedside table in London held two books that, as leader of the Free French in exile, he consulted almost nightly for inspiration and strategy: respectively, Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* and Machiavelli's *Discourses*. Today, in one of those twists of fate that have become an integral part of the Gaullist myth, Charles de Gaulle in his *Memoirs of Hope* speaks to us from beyond the tomb *à la* Chateaubriand (in the General's own majestic style, to be sure) but with undertones of Machiavelli.

An apt student of the Florentine statesman, de Gaulle sees himself always as The Good Prince, ever mindful of his duty to protect both the State and the people against rapacious vested interests—the rich, the trade unions, the press, the politicians and their various parties. De Gaulle rails here against each in turn. Denouncing both communism and capitalism, he rehashes his own pastiche of economic theory—"an association of capital and labor" with its attendant jumble of corporate state devices. Meanwhile he exalts himself, speaking of the "mythic aura" around the Head of State, of taking upon himself "the high dignity of the leader combined with the heavy chains of the servant." Such passages reveal de Gaulle at his worst, as the arrogant autocrat, the patronizing protector of the plebes. Whereas he would appear an emulator of Machiavelli, all too frequently he seems merely self-righteous, devious or pompous. In one of his more outrageous asides—his gall is unmatchable—he portrays himself as a lonely Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputs: ". . . most of the giants, whether enemies or allies, whom the war had brought to the fore had disappeared. . . . it was in a time which on all sides was drawn towards mediocrity that I must bid for greatness."

But as a disciple of Chateaubriand, epic poet of the French genius, de Gaulle is at his best. His faith in his fatherland, his love for its heritage and physical beauty, his unflagging fight to restore French independence and regain for France a first-rank position in the community of nations—these manifest his finest spirit. Through it he achieved his greatest moments, turning defeats into triumphs, as with the war in Algeria.

In this fourth volume of his memoirs we find de Gaulle jousting with Khrushchev, Macmillan, Eisenhower, Adenauer, and Kennedy, as once he crossed swords with Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. De Gaulle's comments on American leaders and their policies range from the patronizing to the scathing. This is his portrait of John

Charles de Gaulle—gall unmatchable.

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F. Kennedy, and the situation in which as President he found himself:

> Chosen to get things done, but elected only by the skin of his teeth; placed at the head of a vast and wealthy country, but one with grave internal problems; by nature inclined to act swiftly and boldly, but hampered by the cumbersome machinery of Federal administration; entering upon the scene in a world in which American power and glory had spread far and wide, but whose every wound was suppurating and in which a hostile monolithic bloc stood opposed to America; enjoying the advantages of youth, but suffering the drawbacks of a novice. . . . John Kennedy had the ability, and had it not been for the crime which killed him, might have had the time to leave his mark on our age.

De Gaulle ticks off what he considers to have been Kennedy's mistakes and cites his own refusal to back him in his erring ways: JFK's request for de Gaulle's support of administration by the U.N. of the Belgian Congo; Kennedy's request that Laos be put under SEATO protection; the Bay of Pigs invasion and other "ill-advised interventions"—above all, that in Vietnam:

> "You will find," I said to [Kennedy], "that intervention in this area will be an endless entanglement. Once a nation has been aroused, no foreign power, however strong, can impose its will upon it. You will discover this for yourselves. For even if you find local leaders who in their own interests are prepared to obey you, the people will not agree to it, and indeed do not want you. The ideology which you invoke will make no difference. Indeed, in the eyes of the masses it will become identified with your will to power. That is why the more you become involved out there against Communism, the more the Communists will appear as the champions of national independence, and the more support they will receive, if only from despair. . . . I predict that you will sink step by step into a bottomless military and political quagmire, however much you spend in men and money. . . ."

Equally forthright with other contemporaries, de Gaulle scolds Khrushchev about tryanny in Russia and Eastern Europe, and lectures his good friend Adenauer to be patient about German reunification, to be realistic and accept the Oder-Niesse frontiers.

Repeating all his well-known arguments about the nature of European unity, de Gaulle insists that it must respect the sovereignty of the individual states, as a confederation rather than a federation, as a European Europe free of extra-Continental influence—thus barring the way to British entry. He repeats, too, his arguments against NATO as the spearhead of an American phalanx, totally dominated by USA command, a formula unacceptable to France. Although familiar, even worn thin, these Gaullist theses are infused with vitality thanks to direct quotations from the French President's dialogues with other world leaders.

Totally new here is the most unusual intrusion of de Gaulle himself, of his personal feelings, his prejudices, his rancors, his pride. ("Being the man I am, how could I fail to be moved and concerned . . . ?" "When had the world last witnessed such an appearance of assurance and serenity in our organs of government? Had I not served France well in leading her people to this profound transformation?") Gone is the royal "we"; almost forsaken is the magisterial "he" or "General de Gaulle." For the first time a de Gaulle text is liberally sprinkled with "I" and "me." He is defensive, replying as never before to accusations. He is bitter, angry, and scornful as he refutes his foes.

While reading these incomplete, posthumously published memoirs I relived twenty-five years of my own life as a reporter of French and Gaullist affairs. Vividly there came to mind the image of the man in his late years: the too small head on the huge body, the too big nose jutting from the too small head, making de Gaulle look like a distempered camel as he lumbered and swayed his way into the imperial salon of the Elysées Palace—grotesque looking, yes, but never for an instant ridiculous.

Today, one year after his final departure from the world stage, I find myself missing de Gaulle. I miss his *opéra-comique* "press conferences," for they at least were frankly theatrical, unlike those of lesser leaders whose feigned candor I must now endure. I miss, too, his inspirational faith in what one man can accomplish against all odds. I miss his bluntness and that sense of reality which prompted him, an imperialist by temperament, to liquidate the French empire; a militarist by training, to discipline the French Army and make it serve the nation; a royalist by predilection, to restore and strengthen the French Republic—in short, a man of many contradictions and unconquerable spirit, truly a lonely giant in a world of gray, mediocre, shadowy men.

His death has not made me a Gaullist. My criticisms of him and his policies remain unchanged. If he were alive I would again argue with him. But with his death his lash no longer stings, and that which was noble in him remains to warm our memories. Shakespeare wrote that the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones. The opposite may be equally true of Charles de Gaulle: the evil that he did is interred with his bones; the good lives on.

David Schoenbrun is the author of *The Three Lives of General de Gaulle* and *As France Goes*.

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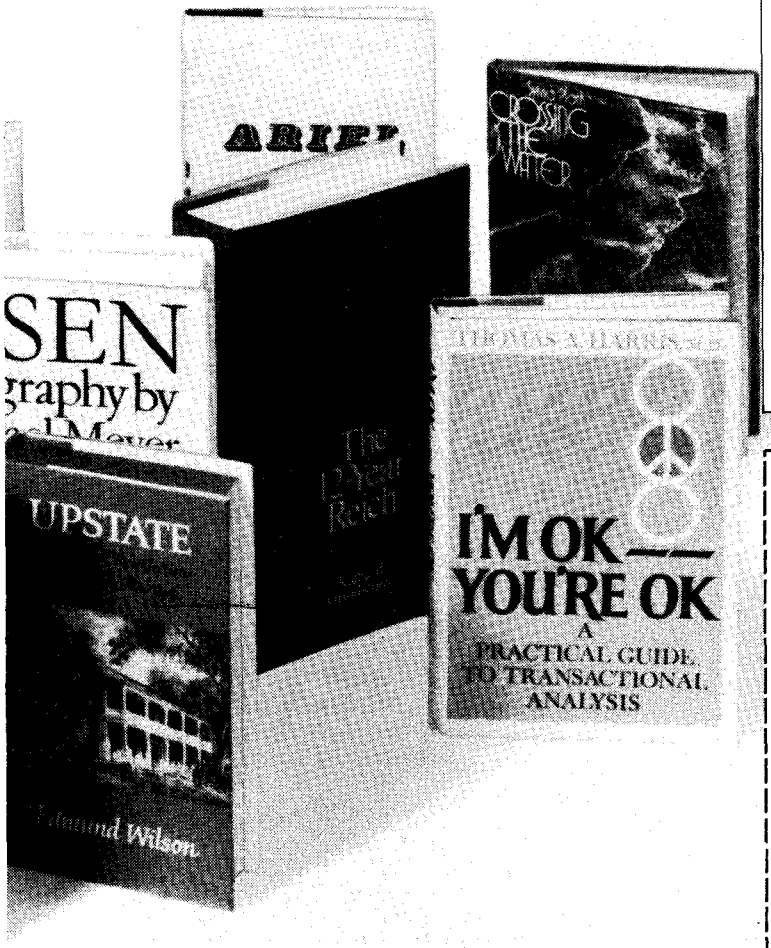

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THE ARNHEITER AFFAIR

by Neil Sheehan

Random House, 304 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Hal Dareff

■ *Causes célèbres* come and go but occasionally one justifies itself by providing an author with material for a good book. We can now put *The Arnheiter Affair* in that category and be grateful that it was researched and written by Neil Sheehan, an outstanding reporter who was recently awarded the first Drew Pearson Prize for his *New York Times* articles on the Pentagon Papers.

It has been said that being the captain of a ship is the closest a man can come to playing God. Mindful of the immense authority invested in a skipper, the U.S. Navy is trebly careful about the officers it selects for its seagoing commands. Special qualifications and qualities are required, and the aspiring master must survive a rigorous screening process designed to prevent the incompetent from ever standing on the bridge of his own ship. In the case of Lt. Comdr. Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter, however, there was an apparent slip-up, and a man whom the Navy later characterized as unfit to command was appointed captain of the *U.S.S. Vance*, a destroyer escort radar on coastal patrol in South Vietnam.

Arnheiter's abrupt removal, on March 31, 1966, from a command that he had assumed only ninety-nine days before shook the Navy to its foundations. The action against Arnheiter had been taken without a hearing or calling of a court of inquiry. As a result, men inside the service and out began to ask themselves where justice lay in this puzzling case. The Navy said it had relieved Lt. Comdr. Arnheiter because of "certain irregular practices" that had led to a severe erosion of morale aboard his ship. The deposed captain—by then "exiled to a backwater post . . . at the Treasure Island Naval base in San Francisco"—charged that he was the victim of a conspiracy and that his superiors had been gulled and intimidated by a mutinous cabal aboard the *Vance*, which had plotted his downfall.

Thus began a singular chapter in American naval history—one marked by controversy and the eruption of passions that have not yet cooled. The outraged Arnheiter took his case to the newspapers and the public by issuing a flurry of press releases. The Navy, in contrast, seemed reticent about telling all it knew, leaving the impression that it had something to hide. A motley flock of supporters—including a bevy of newsmen, some high-ranking naval officers, and an ambitious Congressman—rallied to the Arnheiter banner. As the commander's crusade cranked into high gear, the legend of how he had been wronged grew, winning over many new supporters in the process.

Now, more than five years after the original events took place, Neil Sheehan has finally pieced together a complete story based on documentation and interviews with the so-called mutineers and others involved in the strange saga of *Vance*. Sheehan also explains why it took so long for the full truth to come out. The Navy, whatever its reasons, was reluctant to divulge the details, while the press, instead of digging for the facts, relied almost exclusively on Arnheiter's p.r. handouts and, with a few notable exceptions, accepted the commander's account of what had occurred as true. It appears that no reporter before Sheehan, who covered the story for the *Times*, had sought out the other side's version from the officers and men who had served under Arnheiter on the *Vance*.

What emerges from Sheehan's book is the portrait of a man whose self-image had been shaped by his poring over the legendary exploits of Lord Nelson, John Paul Jones, and the fictional hero, Horatio Hornblower. A curious mixture of Captain Queeg and Don Quixote, Arnheiter pictured himself as a man cast in a heroic mold, one destined to command men in time of war and to lead them to victory. As captain of the *Vance* he could at last begin to act out his fantasies. The regime established by Arnheiter—it was characterized by overly stringent discipline and, in regard to the commander's own conduct, excessive self-indulgence—set the pattern for the ultimate loss of respect in his leadership and the progressive breakdown of morale that led to his removal.

Sheehan also discloses the "irregular practices" cited by the Navy as its reason for summarily dismissing Arnheiter. The whimsical master, whom his men called "Mad Marcus," is shown in a variety of moods or aspects and in scenes so grotesque that they frequently verge on black comedy. There is the narrow, puritanical Arnheiter, who illegally compels the entire ship's company to attend religious services, during which he recites such items as General Patton's battle prayer; there is the stern dispenser of justice, who holds obsolete public "captain's masts," or trials in which the captain is both judge and jury, as the navy once did in its sailing-ship days; and there is also his antithesis, the Arnheiter who allegedly appropriates money from the ship's fund, refuses to pay for stamps, and orders his men, while on shore, to steal a coffee server and some candelabras for use aboard the *Vance*. Arnheiter is also charged with sneaking his ship into a prohibited zone, then filing false reports about its whereabouts; and concocting harebrained schemes to entice the Viet Cong into battle, then ordering his men to open fire on a foe that only he sees. Yearning for a hero's medal, he compels two of his officers to sign a letter, supposedly written by them but actually dictated by Arnheiter, that recommends their commander for the Silver Star.

While these "irregular practices" alone would seem sufficient cause for any skipper's dismissal, Sheehan cites many more, some so bizarre that they strain credulity. *The Arnheiter Affair* is, in many respects, a frightening story, but there is also something ineffably sad about it. As Sheehan points out, Arnheiter inhabited a personal universe in which, since no barrier divided reality from fantasy, the two could intermingle freely. Driven by his compulsions, Lt. Comdr. Arnheiter would appear to have been the unwitting and helpless architect of his disgrace and ruin—his own executioner.

". . . or if you don't care to get quite so emotionally involved."

Hal Dareff's most recently published book is *From Vietnam to Cambodia.*

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THE FRAGILE BLOSSOM:
Crisis and Change in Japan

by Zbigniew Brzezinski

Harper & Row, 153 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Richard Halloran

■ During the last few years Americans have become increasingly aware that Japan is something more than a land of cherry blossoms and geisha, or even of textiles and transistors. They have learned that Japan is steel and atomic energy, strong yen and immense trade, complicated politics and skillful if somewhat timid diplomacy, national pride and self-assertion. All of this, and more, add up to that old-fashioned word—power.

Two questions that some American politicians, federal bureaucrats, scholars, and journalists have begun to ask are: How much power do the Japanese have, and how do they intend to use it?

In 1970, Herman Kahn, director of the Hudson Institute "think tank," jolted his readers with a controversial book entitled *The Emerging Japanese Superstate*. Mr. Kahn, who is given to thinking the unthinkable, contended that "in the next decade or two Japan almost inevitably will achieve giant economic, technological, and financial stature, that very likely it will become financially and politically powerful in international affairs, and that eventually it is likely to strive to become a military superpower as well."

Mr. Kahn subtitled his prognostic study *Challenge and Response*, and Zbigniew Brzezinski's *The Fragile Blossom* is a prompt response which expresses a quite different view. A

FRASER YOUNG
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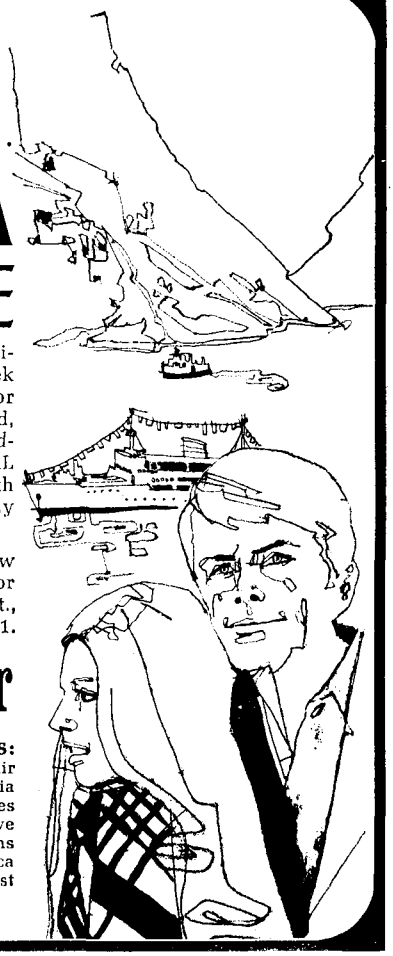

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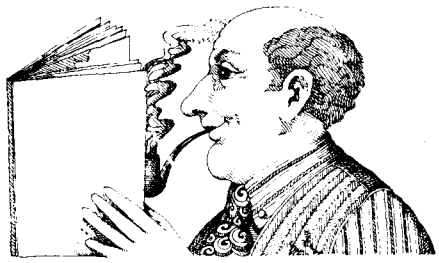

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political scientist and director of the Research Institute of Communist Affairs at Columbia University, Dr. Brzezinski argues that "Japan suffers from major handicaps, from high vulnerability." He believes that Japan's "economic attainments and even its prospective military power are a fragile blossom."

> Japan is a major force in the world [writes Brzezinski], one of the truly great nations in the global mosaic, an unusually gifted and in many ways admirable people. Yet it is not a superpower and it is doubtful that it can become one.

Dr. Brzezinski, who spent less than a year researching and writing this book in Japan and elsewhere in Asia, tends to dwell on Japan's weaknesses and to underestimate its strengths, just as Mr. Kahn stressed Japanese strengths and overlooked some weaknesses. Not surprisingly, then, many of Brzezinski's conclusions are as open to question as Kahn's. For example, Dr. Brzezinski contends that "it is doubtful that the vaunted style of Japanese decision-making, with its emphasis on consensus and collective responsibility, will work well under more critical circumstances." But it was precisely that process which stood Japan in such good stead in the critical Meiji period of the late nineteenth century and again after World War II. When it broke down, during the decade prior to the war, Japan turned to dictatorship and got itself and a good part of the Pacific region into trouble. Again, according to Brzezinski: "An Asian role for Japan is doubtful and undesirable." But Japan already has an Asian role, largely economic, and it is bound to expand unless the nation's human, economic, and technical resources are suppressed. Moreover, that role could be most beneficial both to Japan itself and to the rest of Asia if the Japanese accomplish the constructive deeds of which they are eminently capable.

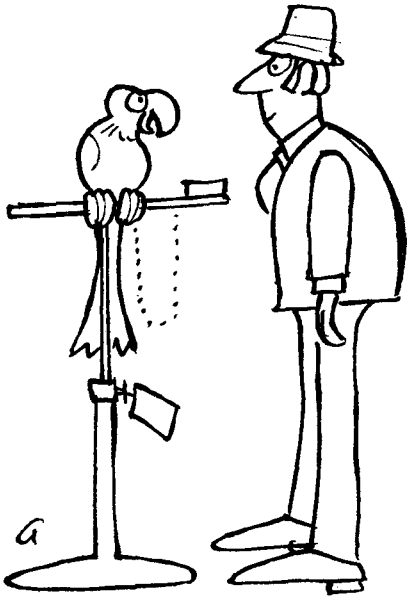
Dr. Brzezinski's book is flawed on several counts. There is little evidence to suggest that the author has read deeply in Japanese history, a prerequisite for understanding modern Japan. Nor does he appear to be completely at home with his material. Brzezinski refers several times, for instance, to the Social Democratic Party. Its correct name is the Democratic Socialist Party. He says the Japanese Self-Defense Force is "constitutionally forbidden from serving outside of Japan." But this Force is not mentioned in any portion of the constitution; law and policy, not the constitution, keep it at home.

In addition, Professor Brzezinski subscribes to a number of myths that do not stand up under scrutiny. There may be a "labor shortage" so long as Japanese industry continues to hire ten men for a job where five would do and to retire workers at the age of fifty-five, in the prime of their lives. But cutting down on the number of workers employed for a given job and raising the retirement age to sixty-five would add more than 25 per cent to the labor force even if a five-day rather than a six-day work week were adopted.

The author refers to a Japanese sense of "war guilt" for the invasion of China in 1937. That, however, is less an actual emotion than a slogan used by Japanese trying to make political points with the Chinese. One rarely hears a Japanese express remorse for forty years of harsh colonial rule in Korea, nor for the attack on Pearl Harbor, nor for atrocities in the Philippines, Indochina, or Indonesia.

Lastly, the writing has faults. Dr. Brzezinski notes, but fails to identify, Yukio Mishima—the prominent novelist, playwright, essayist, and actor who committed ritual suicide (hara-kiri or seppuku) in November 1970. Again, although Brzezinski mentions "the question of the Hokkaido offshore islands," he is fuzzy when it comes to defining what that question is. Furthermore, the reader who prizes lucidity may well wince on coming across such turgid specimens of academic jargon as "programmatic incompatibility," "new technetronic era," and "social metastability."

Richard Halloran, of *The New York Times* Washington Bureau, recently returned from a three-month assignment in Japan. He has reported from Asia for five years and is the author of *Japan: Images and Realities.*



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PEACE WITH CHINA?
U.S. Decisions for Asia

edited by Earl C. Ravenal

Liveright, 248 pp., $7.50;
paperback, $2.95

Reviewed by Stephen S. Rosenfeld

■ Here, as defined by Earl C. Ravenal, was the American problem *vis-à-vis* China on the eve of President Nixon's invitation to Peking last July:

> . . . our government signals an accommodation with China but works for a regime of "stability" in Asia; it promotes its continuing influence around China's periphery but seeks China's acquiescence in this scheme; it insists on its alliances with China's political enemies and ideological antagonists but advertises, through the Nixon Doctrine, that it will be free of the consequences of involvement in Asia; it pursues constructive contact with China, without constructive concessions. In short, it seeks peace with China, without facing the ultimate American decisions for Asia.

This unacknowledged and largely unremarked contradiction between pronouncement and policy became if anything more distinct after the announcement of Mr. Nixon's China trip. For since then the White House has spread the comforting notion that this journey, together with the subsequent visit to Moscow, will lead ineluctably toward that "generation of peace" which is the cherished ambition of the President's foreign policy, as well as the centerpiece of his reelection campaign. True, the public is warned not to expect any dramatic breakthrough in Peking, and occasional hints are dropped to the effect that the Chinese —having been only recently and partially delivered from their strange, self-willed Oriental "isolation," and remaining communist withal—are going to be "hard to deal with." But the President has yet to suggest that a necessary prelude to accommodation with China, if there is to be one, is a willingness to relax our twenty-five-year manipulation of the regions (particularly Taiwan) on China's Pacific perimeter. Indeed, Americans are still being led to believe that the Chinese will accept our continued containment of their country, and even be rather grateful to us for rendering them this service, since our presence along one flank offsets the hostile Soviet presence along the other. In short, we can have our fortune cooky and eat it, too.

The value of this penetrating book lies precisely in its clearheaded, many-sided exploration of the contradictory elements inherent in our China policy. Among the eighteen contributors to

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Peace with China? are Daniel Ellsberg, Richard A. Falk, Morton H. Halperin, Seymour Melman, Robert E. Osgood, and Marcus G. Raskin. Spanning a center-to-left range of former members of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and knowledgeable critics, they participated in a seminar held in Washington, D.C., in September 1970, under the auspices of the Institute for Policy Studies. The timeliness and high intellectual content of the speeches and discussions that comprise this collection more than compensate for the raggedness inherent in the seminar approach.

Although the Nixon Doctrine, closely scrutinized here, has been billed as a "grand design," no one pretends to know exactly what it is designed to do. The Doctrine has, for example, its undeniable uses as a cover for the gradual withdrawal of our ground forces from Asia, suggesting as it does that this retreat is only part of an over-all plan. But its pledge to reserve direct American intervention for situations where it would be a "last resort" measure taken solely when that involvement would be effective and in our "interests" begs all the essential questions. How are those interests to be defined —and by whom? By the President or by Congress? Does not reliance on local ground forces, supported by the American Air Force, mean that the U.S. would be drawn into any conflict as soon as the locals committed their troops to action? Furthermore, if we withdraw our ground units but still maintain that we will honor our commitments, will we not lower the nuclear threshhold, the point at which we would face the terrible lose-or-bomb choice, which the deployment of large ground forces forestalls?

To former administration aides contributing to this book, these are calculated imprecisions designed to keep our foes guessing. To the theoretically inclined contributors, they are very troubling contradictions. To the pragmatic, they are unavoidable early-stage ambiguities that will resolve themselves as the Doctrine is implemented. Convinced that our Asian follies have resulted from our politicians' fears of being held accountable for "losing" Asia to communism, Daniel Ellsberg wonders if we will face "a future not of disengagement, but of continued involvement and intervention," regardless of the Doctrine. A former senior staff member of Nixon's National Security Council, Robert Osgood, concludes that the Doctrine is "really a gamble that the threat of communist aggression is much less than the commonly expressed official view in the previous three administrations."

This wide diversity of opinion points up the key issue: what kind of threat is China *perceived* to be? Stated explicitly by some of this book's contributors, the implicit thesis underlying the Nixon Doctrine would appear to be that China—whatever she may have seemed in the past—is no longer a menace. Will any of us ever really understand why the United States—an ocean and a technological age away —trembled a generation ago when China was weak and now, when she is considerably stronger, can move with a certain confidence toward better mutual relations? That Richard Nixon, who began his career by exploiting the specter of communist China, should at the pinnacle of his career at least attempt to deal with the reality is truly one of the great political ironies, and journeys, of our time.

Stephen S. Rosenfeld is an editorial writer and columnist for *The Washington Post*.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ANAGRAMMATICAL #5

Column 1 lists five famous novels and five famous poems with their titles anagrammatized, Column 2 the names of their authors similarly scrambled. You are expected to untangle both columns (disregarding punctuation) and associate each author with his creation. Both Cynthia Colt of Wakefield, Rhode Island, and Richard Rigelhaupt of Yorktown Heights, New York, contributed to this puzzle. The fog clears on page 76.

1. *HE'S DR. MONNEY* ( )
2. *THE LONE* ( )
3. *BETH A. COHEN* ( )
4. *I SCAN, OR ELSE!* ( )
5. *LATHER IT* ( )
6. *CENTAURS AID THE HUMBLE* ( )
7. *A SPINNING DUEL* ( )
8. *PASSING POP* ( )
9. *TEN FINKS NEAR* ( )
10. *HETTY OF TOAD'S HALL* ( )

a. SIR EMLEN HODWELL LOVE
b. LITHE VENUS
c. BORG WINTERBORN
d. SALEM H. RYLEY
e. GILDA ("PINK") DRURY
f. ANNA T. CARFEOLE
g. ST. LEONARD OF REDLYNN
h. MAWKY CATHER
i. ARNOLD A. LE PAGE
j. FAK FARNZAK

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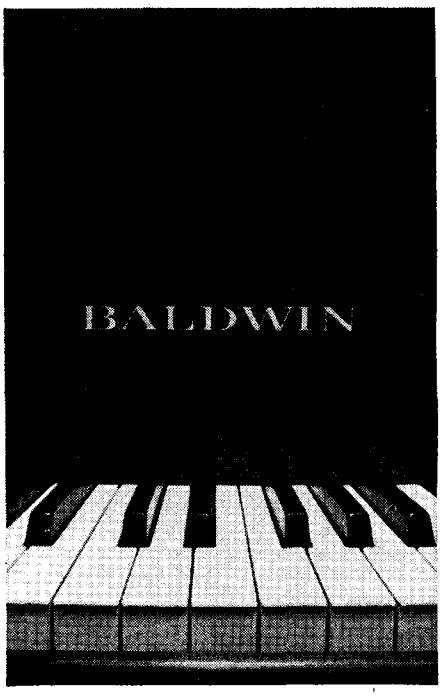

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Uniquely Black Esthetic

I want to suggest that nobody with any real interest in black artists and artistry take seriously the inane review by Jerry H. Bryant of *Gemini*, by Nikki Giovanni [*SR*, Jan. 15]. Mr. Bryant obviously knows nothing at all about the growing body of sinewy scholarship by both black and white scholars to the point of defining a uniquely black esthetic. If he did, he would not write off the simplicity of Miss Giovanni's contentions as "foolish." His own ignorance of nuances of allegory as they strike the black mind betrays itself here. Nor would he write off as "spurious logic" the nonwhite rhetoric of the book, were he at all familiar with a viable black cosmology.

And most simplistically ludicrous of all are the reviewer's criticisms of Miss Giovanni's failure to adhere to nice "white standard English" as the only measure of an artist's "maturity." While it's obvious he could not have read with understanding her poetry, it's reprehensible that he is not in the least familiar with the investigations current among white and black linguistics experts, who deplore the chauvinistic insistence of arrogant white critics on WASP criteria exclusively, for *all* American subcultures. The attitude of such is not only professionally unsound; it's insidiously racist, even if unintended to be.

Clarence A. Amann,
Rochester, N. Y.

Hillel, Part III

Robert J. Milch in his critical review of *Never Again!* [*SR*, Jan. 8] cites Rabbi Meir Kahane's fondness for quoting Hillel as a justification for his position: "If I am not for myself, who will be?" Mr. Milch then concludes that Kahane should remind himself of the second part of Hillel's saying: "But if I am for myself alone, what am I?" I would suggest that if Rabbi Kahane read Mr. Milch's review he would in turn remind him of the third part of Hillel's saying: "And if not now, when?"

Rabbi Kahane has issued a long overdue rallying cry for action. He wants Jews to stop being like milk.

George Goldin,
Upland, Calif.

I must take strong exception to Robert J. Milch's statement that Meir Kahane "combines religious rigidity, populist antagonism to the middle class, hard-hat anticommunism, the mystique of force, and a reactionary contempt for democratic institutions." Rabbi Kahane merely proves that democracy is no guarantee of Jewish survival. This may be unpalatable, but facts are stubborn things.

Jeremiah Cooper,
Rockville, Conn.

Trudeau

I object to the review by Clive Cocking of *Trudeau in Power*, by Walter Stewart [*SR*, Jan. 8]. There are a great many Canadians who, like me, consider themselves fortunate that our Prime Minister does have a streak of greatness in the tradition of de Gaulle. Trudeau certainly has one of the most brilliant, creative minds in the country and a sense of dedication to the service of his country and its people.

He has made mistakes and he realizes this but he is learning, too, and has accomplished a great deal.

A. E. Mullin,
Hamilton, Ont.

Why did you not mention that Walter Stewart is a long-time member of the New Democratic Party and freely admits his bias? Since Trudeau was once a member of the NDP, it is the NDP who are the most bitter about him.

Clive Cocking refers to *Trudeau in Power* as being well documented. The part about Trudeau's long grasp for power is a fantasy from beginning to end.

Julyan Reid,
Scarborough, Ont.

Schleuter for Schlueter

I was a little distressed at seeing my name misspelled twice in my review of Kingsley Amis's *Girl, 20* [*SR*, Jan. 15]—especially since I clearly spelled it correctly in my review and in all correspondence.

Paul Schlueter,
Evansville, Ind.

Hogarth

Robert Halsband's excellent review of *Hogarth*, by Ronald Paulson [*SR*, Dec. 18], is greatly handicapped because he does not tell us the extent to which the two volumes carry illustrations. Hogarth's pictures speak much louder than do any words written about him. Shall I buy Yale's $40 set?

William Benton,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes, indeed. The set contains 314 illustrations.*

Diverse Innings

The considerable space that Christopher Ricks was allowed on *Coleridge, the Damaged Archangel* [*SR*, Jan. 15] was a disaster—to this reader. It might best be compared to an expert (Ricks is such) giving the episodes of a baseball game in diverse innings, and between outs one and three.

Edward L. Viets,
Cleveland, O.

Coleridge gave us the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." *Opus sufficit.*

Edward Huntsman-Trout,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Meaning Reversed

A typographical error in the second paragraph, second column, top of page 44 [*SR*, Jan. 15] reverses my meaning. G. P. Elliott *proposes* a system for censoring pornography; he does not *oppose* one.

Lawrence Graver,
Williamstown, Mass.

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THE FORGING OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

by Sidney Lens

Crowell, 462 pp., $10

Reviewed by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

■ Sidney Lens begins his book with a bracing attack on the myth of American morality in foreign affairs. Americans, he writes, see their nation as benign and selfless, "antiwar, anti-imperialist, anticolonialist," religiously respectful of the rights of other states, always helpful to peoples struggling for independence, driven to war only by considerations of the highest principle. I don't know whether many Americans believe that myth any more; but, if they do, they should certainly be divested of their illusions. The trouble with Mr. Lens's book, though, is that, after putting down one myth, the author elaborates another to take its place.

Or, rather, that is the fundamental trouble. There are a multitude of ancillary flaws that it may be well to dispose of at once. This book purports to be a history of American imperialism. As a work of scholarship, it is extremely thin. Mr. Lens's main research seems to have been in college textbooks and political tracts. He oversimplifies many things and gets many others wrong. He even omits data that could have strengthened his own argument. It is astonishing, for example, that an account of American expansionism should not mention the Ostend Manifesto, or the filibustering expeditions of men like William Walker and John A. Quitman, or the later phases of the movement to annex Canada.

Moreover, the text is filled with errors of the sort that Mr. Lens's "four academic friends" who read the manuscript should certainly have caught. "Empire" in the eighteenth century, as Mr. Lens would discover if he would consult an eighteenth-century dictionary, did not carry the connotation of expansion; it meant only "realm" or "domain." Elias Boudinot was not "a white theological graduate"; he was a Cherokee. And, while President Jackson's Indian policy was far from enlightened, it is a gross exaggeration to write that "he would not concede any rights to the Indians." "No one can doubt," Jackson wrote in his seventh annual message, "the moral duty of the Government of the United States to protect and if possible to preserve and perpetuate the scattered remnants of this race." F. P. Prucha, after a careful review of the evidence, concludes in his recent study, *American Indian Policy in the Formative Years*, that it is "unfair" to charge Jackson with "cynical expediency and complete disregard for Indian rights."

To continue: Thomas Hart Benton was never made commander of the Army in the Mexican War. Mr. Lens's addiction to the formula War Between the States implies an endorsement of the slaveholders' constitutional theory of the Civil War—an odd position for a writer who considers himself a man of the Left. Woodrow Wilson never said, "Morality and expediency is the thing that must guide us," whatever that may mean. Louis D. Brandeis was not "an immigrant boy," unless traveling from Louisville to Boston made him an immigrant.

Nor, may I add with emphasis, did Harry S Truman ever say, as Mr. Lens claims three times that he did, "The American system could survive in America only if it became a world system." Mr. Lens most probably picked up this quotation from Noam Chomsky's *American Power and the New Mandarins* (it is impossible to be sure since he disdains footnotes). When the quotation was exposed as a fake, Professor Chomsky was compelled to delete it from the paperback edition of his book. But Chomsky's original error continues to take in people who evidently believe that this is what Truman *ought* to have been saying. I notice that Stephen E. Ambrose in his *Rise to Globalism* is also hard at work keeping this invention alive.

Mr. Lens is not only cavalier with his facts—the list could be prolonged almost indefinitely—but he is a slovenly writer. In his book pots are always boiling, heads rearing, ways wended. Pipers call tunes, shivers go down backs, carrots accompany sticks, breath is bated, and people are born with silver spoons. Things are "upgraded" and "finalized"; politics can be "gut-level." There are even patronizing references to "Andy Jackson," "Abe Lincoln," and "Teddy Roosevelt."

But these are, as I say, ancillary flaws. Lens's basic aim is to replace the notion of "America the benevolent" by his own of America the aggressive.

> The United States has pilfered large territories from helpless or near-helpless peoples; it has forced its will on scores of nations, against their wishes and against their interests; it has violated hundreds of treaties and understandings; it has committed war crimes as shocking as most; it has wielded a military stick and a dollar carrot to forge an imperialist empire such as man has never known. . . .

(Take a look at the last metaphor: one would like to have seen that blacksmith hammering away at his forge with a stick and a carrot.) These charges are generally true in detail, but they hardly substantiate the idea of the Americans as red-hot imperialists. That idea remains as mythological as the idea of Americans as gentle saints.

The record of American expansion on this continent, for example, would have gravely disappointed the leaders of the early republic. John Quincy Adams thought it "impossible" that the United States would not acquire Canada. Jefferson considered the acquisition of Cuba equally inevitable and even saw the United States as "the nest, from which all America, North and South" was to be populated. Yet, except for pushing the frontier westward, expansionism has characteristically been a preoccupation of political leaders. Americans have mostly regarded the larger imperial dreams with indifference and resistance.

So we never annexed Canada. Texas waited outside the union as an independent republic for a decade. Polk's campaign slogan may have been "54-40 or Fight," but he settled Oregon at 49° and deeded the northern part to England. The movement to take "all Mexico" flopped. The Ostend Manifesto was repudiated. Seward's expansionist program got nowhere, except for the acquisition of Alaska; and some members of Congress had to be bribed to go along with this. It took half a century of agitation to annex Hawaii, an acquisition that might never have occurred had it not been for the war with Spain. Even so, we did not fulfill Jefferson's dream and take Cuba.

The record is a good deal more mixed than anyone would gather from Mr. Lens's book. But the worst failing of *The Forging of the American Empire* is its systematic and rigid reduction of a multiplicity of motives for expansion to a single one—namely, the quest for "economic aggrandizement" allegedly required by the inner necessities of the capitalist system. The first expansionist motive, Mr. Lens tells us, was land; after 1870, the motive was markets, raw materials, and investment outlets. What was at work was "the inherent expansiveness of a swelling capitalist economy," "a logic rooted in industrialism, private profit, and competition."

> Take away the opportunities to increase foreign investment and trade, or to gain access to raw materials, and the domestic economy can do nothing else but choke. Gorged with unsalable surpluses, which under capitalism are distributed not on the basis of need but only in exchange for money, the system founders. Thus it is the *domestic* economy itself that is "saved" by imperialism. . . .

Whereas writers like John Atkinson Hobson and Karl Johann Kautsky considered imperialism as a policy that capitalist states would be greatly

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tempted to pursue, Lenin, of course, converted the option into an iron necessity; and Mr. Lens is in this sense a simplehearted and simpleminded Leninist dedicated to the thesis that the nature of the American economy has doomed the United States to a course of global aggression.

Yet it may, I think, be convincingly argued that the basic cause of imperialism throughout history lies in the disparity of power between the political and technological dynamism of an advanced country and the weakness of an underdeveloped country—regardless of the system of ownership in the aggressive state. Further, the immediate motives for American adventures in expansion have almost always been strategic or political. In particular, such adventures seem usually to have sprung from the preemptive impulse —the determination to control some bit of foreign land before another power could get to it.

Take Latin America, for example. As Frederick Merk persuasively concludes in his study *The Monroe Doctrine and American Expansionism*, Polk's aggressive reinterpretation of the Doctrine was prompted by considerations not of economics but of defense:

> The chief defense problem was the British, whose ambition seemed to be to hem the nation in. On the periphery of the United States, they were the dangerous potential aggressors. The best way to hold them off was to acquire the periphery. This was the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine in the age of Manifest Destiny.

Indeed, from the Louisiana Territory through Texas, Oregon and California, Hawaii, Samoa and the Philippines, to Indochina, American expansion and penetration have been primarily the product of the international power competition. "The great nations," Henry Cabot Lodge wrote in 1895, "are rapidly absorbing for their future expansion and their present defense all the waste places of the earth. . . . As one of the great nations of the world, the United States must not fall out of the line of march."

Does Mr. Lens really think that we moved into Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, the Philippines, Vietnam, or even Latin America in order to open vast markets for American goods? If he would examine the figures he would see that we have always disposed of most of our surplus of goods and capital in Europe and Canada, not in the imperialized world. The talk of foreign markets can be more prudently taken as a bait dangled before public and business opinion in an effort to persuade an unenthusiastic people to accept what politicians deemed essential for *raisons d'état*. Mr. Lens writes, "Diplomats did the bidding of corporations." Almost the reverse was true. The State Department, for example, had to persuade reluctant bankers to go into the Caribbean in order to keep European interests out and to strengthen the security of the Panama Canal Zone—as Dana G. Munro proved conclusively in *Intervention and Dollar Diplomacy in the Caribbean, 1900-1921*, one of many essential books not in Mr. Lens's bibliography.

Mr. Lens even goes so far as to argue that our participation in the war against Hitler was an "act of aggrandizement . . . camouflaged in the rhetoric of defense." As for the Cold War, this, he writes, was not the cause but the consequence of American postwar expansionism. Presumably, if it had not been for our insensate quest for economic empire, we would have regarded the conquests of Hitler and Stalin with indifference. But might not American leaders have honestly believed that the domination of Europe by Hitler or Stalin would constitute a threat to the security of the United States? Jefferson wrote long ago: "It cannot be to our interest that all Europe should be reduced to a single monarchy," adding that he would rather have war than "see the whole force of Europe wielded by a single hand." Yet Mr. Lens hardly discusses political or strategic motives, at least in the case of the United States.

When it comes to the Soviet Union, however, it is quite another matter. Like other writers of his persuasion, Mr. Lens has no hesitation in invoking security requirements as the primary explanation for Soviet expansionism. But if true in one case, why not in the other? If concern for security explains why the Russians want to dominate Eastern Europe, may it not equally explain why some Americans wish they could dominate the Caribbean? And once the strategic motive is conceded any sort of validity it undermines the Leninist dogma that imperialism is the predestined and unique result of capitalism.

We can test the Lenin-Lens thesis further by speculating what would have happened if the United States had never been a capitalist country at all. Suppose America from the start had been a communist nation, free from the wicked drives of acquisitive capitalism: does Mr. Lens seriously think there would have been no westward expansion, no slaughter of the Indians, no Monroe Doctrine, no advance into Latin America or the Pacific, no expulsion of threatening nuclear missiles from Cuba? And if one were to posit that these resulted from the sheer energies of national expansion, always rationalized in terms of national security and without regard to the system of ownership, what is left of the argument that all were prompted by capitalism?

History shows that the search for power has been a far more abiding cause of imperial expansion than the search for profits. And other motives, independent of both, have also played their role. Mr. Lens says nothing about the missionary motive, though the American missionary interest in the Middle East, India, and China in the nineteenth century was much greater than the commercial interest. He says nothing about romance, adventure, and the challenge of the unknown, though anyone who reads biographies of empire builders must acknowledge the strength of this motive. And he must therefore leave out, alas, what future centuries will surely regard as the most spectacular achievement of American expansionism in the twentieth century—that is, the penetration of outer space. Or does Mr. Lens attribute the Apollo flights to the determination of American capitalism to carve out vast new markets on the moon and add the solar system to the American economic empire?

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has won a National Book Award, as well as Francis Parkman, Bancroft, and Pulitzer prizes for his biographical and historical works.

THE SCORPION GOD:
Three Short Novels

by Wiliam Golding

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
178 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by David J. Gordon

■ In each of the three novellas that make up *The Scorpion God*, William Golding attempts to create an ancient society—Egyptian, prehistoric, Roman —in the spirit of ironic comedy. The tales are clever, and they are carefully crafted. The pacing throughout is admirable, the phrasing is elegant if slightly precious, and the archaic conventions are almost lovingly rendered. But the ironic discrepancies between quaint "them" and knowing "us" are too concocted, too remote from the actual histories of societies and individuals to put any force behind their satiric intention, which is, presumably, to remind us of our own shortsightedness. As a result of this lack of genuine drive, the elaborate development in each tale comes to seem excessive. One senses that the material seemed funnier to the author than it does to the reader—or, perhaps, since much of it is sight and situational comedy, that it would be more amusing on a small stage or screen than it is on the page.

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Indeed, *The Scorpion God* is rather like a Senior Show written by a bright anthropology or archeology major who has a way with words and a not very subtle humor.

In the title story a God-man named Great House must accept "eternal Life" (poison and burial) because he failed first to complete a race and then to become sexually excited by his daughter (incest being the sole form of sexual relationship permitted among the Egyptian royalty in his day and age). A "bony young man" named the Liar, whose "lies" about the existence of such things as white men and snow have endeared him to Great House, is expected to welcome Life (death) with Him. The Liar, however, has his own quite different view of dying, as he does of sex as well. (He is having an exciting, illicit affair with the princess, who should be coupling with her effeminate, ten-year-old brother.) In a scene which Golding must have thought exceedingly droll, the Liar, while crazed with desire himself, tries to save his own skin by arousing the tired God-man to the charms of his voluptuous daughter.

The second story, entitled "Clonk Clonk," depicts a Stone Age matriarchy in which the women are superior to the men—not merely in some social or economic sense but in terms of consciousness. They do not personify nature as the men do, are not ignorant of how babies are conceived as the men are, and do not need to believe that all deaths are purposeful rather than accidental. They are, in a sense, existentialists, and suffer the corresponding anguish. The tale, however, is hardly a searching one.

The central jape of the last of these novellas, "Envoy Extraordinary," is the wild backfiring of several inventions—primitive versions of a pressure cooker, a steamship, and a rocket—which have been presented to a civilized Roman emperor by a mad Greek who naïvely expects his fellow men to embrace his vision of a society without slaves and armies, *i.e.* without classes and glamour. (He looks forward to the day when glittering armor will be replaced by "mud- or dung-colored" uniforms.) When he mentions yet another invention—a printing press—the emperor, after a moment's enthusiasm, imagines what this will lead to (endless bureaucratic reports and pedantic dissertations) and devises for the inventor a witty and fitting reward.

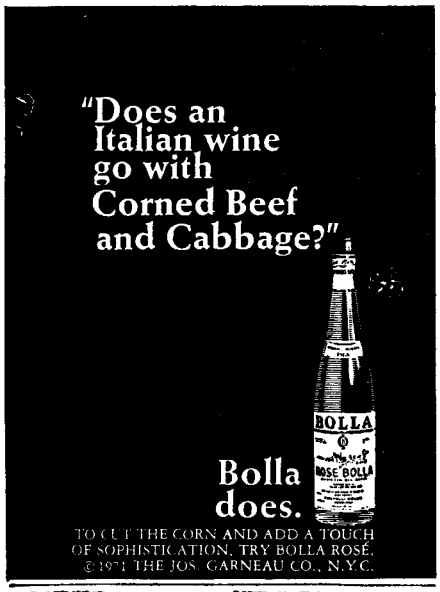
"Frivolous" is an odd word to describe the new book of a writer with a deserved reputation for seriousness. Yet in these three short works Golding's characteristic themes—the origin of evil, guilt and sexuality, the wonders and dangers of natural philosophy—are but shallowly imagined. The tales are no more satisfactory philosophically than they are as satiric sketches. As satire, *Lord of the Flies* is far more effective, not so much because its characters and events are technically contemporary (though, as a matter of fact, Golding's contemporary novels, *Free Fall* and *Pincher Martin*, have considerably more life than his historical ones, *The Inheritors* and *The Spire*) but because they engage our sense of reality.

David J. Gordon, the author of a book on D. H. Lawrence, teaches modern literature at Hunter College.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 8:
ascent, stance, enacts

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 h: *Henry Esmond*, W. M. Thackeray; 2i: *To Helen*, Edgar Allan Poe; 3b: *On the Beach*, Nevil Shute; 4e: *Recessional*, Rudyard Kipling; 5j: *The Trial*, Franz Kafka; 6a: *The Chambered Nautilus*, Oliver Wendell Holmes; 7f: *Penguin Island*, Anatole France; 8c: *Pippa's Song*, Robert Browning; 9d: *Frankenstein*, Mary Shelley; 10g: *The Lady of Shalott*, Alfred Lord Tennyson.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AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1972 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on Employment, Business, Taxes, Education, Teaching, Housing, Ranching, Maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

LONDON—Secretaries/typists. Applicants pay own fare. 50¢. Miss Liberty, 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

TEACHERS, TOP MAINE CAMPS— Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester Drive, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

OVERSEAS JOBS DIRECTORY. High pay. Adventure. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

SEPTEMBER COLLEGE TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES. All fields. Nationwide. Master's or Doctorate essential. Write now. City-Suburban Teachers Agency, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10036. Phone 212-546-8370.

JOBS EUROPE guaranteed and salaried — England, Switzerland, year-round, young people, 18-26. General help in 1st class hotels. For details send $1.00 to Princeton Research Corporation, 13355 Cantara Street, Panorama City, California 91402.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

COUNSELORS—20+, top Maine Boys' Camp. Crafts-Swimming (WSI)-General (Boys 8-9). Sailing-Canoeing-Dramatics - Judo - Tennis - Basketball - Fencing - Experienced group leaders-Tripping. Beautiful surroundings, interesting, challenging experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC, 10025. 212-UN 5-0925.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P87, Orinda, California 94563.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

TEACH IN NORTHWEST U.S., southwest Canada. Northwest Teacher Placement, Big Arm, Montana 59910.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

PROFITABLE LEISURE teachers and others enrolling youngsters ages 8-18 for European camps. Box F-108.

TEACH/LIVE in Western America. Elementary and secondary teachers seeking complete placement information, write Western Teacher Placement, P.O. Box 15237, Wedgwood Station, Seattle, Washington 98115.

HOW TO GET OVERSEAS JOBS. Worldwide. Enlightening revelations. Lists hiring organizations. 253 pages, $2.98, refundable. Staydrysr, Whitestone, New York 11357.

AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Latest information describing government assisted passage, citizenship requirements, passport-visa, employment, business, teaching, etc., plus application forms and employers' list. $1.00. Australian Services, Box 1032CE, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

HEAD WATERFRONT—Fine Maine Boys' Camp. Mature, experienced (WSI), excellent waterfront, 68 varied boats, 7 swimming areas, long term position. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC, 10025. 212-UN 5-0925.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 100,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. (Also foreign teaching.) Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $7.00. Special—rush $5.00 now for new 1972 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 50¢ regular mail, add $1.50 first class.)

TEACHERS: Fine independent schools throughout the nation are seeking experienced teachers for September employment. Candidates are sought in the fields of elementary education (open classroom), library, reading, science, and math. Placement Service, Independent Educational Services, 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (a nonprofit corporation).

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND (in the Hamptons)—Big, old, funky summer house on 1 acre with over 30 trees and shrubs. 10 bedrooms, 4 large brick fireplaces, 3 porches, all appliances. Living and dining rooms are 50' x 22' expanse. Entire house, except baths, kitchen, pantry, all dark, stained, varnished wood. Plumbing, wiring in good, restored condition. Everything painted, varnished and well-maintained. $75,000 firm. SR Box E-753.

CONNECTICUT—WESTPORT. Overlooking water, mooring beach rights. A Colonial raised ranch, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, paneled family room, large living room, fireplace, huge covered deck. In 60's. By owner, 203-227-6491.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

BERKSHIRES — CANAAN, CONNECTICUT. Full acre, magnificent mountain views. 2 bedrooms, paneled studio, large living room, full kitchen, expandable attic, attached garage. $39,000. Owner. SR Box F-10.

For Rent

NAVAL OFFICER, returning to sea, wishes to rent his 1820 Cape Cod home in Wiscasset, Maine, beginning this summer for year-round occupancy. Hilltop house has 9 rooms, 2 baths, library, 4 fireplaces, hot water heat, 80 acres of woodland. Private and pleasant, owner desires responsible professional persons. SR Box F-122.

For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

TORTOLA, B.V.I.—New contemporary home on waterfront overlooking Caribbean. 2 bedrooms, 2½ baths; full-time maid-cook. Boat, beach privileges. $400 weekly. 513-681-8755 weekdays.

ACAPULCO, MEXICO—Luxurious villa overlooking bay. Beautifully furnished, air conditioned, swimming pool, gardens, servants. Available weekly or monthly. 212-758-2070 or SR Box F-124.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Room and privacy! amidst 40 acres on private pond. 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths and 2 fireplaces, large study, upstairs and downstairs living rooms, dishwasher, washer, dryer. SR Box F-69.

MONTANA WILDERNESS CABIN by Glacier Park. Secluded, on river. Box 1089, Menlo Park, California 94025.

MAINE COAST, Swan's Island. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Ocean frontage. $125 week, $450 month. SR Box F-119.

LAKE COMO, ITALY—New panoramic summer holiday villa. $600 month. 203-866-1871, SR Box F-110.

CHRISTMAS COVE, MAINE. Superb sea view, near harbor, tennis. 4 bedrooms. Dishwasher, modern laundry. July, August $1,000 month. June, September lower. SR Box F-134.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10022.

FOR RENT-FREE VACATIONS join our home vacation exchangers. Write Adventures-in-Living, Box 278-S, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home, Box D-467.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

SOMETHING NUEVA UNDER THE SOL. Nueva Andalucia, a lively new international community on Spain's sunny Costa del Sol. Great place for second home, or live year 'round. Two golf courses. Complete dock facilities. Swimming. Riding. Tennis. Tropical gardens. Restaurants. Interesting, compatible people. Wide variety of private dwellings, priced from $20,000. Information about low-cost inspection tours, PANORAMA, INTERNATIONAL, 810 18th Street, N.W., Dept. SR12, Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-783-3600.

EXCEPTIONAL PROPERTY—362 acres including residence, 2 cottages, woodland. Price $45,000. Governor Parr Realty Company, Shelburne, Nova Scotia. Phone: Area Code 902—Nos. 598, 410 or 560.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. AD4762.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VERMONT. Idyllic lakeside land, barn, brook. Radway, Hanover, N.H. 03755. 603-643-2793.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as **$1.00** acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 902-A, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

CAMPS

CAPE COD SEA CAMPS. Boys and girls, 7-17, resident and day. 190 acres, private beach, pool and lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities. Separate Junior Camp. Counselor-camper ratio 1:6. 51st season. Member A.C.A. Also pre-season Sailing and post-season Wrestling Camps. Write: MONOMOY-WONO, Box J, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640.

ARIZONA RANCH CAMP. Challenging opportunities for boys and girls 7-17 in horsemanship, creative arts, environmental and ecological studies, sports, swimming, desert survival on 40,000 acre ranch. Extensive southwestern travel. Optional academic work. Nationwide enrollment. A.C.A. accredited. 43rd year. Also winter school. Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch, Box SR, Mayer, Arizona 86333.

CAMP BLUE HERON, Port Loring, Ontario. 3 and 6 week sessions in ecological studies, canoe tripping and fun. Stresses informality and individualized programs. Coed, ages 8-14. Limited to 30 campers. International staff. 4200 Harris Hill Road, Williamsville, N.Y. 14221. Telephone 716-633-6193 or 513-275-6976.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

(Continued on page 80)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 79)

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP. North Rumford, Maine 04278. Farm/wilderness living. Coed 14-18. Creative thinking through literature, history.

HIGH/SCOPE—International, multiethnic, coed, 12-17. Alternative education through camping. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197. 313-482-4169.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP—Eastern Maine, Canada. 70 boys, 11-17, 6 groups. 7 weeks. Survival, ecology. Quaker leadership. Lake, white water, mountains, wilderness Quebec trip for seniors. A.C.A. accredited. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camp. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Camp Stanley, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. *Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how.* Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar. Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Rewarding cultural experience for the teenager who has outgrown conventional camp. Creative, noncompetitive camp program, with Spanish, music, arts and crafts combined with travel and full athletic program. Horseback riding, mountain pack trips, golf, swimming, sailing, water skiing, etc. Limited to 28 children. Professional Staff. C. Polk, Lake Shore Drive, *Eastchester, New York.* 914-337-4394.

GOLDEN ARROW—Deer Hill, Georges Mills, N.H. 03751. A small noncompetitive camp.

DRAMA. MUSICAL COMEDY. Dance, Art, TV, Filmmaking—Public Performances, sports. Nation's foremost summer training center, Lake Sunapee, N.H. Coeducational, 11-19. 8 weeks, $1,150. Beginners Showcase, Dept. 14G, 240 East 76th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-249-9288.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

CAMP KAPITACHOUANE. Kapitachuan Club, Province of Quebec. Canoe and fishing trips in central Quebec. A-trip (ages 15-18), 5 weeks on Rupert River, early July through early August. B-trip (ages 14-15); and C-trip (ages 12-13); four weeks in July or (and) four weeks in August. B and C trippers may enroll one month or two. Eleven boys, three counselors on each trip. R. Beebe, Jr., The Gunnery School, Washington, Connecticut 06793, C. H. Williams, Salisbury School, Salisbury, Connecticut 06068.

EXPLORERS' CARAVAN—Travel-camping and outdoor adventure for high school youth. Choice of two programs: travel and interesting outdoor experiences; or, challenging and rugged wilderness adventures. 6 and 8 weeks. Small coed groups. Dr. R. S. Stultz, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

SCIENCE EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 10-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp. Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. SAFARI I wilderness program, SAFARI II in Canadian Rockies. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

INNOVATIVE SUMMER COMMUNITY—Innisfree Project, northern Michigan. For young people seeking a challenge in ecological, work, service projects. G. K. Leinbach, 1039 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

CAMPS

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. Adventurers' Camp for Boys. A great wilderness experience for some boy in your life! All land and water activities. Flexible program stresses individual needs. Lance Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

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RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 03560.

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ALL YEAR ROUND YOU'LL ENJOY superb and challenging golf played on your choice of several championship courses at this famed, sunny, Sea Island resort on South Carolina's plantation coast! Here you'll also enjoy daily tennis, horseback, cycling, fishing, sailing, beach sports, heated pools. Our oceanfront Inn offers unequalled dining, luxurious accommodations, gracious service. New color brochures about the Inn and adjacent Beach Villas. SHERATON-ADVENTURE INN, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928.

WALDEN INSTITUTE. humanistic community. Vacation or full time Mexico's lovely Pacific coast. Intellectual, cultural, recreational activities. Explore alternative life styles. $10 daily. Membership or visit information. Box 4209, Irvine, California 92664.

ST. LUCIA. Anse Chastanet Hotel. Magnificent scenery. Own beach. Daily $24 each/double occupancy. M.A.P. Call 212-586-4500.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

CARIBBEAN: Your own apartment, all facilities, one month per year for 25 years. Total outlay from $2,000. Plus annual maintenance from $200. Blue Horizons Hotel, Box 41, Grenada, W.I.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

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BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

TENNIS: FLORIDA KEYS—"Zen" Method Instruction. Hawthorne Bissell pro at Pelican Cove Resort, Islamorada: 664-4884/305-664-2811.

CARIBBEAN SEA—Idyllic beach. Mental-physical reconditioning. Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal or weekly rental, $75 day. Also for summer months, $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Call Janie Coleman, 208-726-5321.

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FLYING CLOUD INN—A secluded Colonial retreat in the heart of the Berkshires. Featuring carefully prepared menus and selected wines, congenial company. Cross-country ski trails, snowshoeing, sledding. Convenient to ski-lifts and schools. A change-of-pace for busy professionals. Capacity 20 guests. Reservations required. Open December 20th-March 15th. New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01230. Tel. 413-229-2113.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

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CONSULTATION SKILLS — Unique summer workshops for anyone whose professional work requires helping others solve problems: managers, consultants, teachers, administrators, program directors, community workers, lawyers, etc. Features skill practice, personal/social change theory, actual consulting with local clients. Attractive Denver and New Hampshire settings. Dr. John Adams, NTL Institute for Applied Behavioral Science, 1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 25th-July 22nd. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

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LESLEY FROST is accepting applicants for her Escuela-Pension de la Tahona in Spain. Write for brochure. Box E-28.

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IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

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JOIN TIME-TESTED language-travel Programs, based in Vienna or Strasbourg. 13th consecutive German, 6th French Summer Schools. June 15th-August 31st. Write: College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

MEXICO: Two University anthropology professors, students 14-18. 7th year. Box 4486, Stockton, California 95204.

OXFORD. CAMBRIDGE. EDINBURGH. Summer 1972, International Summer Schools offers 4 courses: "Shakespeare in his Age," "Modern English Literature and Drama," "Modern Britain," and "Music, Art and Drama at the Festival." $385 includes 3 weeks of lectures, room, board at the college, some excursions, parties, dances. Write: Mrs. Pat Simpson, 560 2nd Street (SR), Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1974

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Speaks rapidly and unintelligibly	28 37 72 83 108 120 140
B. Repetition of a group of words in reverse order	149 154 172 193 25 21 54 89
C. O.K., legit, straight (5 wds.)	106 139 145 183 197 9 18 30 60 90 157 65
D. Approximately; with harshness	71 111 136 161 188 36 48
E. Diving birds related to the loons	187 208 218 173 199 16
F. Inhabitant of the ancient northern kingdom of Israel	39 76 87 95 116 142 198 203 211 6
G. Seize and carry off by force	19 33 80 88 105 115
H. Letters	137 147 153 181 189 213 47 58
I. Bring about	61 92 124 134 194 216 22 73 85 101
J. Famous Thurber short story (3 wds.)	127 135 192 207 2 24 176 32 45 165 191 205 15 121
K. Delineate	49 77 125 143 179 23 128 152 184 212 119 123
L. Immortality	195 221 1 27 74 130 162 170 63

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Borough of London, site of the Royal Festival Hall	66 79 113 10 94 131 151
N. Insubstantial, shallow; spumous	26 40 68 132 222 109
O. Not dispatched	186 200 52 78 97 158
P. Square base or lower block, as of a pedestal	114 174 159 167 182 43
Q. Terrible; horrible; shocking	93 102 118 202 50 171 69 75 146
R. Hullabaloo, shindy, rowdydow	155 70 98 180 84 100
S. Figure of speech in which two contradictory terms are joined	185 62 175 11 20 29 156 206
T. Dissenter, nonconformist	56 81 169 178 217 5 126 148
U. Visible spirit	14 31 210 44 201 53
V. Commands; obligations	57 64 141 163 3 12 150 51 38 90 215
W. Experimental; unsure	7 67 34 86 59 190 166 103 112
X. Chef in a greasy spoon, perhaps (comp.)	122 138 42 129 196 82 144 107 220 99 4
Y. Congenitally	91 13 160 17 110 209 46 41
Z. In spite of that	219 104 204 164 177 8 133 168 55 214 35 117

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1 L	2 J	3 V	4 X	5 T	6 F	7 W		8 Z	9 C	10 M	11 S	12 V	13 Y			
	14 U	15 J	16 E		17 Y		18 C	19 G	20 S	21 B	22 I	23 K	24 J		25 B	26 N				
27 L	28 A	29 S	30 C	31 U	32 J	33 G	34 W		35 Z	36 D	37 A	38 V	39 F	40 N	41 Y		42 X			
43 P	44 U	45 J	46 Y	47 H	48 D		49 K	50 Q	51 V	52 O	53 U	54 B	55 Z	56 T		57 V	58 H			
	59 W	60 C		61 I	62 S	63 L	64 V	65 C	66 M	67 W		68 N	69 Q		70 R	71 D	72 A			
73 I	74 L		75 Q	76 F	77 K	78 O	79 M	80 G	81 T	82 X		83 A	84 R	85 I		86 W	87 F			
88 G	89 B		90 C	91 Y	92 I	93 Q	94 M	95 F	96 V	97 O	98 R	99 X		100 R	101 I	102 Q	103 W			
104 Z	105 G		106 C	107 X	108 A	109 N		110 Y	111 D		112 W	113 M	114 P	115 G	116 F	117 Z	118 Q			
119 K	120 A		121 J	122 X	123 K		124 I	125 K	126 T	127 J		128 K	129 X	130 L	131 M		132 N			
133 Z	134 I		135 J	136 D	137 H	138 X	139 C		140 A	141 V	142 F	143 K	144 X	145 C		146 Q	147 H			
148 T	149 B		150 V	151 M	152 K		153 H	154 B	155 R	156 S	157 C	158 O	159 P	160 Y	161 D		162 L			
163 V	164 Z	165 J		166 W	167 P	168 Z	169 T	170 L	171 Q	172 B	173 E	174 P	175 S		176 J	177 Z	178 T			
179 K	180 R	181 H		182 P	183 C	184 K	185 S	186 O	187 E	188 D		189 H	190 W	191 J		192 J	193 B			
194 I	195 L	196 X	197 C	198 F	199 E	200 O	201 U		202 Q	203 F	204 Z	205 J	206 S		207 J	208 E	209 Y			
210 U	211 F	212 K	213 H	214 Z		215 V	216 I	217 T	218 E	219 Z	220 X	221 L	222 N							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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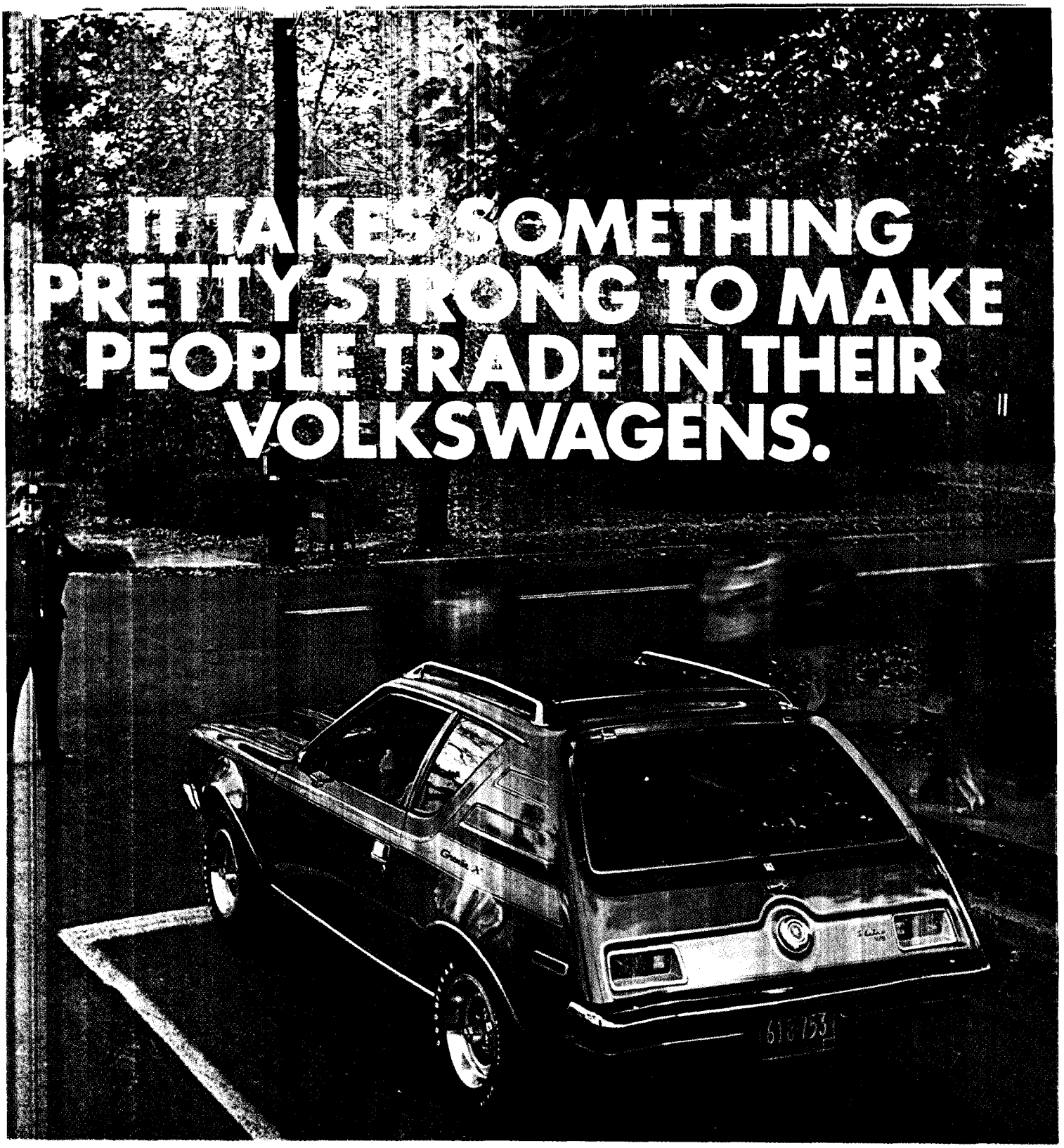

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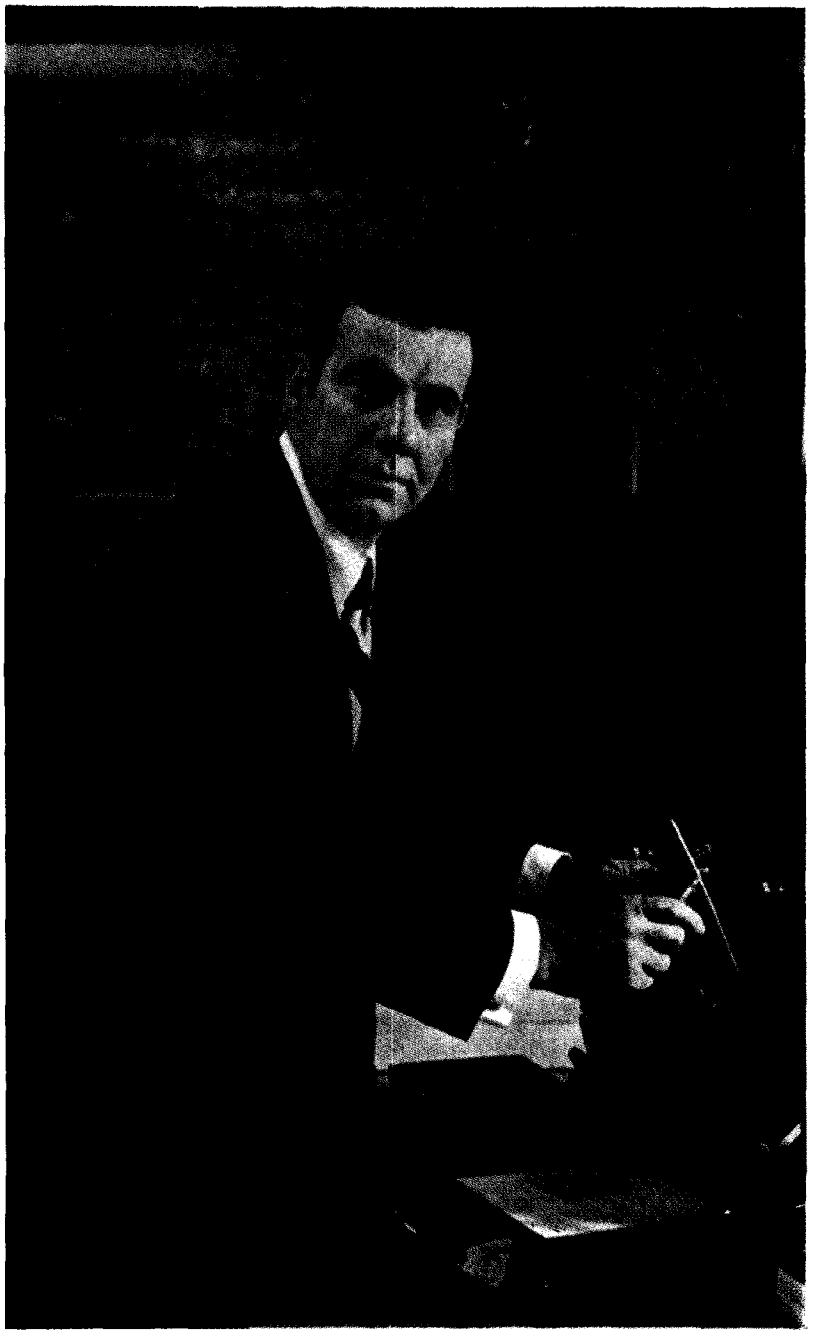

After his graduation from college with a B.A. degree, Bill Tattersall was selected as a member of our Loop Course management training program. His first assignment placed him in one of our fabricating works as a technical assistant. Two years later he was named assistant management's representative at our Chicago Works.

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